

THE
SECOND VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

WRIT by a

Turkish Spy,
Who lived Five and Forty YEARS
undiscovered at
PARIS:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the
Divan at Constantinople of the most remarkable
Transactions of *Europe* and discovering
several Intrigues and Secrets of the
Christian Courts, (especially of that of
France) continued from the Year 1642, to
the Year 1682.

*Written originally in Arabick. Translated into Italian, from
thence into English, by the Translator of the First Volume.*

THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Printed for G. and A. EWING, W. SMITH, G. FAULKNER,
and R. JAMES, Booksellers, MDCCLIV.

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Charles Lyell

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Printed by J. Smith, in Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.
The Twenty-Fourth Edition.

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Printed for G. and A. Evans, W. Smith, G. Lewis,
and R. James, Booksellers, LONDON.



TO THE

READER.

Three Years are now elapsed since The First Volume of Letters, written by a Spy at Paris, was published in English.

And it was expected, that a Second should have come out long before this. The favourable Reception, which that found amongst all sorts of Readers, would have encouraged a speedy Translation of the Rest, had there been extant any French Edition, of more than the First Part. But, after the strictest Enquiry, none could be heard of: And, as for the Italian, our Booksellers have not that Correspondence in those Parts, as they have in the more Neighbouring Countries, of France and Holland. So that it was a Work despaired of, to recover any more of this Arabian's Memoirs. We little dreamt, that the Florentines

TO the READER.

had been so busy in Printing, and so successful in Selling the continued Translation of these Arabian Epistles; until it was the Fortune of an English Gentleman, to travel in those Parts last Summer, and discover the happy News. I will not forestal his Letter, which is annexed to this Preface, for the Satisfaction of the World; but only acquaint you, that, upon the Receipt of it, the Person to whom it was directed, was so well pleased with the Proposul, That he made it his immediate Business, to find out the English Translator of the first Volume, as judging him to be the fittest Person; which being done, he immediately gave an Account of his Proceedings to Mr. Saltmarsh at Amsterdam, who sent him over two Tomes of the Turkish Spy in Italian, with Promise of the Rest when these were made English.

One of these I here present you with, and the Other will, e're long, be ready for the Press.

I need not say any Thing of the Original Arabick, or of the Author, the Place of his Abode, and how his Writings came to Light. Sufficient has been spoken on that Subject, in the Preface to the First Part. I shall only add, That if his Style may seem in this Part to vary sometimes from the First Volume, it must be attributed to the Difference of the Languages from whence they are Translated; it being impossible to observe an equal Idiom, in following

TO THE READER.

following Two such different Languages, as French and Italian: The One dancing in soft Measures, delicate Cadencies, and smooth Periods; the Other advancing in lofty Strains, keeping a Roman Pace, full of masculine and sententious Gravity.

Neither can the Arabian himself be supposed always in the same Temper; or that his Style should be all of a Piece. In some Places, where he treats of Sieges and Battles, he seems to foot the Pyrrick Measures in Prose; there breathes a certain Martial Ardour in his Words. In other Places, on the same Subject, he goes on like an Impartial Historian, barely relating Matter of Fact, without any Flowers or Glosses. He seems not to trifle with Philosophy or Religion; but handles the One in the peculiar Dialect of the East, and treats of the Other in the castigate Language of the Western Schools, to shew, he had been conversant in the Academies; as he himself professes, Letter XX. Book I. Vol. I. In a Word, throughout all his Letters there is a Quaintness of Expression, peculiar to the Arabians; And however he may vary in his Style, yet his Sense retains the same Edge; he is lively to the very last. Nay, as far as I can perceive, both his Language, Sense, and Judgment grow more correct, as he advances in Years. And you will find some Difference between his Letters of 1637 and 1660.

TO the READER.

Expect the whole Series of them, as fast as they can conveniently be published, the Third Volume being almost ready for the Press: In which the Reader will find the strongest Revolutions and most amazing Accidents, that ever happened in the World since the Creation; with many French Intrigues and Court Policies, which would never have come to Light, had it not been for this subtle Arabian. Farewel.

A LETTER

A

LETTER

From Mr *Daniel Saltmarsh*, to his Friend
in *London*, concerning the *Italian Copy* of
the *Turkish Spy*.

S I R,

TRavelling through *Italy* this Summer,
and coming to *Ferrara* about the Mid-
dle of *June*, I made some stay in that City,
in Compliance with the Importunity of my
Sister, the Wife of Signior *Nicolao Valentini*,
formerly Merchant in *London*. During my
Abode at her House, I was brought ac-
quainted with that Eminent and Learned
Physician, *Julio de Medicis*, of the House
of *Florence*, and late Student at *Padua*. This
accomplished Person, received me with sin-
gular Humanity and Friendship: In all his
Department, giving Proofs of a Disposition
worthy of his Character, and the Blood which
runs in his Veins. He is universally Learned;
and, by his prodigious Reading, (which can-
not be hid from those who converse with
him) he seemed to me a Walking Library.
You cannot name an Author of Note, with

Mr. Saltmarsh's Letter, &c.

~~whom he is not acquainted, being a careful~~
Collector, or rather an Engrosser of all remarkable Books. He gave me familiar Access to his Library, which, according to the best Computation I could make, consisted of no less than six Thousand choice Treatises. You know my Inclination, and will easily believe, that I took no small Delight, in the Liberty I had, not only to survey, but also to make use of this Treasure, so long as I staid in *Ferrara*. I was there daily, and thought that Time mispent, which my other Obligations took from my Study. Among other Books, I chanced to open the *Italian* Translation of the *Turkish Spy*, which was so celebrated all over Europe, and which I had read both in *French* and *English*. I had the Curiosity to peruse it over, and found it exactly to agree with those Translations I had seen; which made me ask this Gentleman, whether there were no more Volumes of it Printed: He presently shewed me Six more, and told me, the Eighth was in the Press. Over-joyed at this News, I asked him, Where I might furnish myself with those Seven Volumes already Printed? He assured me, the First Impressions were all sold off, but that they would be reprinted again. I expressed some Sorrow and Concern, that I could not procure those Books; when, with an unparalleled Generosity, he frankly bestowed those
Seven

Mr. Saltmarsh's Letter, &c.

Seven Volumes upon me. It is true, at our first Acquaintance, I had obliged him with a Present, on which, I believe, he set a greater Price than on these Books; it being a Watch of most curious Workmanship, made by one of the greatest Artists in *Italy*. However, I fancied my Gift returned Seven-fold in these Books. I brought them along with me through *Germany* into *Holland*, where I kept them as a secret Treasure; being desirous, if possible, that the Six Volumes, which are not yet Translated out of *Italian*, might first speak my Native Tongue, that so we may not always be obliged to the *French* for the most acceptable Products of the Press. Knowing therefore the singular Delight you take in Enterprizes of this Nature, and how much it may lie in your Way to procure a Translation of these Volumes, by Reason of your great Acquaintance with Learned and Ingenious Men, I offer you the Refusal of this Undertaking; both for the Friendship that is between us, and because I know none so fit to manage this Design as your self. I will willingly venture a Share in the Cost, but I would have no more than a Third Person concerned in it. If you accept of this Proposal, I will send you the *Italian* Volumes, and leave the Success to your Conduct. I can assure you, that none but the First Part is as yet translated into *French*, or any other Language.

Mr. Saltmarsh's Letter. &c.

guage except the *Italian*; and the following
Tomes are not to be had for Money. There-
fore we have a fair Opportunity of obliging
the Nation with a Work so long expected,
and so much desired by all that have seen the
First Volume. My Occasions require me to
spend this Winter at *Amsterdam*; but I hope
in the Spring to see you at *London*. In the
Interim I am,

S I R,

Amsterdam, Sep. 9.

1690.

Your, &c.

Daniel Saltmarsh.



A
T A B L E
OF THE
LETTERS and MATTERS
CONTAINED
In This VOLUME.

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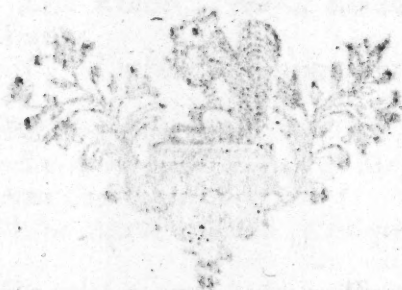


L E T T E R S

The T A B L E.

XXXVI. To Mankind, or Human Race in the 2nd Edition.

1798
Containing the History, manners, and laws of the most ancient and modern Nations. Of which, and of the various other particulars, the following is the



LETTERS



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut the Arabian, faithful Slave of Sultan Ibrahim, to Bechir Bassa, His Highness's Chief Treasurer at Constantinople.

I Know not whether it be a Vice or a Virtue to be fearful in my Circumstances: I am no *Stick*, nor can I pretend an Exemption from the common Passions of Men. However, it is not for myself I am solicitous, but I consult the Good of my Commission. There is a Difference between Caution and Fear; and Apprehension of Danger is not to be termed Pusillanimity.

I have written six Letters to *Caracoa* at *Vienna*, but have received no Answer these four Moons. This Neg-

Vol. II.

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lest puts me upon Thinking; and I am puzzled to find out an Excuse for him. I would fain continue my good Opinion of his Honesty, without forfeiting my Senses: For although I am not naturally suspicious, yet Experience has taught me to number Jealousie among the Cardinal Virtues.

Not to amuse thee, I am afraid of Treachery: *Carca* knows the Secret of my Commission, and it lies in his Power to do much Mischief. Yet I may wrong the Man; perhaps he is dead: And there are no Posts that brings News from the Grave. If he be in the Region of Silence, and expired in his Integrity, the Two Black Angels shall have no Power to hurt him. But I wonder I should have no Intelligence of his Death, neither from the Ministers of the *Port*, nor from *Eliachim* the Jew. I tell thee, I am uneasy till I know the Truth.

When I sit in my Chamber, and hear any Discourfing in the House, I imagine it is about me; when I go along the Streets, if any Man fastens his Eyes on me, he arrests me with Fear and Apprehension. It is true, I am willing to undergo the worst they can inflict; but it would extreemly enhance the Sorrows of Death, to see the Secrets of the Sublime *Port* become the Scorn and Derision of Infidels.

For these Reasons, I have removed my self about a League from *Paris*, pretending it is for my Health, trusting the Conveyance of my Letters, and other Business to *Eliachim*, who, for ought I know, may prove a Reed of Egypt.

I desire thee, nay I conjure thee, to send a speedy Supply of Money, without which it is impossible for poor *Mahmut*, the vilest Slave of the great and invincible *Ibrahim*, to perform what is expected of him.

The Great God reward thy Fidelity with unfading Treasures.

Paris, 10th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

according to the Christian Style.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Aga of the Janisaries.

THE God of War seems to espouse the Quarrel of the *Swedes*; and all the Planets contribute to their Prosperity; even *Venus* her self, has for a while laid aside her usual Softness, appearing now in the Field armed *Cap-a-pe*, with a Train of *Swedish Amazons* at her Heels.

Thou wilt think I romance in telling thee this, and only temporize with thy Genius, having often heard thee passionately admire the valiant Acts of *Semiramis* and other Eastern Viragoes; but assure thy self, that the *Swedes* after some late Battles, when they went to bury their Dead, stripping them of their Clothes, found several of the Fair Sex under the Disguise of Men, among which there were some of Quality.

It is said, that one of these was seen to engage Duke *Albert* himself, with a matchless Bravery and Courage; the Duke being twice unhorsed by her, and as often remounted by his vigilant Squires.

Those that pretend to know more than the common Sort say, that Revenge was the Motive which brought this Lady into the Field, having received a gross Affront from Duke *Albert* in the German Court. However, the Duke died of the Wounds he received of this *Bellona*, and she survived not to triumph over her dead Enemy.

After this, the *Swedes*, under the Command of General *Torsten*, marched into *Silesia*; took *Glogow* by Storm the 12th of the 5th Moon; and *Suciniez*, on the 7th of the 6th Moon.

And, as if nothing were able to discourage or baffle the Indefatigable Mind of this Great General, he invested the strong Town of *Olmitz* in *Moravia*, and took it after fourteen Day Siege. The Posts are arrived this Morning with this News.

Be strong and of good Courage, and God shall give thee Victory in Battle, when thou fightest against the Infidels. Abstain from Wine, and from Oppression; and receive this Advice, as a Testimony of my Esteem and Friendship.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T T E R III.

To Ibrahim Chanregil, Chief Bostangi, or Gardener to the Sultan.

THOU that art daily conversant with the Eldest Products of the Earth, and canst call the whole Vegetable Family by their proper Names, tell me whether there be such a Plant, as by its baneful Influence blasts all that grow within ten Cubits of its Root. I would not put such a Question to thee, had I not lately seen something in the Garden of a certain Nobleman near *Paris*, which makes me think it is true. They call it here [*The ill Neighbour,*] because it preys (they say) on all the Herbage that is near it, rising and flourishing by their Fall. Indeed, at that time, I saw it, there was a withered Circle round it; whilst this devouring Sprout looked gay and full, augmented by the Spoils of Neighbouring Grass: A proper Emblem of Oppression. I wish it were growing in the Gardens of all Cruel Tyrants, that in this natural Glass they might behold their voracious Spirits.

I will not thus call in Question thy Knowledge of an Herb, which shuns all Human Touch. Here is one in the same Garden, which the Nobleman boasts was by thy Hands croot from the *Sultan's* Garden, and being set in a Pot of Earth presented to him. Thou didst not well consult thy Safety, in such a grand Presumption, nor yet the Honour of thy Sovereign Master, who (should it ever reach his Ears) would soon transplant thee

thee from the Garden of the Seraglio to the Elysian Fields.

Thou oughtest to receive this Reprimand with highest Gratitude, since it will not shut thee out of those pleasant Walks and Groves within the High *Imperial* Walls. Use more Prudence another Time; and scorn such easie Condescensions to Infidels. Say, that I am thy Friend in this Advice; and, in Recompence, I only desire this good Office of thee, to watch the Motions of my Enemies. There are no less than three great Officers of the Seraglio, hammering out my Ruin. Thou knowest who I mean. Keep thy Integrity. The sly insinuating Words of *Shashim Istham*, the Black Eunuch; spoken not long ago in my Disgrace to the Principal Secretary of State, quickly echoed to my Chamber in *Paris*. Be Silent, and Wise.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IV.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State at Constantinople.*

IF it were lawful for me to take the Oath of our Holy Prophet, I would swear by the Hour of the Evening, that thy News is welcome.

I had scarce finished our appointed Devotions after Sunset, when the Post brough me thy Dispatch, which informs me, that *Carcoa* at *Vienna* is dead.

I rejoice not in the Death of an honest Slave to *Ibrahim*; let Flowers spring from the Dust of his Grave. Neither can I mourn for a Man, that may be gone to new and richer Possessions; yet I am pleased, that he quitted the Old fairly, and has left behind him an Odour of Virtue. A Man in his Post is attacked with strong Temptations, and he that resists to the End merits a Wreath gathered from the Tree of Life.

Thou mayest think, it is with more ease I receive the News of *Carcoa's* Death than of his Infidelity; not, that I value the Rack or any other Tortures, with which the Policy of State uses to draw Confessions of Capital Crimes. But, I would not have the Grand Affairs of the *Ottoman Port* come within the Verge of a Scrutiny.

This News is the best Cure for the Illness I pretended, when I exchanged *Paris* for the Country Air, ten Days ago; whereof *Bechir Bassa* has received an Account.

I am now returned to my old Lodging, and am congratulated for my speedy Recovery, by them that knew not my true Distemper.

Thou informest me, that, by the Order of the *Divan*, one *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a Jew, is appointed Successor of *Carcoa*. I wish he may acquit himself as well.

The five hundred *Zachins*, thou hast ordered me by him, will be very welcome to a Man, who has been forced to retrench many Charges, that he might the better serve the *Grand-Signior*.

The King of *Spain* may wish, that he could conclude a Peace on as easie Terms with the *French King*, as the *Sophy of Persia* has with *Sultan Ibrahim*.

None but God and his Prophet know the Zeal with which I serve the Sublime Port.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

I Shall now acquaint thee with the Death of the Queen-Mother and Dowager of *France*, who fell a Sacrifice to the Ambition of the Cardinal of *Richlieu*, as those of her Party do commonly suggest. For being highly dis-

gusted

gusted at his Counsels, and Intrigues, especially his playing the Incendiary, and inflaming those of the Blood-Royal one against another, she departed from *France*, and, by a kind of voluntary Banishment, exposed her self to so many Inconveniences, Hardships, and Rigours of Fortune, as seemed to hasten her End: Her great Spirit chuseing rather to break, than bow to the turbulent Cardinal.

She sojourned in *Flanders*, *Holland*, *England* and the *Empire*; her Travels being chequered all along with a Mixture of Good and Evil. Here meeting with Respect, there with Indifference and Coldness, if not Contempt. In some Places her Misfortunes were pitied, and the Cardinal blamed for persecuting so Great and Good a Queen: In others, the Cardinal was justified; and her Conduct censured and condemned. And she accused her self for raising him to the Power of doing her these Injuries. At length, tired out with the Fatigues of State, and grown sick of the World, she betook her self to a Monastery in *Cologne*, where, after she had spent some Time in Religious Preparations for another World, she expired the 3d of this Instant Moon.

It was placed among the Remarkables by some, that the same Day she died, the Cardinal of *Richlieu* fell sick; which Sickness yet continues upon him. But whether to appease the Ghost of his deceased Mistress, whom he had so unjustly persecuted; or to mollifie the Resentments of the People, is uncertain. Yet notwithstanding his dangerous Illness, he every Day ventures to the Temple, and performs the Mysteries of their Law for her Soul. The whole Court and City is in Mourning for this great Queen, and general Murmurings and Complaints are raised against the Cardinal on this Occasion; especially among the Common People, who are so far from entertaining a better Opinion of him, for his daily Appearance at the Altar on Behalf of the Queen's Soul, that they esteem it but an Officious Hypocrisie, a Medley of Priest-Craft and State-Artifice.

Here is a Report about the City, that the Queen's Ghost appeared to the Cardinal, as soon as she was dead, severely reproaching him with his Ambition and Ingratitude,

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LETTERS Writ by

itude, and telling him, that though he was laying the Foundation of an Immortal Project, yet he should never live to see it thrive; but warned him to prepare for Judgment, for that he should not see another Year in Mortal State; upon which, they say, he immediately sickened. And here are Prophecies privately scattered about, foretelling his Death in a short Time. This is certain, he labours under an unaccountable Distemper, his Body strangely wasting, as if it would evaporate it self into Air; for he seems to be in a manner dried up.

My Duty and Devoir to thee, Sage Minister, would not let me be at Rest, till I had prevented the Posts, by giving thee a more timely Account of these Occurrences, by a Merchant for whom his Vessel waits at *Marseilles*. To Morrow he takes his Leave of *Paris*, and once aboard he makes directly for *Constantinople*, whither he will bring the first News of the Death of one of the greatest Queens upon Earth; in whose Royal Veins ran the Blood of the Emperors, *Ferdinand* and *Charles V.* She was married to *Henry the Great*; and, besides her Son now reigning in *France*, she matched her Daughters to the two Potent Monarchs of *England* and *Spain*.

The most High and Omnipotent, sole Monarch of Heaven and Earth, reward thy Services and Fidelity to our Invincible *Sultan*, with the supreme Joys of Paradise.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VI.

*To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign of the True
and Undeiled Faith.*

PErmit me to enter into thy Presence, and withdraw thy ravished Eyes a while from the Contemplation of sublimest Objects, to cast them on a Spectacle of Mortality. It is the Great and Renowned *Mary de Medici*,

dicis, Queen Mother of France, who lies now dead at Cologne.

I will not trouble thee with Impertinencies; but because I know that various Reports will reach thy Ears concerning the Cardinal of *Richlieu* his being Instrumental to her Death, by driving her to such a height of Indignation, as was the Cause of her Voluntary Exile and Wandring from *France*, and from one Country to another; I will here insert a Letter from the said Cardinal to her Majesty, wherein he vindicates himself, and discovers (if not his Integrity, yet) the best Counterfeit of that Virtue, that I have seen any were penned. It was written to her when she was in *Holland*, and runs thus.

M A D A M,

I Cannot but esteem it the greatest Infelicity that ever befel me, that my Enemies have prevailed so far, as to draw upon me your Majesty's Displeasure. That they have, by all the Arts of Malice, fastened the Publick Odium on me, is a great Unhappiness; but, this is the Master-piece of their Enmity, to render me suspected by you. I could pardon their frequent Attempts upon my Life by private Conspiracies and Assassinations, though Human Nature recoils at those who are our Murderers; but to deprive me of that, without which Life itself is a Burden to me, I mean, your Royal Favour, transports me beyond my self; and, I beg, that it may pass for an Excuse of this Presumption. I could easily have passed over in Silence all their barbarous Plots against me. I could easily have parted with my Life, and all those Honours and Dignities with which it has been blessed. But to rob me of your Esteem, which first raised me to this Envied Greatness, and which I value more than all the Grandsours of the Earth, breaks the Bars which awed my Tongue and Pen, and makes me bold to throw my self at your Royal Feet, with all that I have; for I received all from your Princely Hands. Deal as you please, Madam, with your own Creature, I cannot murmur at your Proceedings. But, Madam, let your Native Piety prompt you to favour the Purple of the

' *Church*, with which your Bounty has invested me, let
 ' it not lose its proper Lustre and Esteem, because the
 ' Enemies of the Church and State have cast such Dirt
 ' upon it. Is it possible that a Man, the most obliged of
 ' of all his Race, should become the only Pattern of the
 ' basest Ingratitude? Besides the Ties of Conscience, and
 ' and the Natural Force of Inclination, my Interest chains
 ' me to your Service; how can I then withdraw my self
 ' from it, and not proclaim my self at once a Traytor to
 ' to the best of Queens, and the most unaccountable of
 ' Fools to my self?

' This Consideration, Madam, being well weighed, is
 ' enough to acquit me of all Guiltiness before your Ma-
 ' jesty.

' But if it be my Destiny to be condemned unheard, I
 ' shall not appeal from your Royal Sentence, since I owe
 ' a perfect Resignation to your Will. I may complain
 ' to Heaven of my Misfortune, but I will not expostulate
 ' with my Sovereign Patroness, nor make the least Op-
 ' position against the Course of your Anger, not even by
 ' carrying my Fortune to *Rome*. For, wheresoever I
 ' go, all my Study shall be to recover your Majesty's
 ' Favour, if it be not a Crime. And if ever I obtain
 ' that Happiness, I shall not care whither I go, though
 ' it be out of the World it self; because I die hourly
 ' while your Majesty suspects that I am not what I ever
 ' was, and still continue to be,

' M A D A M,

' Your Majesty's

' Most Humble, most Faithful,

' And most Obedient Servant,

' *Armund. Card. of Rich.*

I send thee this Transcript of the Cardinal's Apology,
 that thou, comparing it with what befel afterwards,
 mayest give a Judgment, whether this great Minister de-
 served the Censures that were passed upon him. For, he
 falling sick the same Day the Queen-Mother died, Peo-
 ple said it was a Judgment on him, and that her Ghost
 appeared to him, as thou wilt more at large inform thy
 self by the Letters I sent to the *Kaimacham*. But others

are

are of Opinion, that his present Illness proceeds from grief of Mind for the Queen's Death, especially in that she died before he was reconciled to her Majesty. And they plead in Defence of his Innocence, his daily Zeal in saying *Mass* for her departed Soul, and that at a Time when he has more need to keep his Bed, than go to Church. This I have heard discoursed, even by some who bore no good Will to the Cardinal, yet now begin to relent towards him, seeing the very Lineaments of Sorrow in his drooping Looks, and tracing the Footsteps of a profound Grief in his macerated Body. Hence they take Measures of his real Innocence and Fidelity towards that Great Queen. I will not interpose my particular Opinion on either Side, but stand neuter among these contesting Infidels, though my Inclination and Regard would rather sway me to the Cardinal's side. But I leave the Determination of this Matter to thee, who art the Oracle of Wisdom, from whose Sentence there can be no Appeal.

In the mean while, the Body of the deceased Queen lies, as I have said, at *Cologne*, where she spent her last Days in a Religious Convent; a Practice not so common now-a-days, as it has been formerly among Crowned Heads. And those who thus descended voluntarily, from the Height of Human Glory, to the Austerities of a Devout Life, have commonly been canonized for *Saints*. Nor do the Creatures of this Queen spare to whisper about, that such an Honour were but a condign Reward to her extraordinary Merits, being already canonized in the Esteem of the bigotted Vulgar, while her Body is yet above Ground.

The Royal Carcass will be brought and interred in the Temple of *St. Dennis*, about three Leagues from this City. This is esteemed the richest Church in *France*, being a Repository of inestimable Jewels, Gold and Silver, belonging to the Relicks of their Saints. Here also generally is lodged the Dust of all the Royal Blood of *France*. The Saint, to whom this Church is dedicated, is esteemed the Patron of this Kingdom; for, according to their Doctrine, the Saints have the Patronage of certain Kingdoms, Provinces and Cities committed to them, by God, and there-

therefore they address themselves to them, and to the *Guardian Angels* both in Publick and Private. Every one also, has his peculiar Patron-Saint and *Guardian Angel* assigned him at his own Choice.

But, if these Christian Saints are set over such Places and People as they favoured particularly in their Lifetime, then one would think, when this Great Queen is canonized and instated in her Saintly Government, the *Hugonots* here may claim her Patronage, in that she shewed much Kindness and Freindship to them while she was alive.

Pardon, Great Oracle of Truth, the Length of this Epistle; and excuse my Presumption, in descanting on Matters of Religion, which belong to thee to determine. I kiss the Hem of thy sacred Vest, in profound Humility. Vouchsafe to pray for thy faithful Slave, *Mahmut*.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is now past Midnight, and being called out of my Bed by the People of the House where I lodge, I knew not how to bestow my Time better, than in giving thee an Account of this Occurrence.

Here is now so violent a Tempest of Thunder, Lightning and Rain, that the whole Hemisphere seems to be on Fire; and the Superstitious are overwhelmed with Panick Fears, concluding this Storm will usher in the *Day of Judgment*. It has continued these two Hours; and, they tell me, that no less than twenty Houses are burnt to Ashes already. I had scarce taken my Pen from the last Word, when a Flash of Lightning dyed all the Papers and Books, on the Table whereon I now write, as black as Soot; whereof this scorched Paper may be a Testimonial, which I send enclosed. Observe but the Colour and Smell, and thou wilt say, It is stamped with the

the Mark of the Thunderer. It is that whereon I had begun to write to thee; but this thirsty Fire, at a Moment, licked up all the Ink, so that the Impression is wholly effaced.

The Reason of their calling me out of my Bed was, to go to Prayers with them, according to the Custom of these Infidels, who in Time of Thunder light certain consecrated Candles, and fall on their Knees round about them, imagining, that whilst they are within the Room where these Candles are, the Thunder cannot hurt them. I excuse my self from keeping them Company, by telling them, I had a hallowed Candle in my Chamber, which I would light and say my Prayers there. They were satisfied with this Answer, and sprinkling me with Holy Water, to bless me from the Danger impending, I retired.

There is a private Stair-Case in my Chamber, which leads to a Terrass on the Top of the House. My Curiosity carried me thither, where methought I beheld Nature in her Frolics and Rants. The greatest Part of the Sky was clear and serene, and innumerable Stars appeared; but, round the Brims of the Horizon, a growing Bulk of Clouds encompassed the Earth, spouting forth Cataracts of Fire from opposite Parts. One would have thought they were impregnated with Bombs and Carcasses, and that some Armies were imbattelled in the Air.

After this, as if these had been the Heralds of the last and fiercest Combat, the Clouds drew up into a Point, and, mingling with each other, shot forth such Showers of Fire, as made the World look like a Furnace. For my part, I had not Courage enough to stand longer in the open Air, but came down to my Chamber, and falling prostrate on the Ground, recommended my self to the *Great Creator of all Things, Lord of Nature, and Sovereign Disposer of the Lives of Men.*

Neither do I think my self superstitious in this, any more than I should be, in humbling my self in the Dust, before the Terrible *Ibrahim*, when he is out of Temper.

Methinks, Nature seems to be in a cholerick Fit, when it thunders: And it is neither good Manners nor Policy, to draw her Fury on our Heads by daring Carriage.

Our

Our Holy Law, which prescribes Prayer to us at the first Appearance of the Sun and Moon, seems to intimate, that on any Emergency which gives us a peculiar Occasion to contemplate an Omnipotent Power, we ought to fall down and adore the High and eternal One.

I am almost deaf with the Bells, which are rung in every Church of this City on this Account. It being the Opinion of the *Nazarenes*, that this Noise will chase away the Tempest, with all evil Spirits that infest the Air. And this Opinion is grounded on the Ceremonies which are used at the Consecration of their Bells. For the Bishop, or, in his Absence, the Priest, hallows them with a kind of Baptism, and a Form of Prayer; wherein, among other Petitions, they desire of God, to endue them with a Virtue to resist the Devils.

I am no Friend to Superstition, neither do I give much Credit to Charms; yet I cannot deny, but the ringing such a vast Number of Bells must needs cause a violent Concussion of the Air, even to the dispersing of the Clouds, and producing a Calm. And Experience assures us, that this is the common Effect of a Battle, which if it happen in tempestuous Weather, yet the Discharge of many thousand great and small Shot, has quieted the Storm, and hushed the Elements into a very serene Condition.

Though this Noise of Bells be very troublesome, in a Time when People should take their Repose, yet here we are used to it in a less Degree, every Night throughout the Year.

For the Christians Law requires the *Derwises* to rise at Midnight, to say their Prayers in their Chapels: And, some are so devout and regular, as to make this their constant Custom; so that as soon as the Clocks have struck Twelve, the small Bells in some Convents begin to jangle. About two or three Hours afterwards, other religious Houses ring their Bells, and so continue at certain Hours, Day and Night all the Year long.

The Storm is now quite blown over, the Clouds dispersed, and all Things hush and quiet.

He that brings forth Light out of Darkness, and converts the Terrors and Sadness of the Night into the
cheerful

hearthful Joys of a fair and propitious Morning, have
thee in his keeping, and perpetuate our Friendship.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VIII.

To the same.

THERE lives a *Dervise* in this City, with whom
I often converse with the same Freedom as I do
with thee; and it is no small Alleviation of my Me-
lancholy, to vent my Thoughts to one of agreeable Spirit.

He is a Religious of Mount *Carmel*; a Man of singu-
lar Piety and Virtue; and, were he not so zealous a
Patron of the Christian Superstitions and Idolatry, I should
esteem him a Saint.

I have often attempted to wean him by Degrees, from
the Errors which he imbibed with his Mother's Milk,
and which seem to be rooted in him through the In-
fluences of his Education.

Sometimes I plant a Battery of Arguments against I-
mages and Pictures; but I can neither beat them down
from the Posts they are allotted in his Oratory, nor am I
able to demolish the Chapels which he has built for their
Ideas in his own Breast.

Yet, after a long and close Siege, I have reduced him
to Terms of Composition. In the first Place, he has sur-
rendered up a Picture which hung in his Closet, in Form
of a very ancient Man with hoary Hairs, designed by the
Painter to represent the Person of God. He yields, that
it is not lawful to make any Resemblance of the invisible
Divinity. Next, he allows, that it is not lawful to bow
or shew any other external Respect to the Pictures and
Images of *Jesus*, *Mary*, and the rest of the Saints, but
only to use them as historical Remembrancers of those
holy Persons, and as natural Helps and Spurs to Devoti-
on and Virtue.

I tell

I tell thee, my Friend *Oglou*, on these Capitulations I could not but raise the Siege, and yield him the Use of Pictures thus far a blameless Practice. For it seems to me unreasonable to debar those, who believe the History of the Gospel, the Privilege to read it in what Language they please, whether this of Images and Pictures, or that of Letters.

Letters are but the Images of such and such articulate Sounds, by which we express our inward Conception of Things : But Images and Pictures are the lively immediate Characters of the Things themselves ; and it seems as easy to me, to look on a Picture or Image without the Danger of Idolatry, as it is to read a Chapter in the *Alcoran* without adoring the Letters that composed it. Was not the Tabernacle of *Moses* adorned with Images of *Cherubims* ? Was not the Temple of *Solomon* decked in the same manner ? If the Presence of Images in Temples be a Prophanation, why for so many Ages have our Venerable *Mustie's* suffered the two *Seraphims*, to remain under the Cupola of the Mosque of *Santa Sophia* in *Constantinople* ? Why do they not deface the Picture of *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus*, the two Images of Angels, with other Pieces of Sculpture and Painting in the same Place ? Are the Devotions of a *Mussulman* in this Sacred Temple tainted with Idolatry, because he prays before these Images ?

Let me unbosom my Thoughts to thee with Freedom ; Images and Pictures are no Bugbears to me ; I can use them as Instruments of Devotion, in the same manner as I do Books. Yet every one cannot do this without Danger of Idolatry ; neither is a publick Toleration of Images and Pictures in Temples to be approved. For, though some Men may look on them without Hurt, yet it is hard for the Generality to avoid falling into a culpable Reverence. For, while the Eye is drinking in the fair Idea, the Soul is apt to lose her Force, and fall into Admiration of the Carver's or the Painter's Art, adoring the elegant Symmetry of a beautiful Picture or Image instead of the original and increated Beauty, the Majesty which has no Resemblance.

Therefore

Therefore wisely has our holy Law provided against this Inconvenience, by discouraging Imagery throughout the sacred Empire of the *Mussulmans*.

He whose Habitation is in the myſterious and inaccessible Height of an eternal Receſs, whoſe Glory is beyond all Figure and Expreſſion, augment thy Virtues, which are the trueſt Images of the divine Nature.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE preſent War betwixt *France* and *Spain*, however begun, ſeems to be carried on by a Principle of Honour, rather than of Enmity. Theſe two Nations are perfect Antipodes to each other in their Humours, yet this Averſion between them is diſcovered more in Peace than in War. The Queſt of Glory has invited many brave Men on both Sides into the Field; and the Heroes ſtrive to conquer each other by Civilities, rather than by Arms.

Catalonia and *Rouſſilion*, were the Stages of this War, in the Beginning of the Year; where the Mareſchal de *Breze*, and the *Sieur de la Mothe-Houdancourt*, combated with all the Hardſhips of the Winter, as well as with valiant Enemies. The Rigour of the Season did not cool the Courage of theſe Generals, nor divert their Reſolution from taking the Field. All the Country appeared like a frozen Lake, and there was no Place for them to encamp, but in deep Snows or Ice: Yet, for all theſe Diſcouragements, the Mareſchal de *Breze* blocked up *Perpignan*, a Town of great Strength in *Rouſſilion*, whiſt the *Sieur de la Mothe* kept the *Arragonians* in Play, and baffled the Enterprizes of the *Caſtilians*, having given them two ſignal Deſeats.

Theſe ſucceſſful Actions of the *French Generals* invited the King their Maſter to give them a Viſit, being very deſirous

desirous to take *Perpignan*, and settle the Affairs of *Catalonia*. He therefore sends another Army under the Command of the *Mareschal de la Mesleraye*, which he soon followed in Person.

There was now a generous Envy raised between so many great Commanders, every one striving to advance himself in the King's Esteem by his Services. And the particular Merits of the *Sieur de la Mothe* drew a favourable Eye on him. The King made him *Mareschal de France*, the Staff, which is the Badge of his Office, being presented to him by the *Mareschal of Breze* at *Barcelona*, to the general Satisfaction and Joy as well of the *Catalonians* as the *French*.

This Honour was conferred on him, presently after the great Victory obtained over the *Spanish* Forces at *Ville-Franche* in *Catalonia*.

In the mean while, the *Mareschal de Mesleraye* invested the strong Castle of *Calicubre*, which was surrendered to him upon honourable Terms, by the *Marquess of Mortare*, General of the *Spanish* Horse in *Roussillon*, and Governor of that Castle.

The King flushed with Conquests and Successes, would not suffer his Army to lie idle, but in good earnest laid close Siege to *Perpignan*.

Yet such was the Generosity of this Prince, that before he tried the Force of his Cannon, he ordered the *Mareschal de Mesleraye*, to send a Herald to the *Marquess de Flores*, Governor of the Town, to put him in Mind of the great Streights the Besieged were in for want of Provisions, of which his Majesty was not ignorant; and, that there was no Hopes of Relief from the *Marquess de Povar*, General of the *Spanish* Forces in *Arragon*, there being left alive but a few Companies of all his Army, after the great Defeat which was given them near *Ville-Franche*.

He offered the Governor all fair and good Usage, if he would surrender before Things came to Extremities; and, to convince him of the entire Loss of the *Spanish* Army (to which he trusted,) he promised safe Conduct to any Officer of the Garrison as far as *Terragone*, where lay

by all the little Remnant of the *Arragonian Army*, that he might inform and assure himself of the bad Condition the *Spanish Affairs* were in.

This Favour was received with much Civility by the *Marquess de Flores*, who returned humble Thanks to the King for so generous a Condescension, assuring him with-
out, that the Garrison was not reduced to those Streights, as was pretended, but that he nevertheless accepted his Majesty's safe Conduct to a Messenger; entreating him, that he would permit him to go to *Madrid*, that so the King of *Spain* might have Advice of his Circumstances.

Thou wilt confess, illustrious *Kaimacham*, that it was a great Magnanimity of Spirit in the King, to grant this Request to an Enemy, who might be suspected to design no more in it than to gain Time. Yet he sent the Messenger back again, with full Assurance of his Royal Leave.

Whilst this was in Agitation, many other Civilities passed between the *French* and the Besieged. Many Prisoners of Note were exchanged, and all Things seemed to speak a fair Understanding between both Parties; when, on a sudden, the Cannon of the Town played furiously on the King's Quarters, and, at the same Time, the Besieged made a vigorous Sally, attacking a Redoubt which the *Mareschal de Mefleraye* had raised.

This Contempt of the King's Favour raised his Choler, and animated the Soldiers with a Desire of Revenge. All ran to their Arms, and quickly beat back the Besieged. Thus was the Face of Affairs suddenly changed in the Camp. It was too late now, for the Governor to expect the Courtesy he before abused. However, he sent two Deputies again, to know if the King's Resolution continued to grant Leave to send to *Madrid*, (for they had not as yet sent.)

The *Mareschal de Mefleraye* sent back the Deputies with this Answer, That if they did not engage to surrender by a prefixed Day, and give two Hostages for Security of their Performance, the King would not grant their Request.

This

This put the Besieged upon desperate Resolutions; they made frequent Sallies, and all Things tended to Extremity.

Whilst Matters were in this Posture, the King, by the Advice of his Physicians, withdrew from the Camp to take the Waters of *Maine*, for his Health. This was in the last Moon, and *Perpignan* holds out still.

I have been the more particular in relating this Siege, in regard it is the chief Subject of Discourse among such as are desirous of News, which is the Reason also, that I begin this Letter with a Relation of what has been transacted in *Catalonia* ever since the Beginning of this Year, that thou mayest be able to form a general Idea of this present War between *France* and *Spain*: I will continually send thee an Account of the Progress the *French* make in *Catalonia*.

God augment thy Honours, and prolong thy Days to see the Sons of thy Grand-Children.

Paris, 26th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER X.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

I Should be unfaithful to my Trust, and merit a Bow-string, should I conceal from thee any Thing which reflects upon the Honour of the Sacred Empire, and the Law brought down from Heaven by the Angel *Gabriel*.

Thou knowest, that it is the Custom of the Christians, to make Pilgrimages from all Parts of the World to *Jerusalem*, and other Places in the *Holy Land*; even as the faithful *Mussulmen* do to *Mecha* and *Medina Talnubi* in *Arabia*, where is the Sepulchre of our Holy Prophet.

Here are two Noblemen of the first Rank and Quality at Court, who, out of Devotion to their *Messias*, went to visit

hit his supposed Sepulchre; and, in their Travels, passed through part of *Egypt*. But when they arrived at a Place called *Salbia*, bordering on the Stony *Arabia*, they were made a Prey to the Sub-bassee of that Place; who, understanding from the Captain of the Caravan, that these two were all the *Franks* he had with him, and that they were Men of Money, he exacted from them twenty Dollars a-piece for their Heads, contrary to all Law, Justice, or Precedent; which they refusing to pay (as indeed it was unreasonable) the covetous old Sub-bassee commits them to Prison, commanding them to receive an hundred Bastinadoes, a-piece on the Feet, thinking by this Means to frighten them to a Compliance with his Extortion. But they would not pay the Money, chusing rather to suffer, than encourage such Oppression in corrupt Officers. In the mean time, the Caravan departs; leaving these imprisoned Lords to the Mercy of the Sub-bassee; who, finding them inflexible, caused his Commandments to be put in Execution, and, not content with this, orders his Slaves to beat them out of Town.

The poor Lords knew not what to do under this Misfortune; for they were so sore with the Blows they had received on their tender Feet, that they were incapable of travelling a Foot. But with Money they prevailed on the Slaves to direct them how they might procure Camels, with a Guide. This done, they overtook the Caravan at *Gaza*, and so finished their Pilgrimage. They are now at the Court here, and have made known the Business to the King, who, it is said, has dispatched an Express to his Ambassador at *Constantinople*, to demand Justice on the aforesaid Sub-bassee; threatening, that if it be denied, he will cover the Ocean with Ships, and raze the Palace of the *Sultan* to the Ground. For these two Noblemen are nearly allied to the Royal Family.

I know thou wilt despise the bold Bravado of this King, and so do I, being assured, that the invincible *Sultan* can set his Foot on the Necks of forty such Petty Kings as this. Yet, let us be the Advocates of Justice, by which the refulgent Empire of the *Mussulmen* was first established. Should such a Villany as this go unpunished, it would encourage others in like Cases, and then there would

would be nothing but Extortion, and cruel Insolence practised by Governors of Towns and Cities on the Road. So barbarous and inhospitable Usage would provoke all the Princes of the Christian Law, to take up Arms against us. Thus would the most glorious Empire in the World, become a Prey to Infidels.

I know this would be misrepresented, were it to come to other Hands than thine. They would say of me openly, what they have already whispered in the Cabals of the Seraglio, That *Mahmut* is in Pension with the *French King*. They seek my Life without a Cause. But I trust it to thy generous and right noble Hands, of whose Friendship I have had so late Experience.

May the first Mover of the heavenly Orbs lead thee as by a Clue of Threads, through the dark Labyrinth of State-Affairs, and bring thee, after a long and happy Life, to the Fields of endless Light. Amen! thou Lord of *Paradise*.

Paris, 26th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Know thee not, and it is probable, thou art as little acquainted with me: Yet, I have often observed more durable Friendships contracted between Strangers than betwixt those of the same Blood. Good Offices equally deserve and attract Love. There are many Opportunities for Travellers to serve one another. And he, that obliges me in a strange Country, makes himself my Brother.

I received a Dispatch from the *Reis Effendi* at *Constantinople*, informing me of the Death of *Carcoa*, one of the Happy Slaves of him whom God has ordained to dispense Felicities to the World: I mean the *Grand Signior*, Possessor of the the most exalted Throne on Earth. He tells me likewise, that I must expect from thee the Continuance

ance of *Carcoa's* Office. I congratulate thy Honour, in that thou art thought worthy to serve the great Emperoy of the Lord of the Universe, to whom is committed the flaming Sword of Justice, that he may reward Virtue, punish Vice, and reform the corrupt Manners of Mankind.

I am a *Mussulman*, that is resigned to God, or else it would have raised some Thoughtfulness in a Man of my Circumstances, what should be the Reason of *Carcoa's* long Silence, not having received any Answer these six Moons to the many Letters I sent him. He was entrusted with the Secrets of my Commission, and had another been in my Place, he would have suspected Treachery.

Well, he is gone! gone to the invincible Regions, to the Receptacles of Just and faithful Men, to the pleasant Woods and Groves, the Eternal Blooming Shades and verdant Fields of *Paradise*. Follow his Steps and be happy.

He was a Man true to his Trust, sedulous and active Business; punctual in his Appointments; temperate in a Town flowing with Debaucheries; just towards all Men, and devout to God.

It is necessary for him that would attain these Virtues, to begin gradually at the lowest Step; to guard his Senses, and set a Watch upon the Avenues of his Passions. For a Man becomes neither perfectly Virtuous nor Vicious all at once: And a wise Man of thy own Nation, *Jesus Ben Brach*, hath said, *He that contemns little Things, shall fall by little and little.*

I desire thee to send me *Carcoa's* Journal, with what other Papers he left behind him, except such as concern his particular Estate and Affairs.

Let me know also, how the late design of the *Turks* upon *Rab* is resented at the *German Court*; whether the Emperor talks of sending an Ambassador to the *Sultan* about it? And, whatsoever also of Moment occurs.

The *Reis Effendi* tells me, that *Bechir Bassa*, the Treasurer, has ordered me five hundred Zechins, by the Way of *Vienna*. I desire thou wouldest be speedy and careful in remitting them to *Paris*.

Thou

Thou needest no Instructions concerning my Lodging, or the Name I go by here; those who appointed thee this Station at *Vienna* have informed thee, no doubt, of all things necessary to the Discharge of thy Duty.

Write often to me, and preserve thy Integrity free from Stain.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know thy Genius, and have observed with what Complacency thou wert wont to peruse thy Uncle *Shela Raphin's* Travels, a Journal writ in *Arabick*, and full of profitable and wise Remarks; especially that Part of it which treats of *France*. I will not pretend to add to his Observations; but only acquaint thee with a Novelty which *France* it self never knew in his Days.

The Women of Quality here of late addict themselves to the Study of Philosophy, as the Men; the Ladies esteeming their Education defective, if they cannot confute *Aristotle* and his Disciples. The Pen has almost supplanted the Exercise of the Needle; and Ladies Closets, formerly the Shops of Female Baubles, Toys and Vanities, are now turned to Libraries and Sanctuaries of learned Books. There is a new Star risen in the *French* Horizon, whose Influence excites the nobler Females to this Pursuit of Human Science. It is the renowned Monsieur *Des Cartes*, whose Lustre far out-shines the aged winking Tapers of *Peripatetick* Philosophy, and has eclipsed the *Stagyrite*, with all the ancient Lights of *Greece* and *Rome*. It is this matchless Soul has drawn so many of the fairer Sex to the Schools. And they are more proud of the Title [*Cartesian*] and of the Capacity to defend his Principles, than of their Noble Birth and Blood.

I know our Grave and Politick *Muffulmen*, will censure the Indulgence of the *French* to their Women, and accuse them of Weakness, in giving such Advantages to that witty Sex. But notwithstanding this Severity of the Eastern Parts, I cannot altogether disapprove the Western Gallantry. If Women are to be esteemed our Enemies, methinks it is an ignoble Cowardise thus to disarm them, and not allow them the same Weapons we use our selves: But if they deserve the Title of our Friends, it is an inhuman Tyranny to debar them the Privilege of Ingenuous Education, which would also render their Friendship so much more delightful both to themselves and to us. Nature is seldom observed to be niggardly of her choicest Gifts to that Sex, their Senses are generally as quick as ours, their Reason as nervous, their Judgments as mature and solid. Add but to these natural Perfections the Advantage of Acquired Learning, what polite and charming Creatures will they prove, whilst their external Beauty does the Office of a Crystal to the Lamp, not shrouding but disclosing their brighter Intellects? Nor need we fear to lose our Empire over them by thus improving their native Abilities; since where there is most Learning, Sense and Knowledge, there is observed to be the greatest Modesty, and Rectitude of Manners. I see no Reason therefore, why we should make such Bug-bears of Women, as not to trust them with as Liberal Education as our selves.

I believe thou sometimes bestowest a compassionate Thought on the Exiled *Mahmut*. Wouldest thou do something to alleviate my Melancholy, the next time thou goest to the *Atmeidan*; transcribe what is engraven on the Pedestals of the Obelisks and Columns standing there, and send it enclosed in a Letter.

He that is Lord of the East and the West, from whose Throne hang Millions of Stars in Chains of Gold, encrease thy Virtues and Blessings, and preserve thee from the Poison of ill Eyes and malicious Tongues, and bring thee to the Fields of endless Light.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIII.

To Cara Haly, a Physician at Constantinople.

There is a Garden in this City, so near resembling that of the Invincible *Vixir Azem*, on the East of *Pera*, that I cannot but phansie my self near *Constantinople*, when I am walking in it. It is called the King's Garden, being allotted by the Royal Bounty of the Kings of *France*, to the Service and Improvement of Students in Physicks. There is a Yearly Stipend settled on an approved Physician, to take Care, that no kind of Physical Plant or Herb be wanting in this Royal Seminary. Who also during the whole Summer is obliged to read a *Latin* Lecture every Morning on the Simples there growing; whilst a great Auditory of young Students, with Books, Pen and Ink in their Hands, wait on him up and down the Alleys, and write down his Discourse. He that is now employed in this Office is a very learned and ingenious Man: He takes great Pains to make all his young Disciples perfect *Herbalists*; for, all the Way as he passes along from one Herb to another, he stoops down, handles the Simples, and explains his Verbal Description with his Fingers Ends; giving a most accurate Account of the minutest Difference between such as seem to be alike, and demonstrating to the Eye, that those are two distinct Plants, which many take to be but one; tracing out their different Families, in the Number, Texture, Shape or Colour of their Leaves and Flowers: And this he does with so graceful an Action, such elegant Language, and so composed a Spirit, that he charms all that happen to be present at his Lectures, and makes every Body in Love with the *Botanicks*. The Garden stands open to all Gentlemen, provided they leave their Swords with the Keeper of the Gate, to prevent Quarrels and Mischief.

I enter daily among the rest, and when the Physick-Lecture is over, I retire my self into one of the most pleasant

pleasant Shades in the World ; it is a Gravel Walk, the whole length of the Garden, on each side of which grow lofty Trees, planted so thick, and intermixing their leaves and Branches so closely at the Top, that they compose a perfect natural Umbrella over the Walk, from one End to the other, so that not a Beam of the Sun can enter. And, that which creates in me the greatest Comacency, is, that the farther End of the Walk is not shut up by a high Wall, as is the Custom in some Gardens ; but whether you are sitting or standing up-right, it opens to you a very agreeable and large Prospect of the Country adjacent to *Paris*, which affects the Eye with incredible Delight ; and mine so much the more, because it perfectly resembles the Country lying East of *Pera* and *Constantinople*, which you survey out of the *Grattoes* of the afore said most Illustrious *Vizir Azem*. It is when I am in this Walk, I imagine I breathe the Air of *Asia* ; and am within the Verge of the Imperial Seraglio, the sanctuary to which all the distressed Princes in the World have Recourse.

There are in *Paris* above an hundred magnificent Palaces, and beautiful Gardens belonging to them ; but one wherein I take so particular a Delight, as in this Royal Physick Garden. Here I spend many a solitary Hour, and sometimes I meet with Company.

I tell thee, Dear *Haly*, that though the *French* are naturally the most polished and refined People in the World, yet I am many times willing to make Excuses, and leave their Society ; being by the Force of a powerful Inclination either drawn to this Garden, or to a famous Library in this City, in the Custody of certain Religious *Servises*, who at certain Hours of the Day are obliged to give Attendance to all Gentlemen, who are pleased to sit there and study.

Toward the Evening I visit the Hospitals, which are the finest that ever I saw in the World, and I believe the best governed. There is one named the *Hospital of God*, where Persons of Quality themselves, and those of the first Rank, come every Evening, and wait on the Sick and the Wounded, doing all the meanest Offices of inferior Servants, and this with Abundance of Tenderness

and Humanity. I have seen the nicest and gayest Ladies of the Court, dressing the most squalid and putrified Sores of wounded Men, not seeming in the least to be disgusted at the loathsome Sight and Stench of their Ulcers. When one first enters the Place, one would imagine it to be a Chamber of young *Janizaries*; it being a very long and wide Gallery, with Rows of Beds on both sides, wherein the Sick are disposed according to the Order of their coming, or the Nature of their Disease. The Curtains of the Beds are all of pure white Linnen, prettily wrought here and there with Flowers of Needle-work. Their Sheets as white as the Curtains; and by each Bed stands a Bason of clean Water, and a fine Towel lying by it. At the farther End of the Gallery, stands an Altar railed in, where the Priests perform their Religious Mysteries, for the Sick. In fine, all things in this Place speak an Exquisite Decorum and Order, with a generous Regard to the Health and Life of Man. Three of these Galleries make up the whole Hospital, and it is as pleasant to me sometimes to walk up and down in them, as in a beautiful Garden.

Certainly, if any Argument could be of Force to recommend Sickness as a desirable thing, it must be taken from the Circumstances of this Hospital, or an Equivalent Ground. I, for my own part, have often thought that Death it self would not be formidable amidst so many Ornaments, Sweets and Comforts. If this Publick and Charitable Regard to the Sick be an Effect of their Religion, I cannot be so partial to deny it a due Acknowledgement, but must own, that Heroick Virtue and Piety is to be found in an eminent Degree, even among the very Infidels.

Thou wilt pardon me for detaining thee so long in the Theatre of the Sick and Wounded, and presenting thee with the Tragical Scenes of Mortality; since it is thy proper Profession, to converse with the Infirmities, Diseases, and Dolours of Human Bodies, and to be frequently present in the Anti-Chambers of Death.

Suffer me to press thee to an Integrity of continual Love and Friendship between us. Let not Mistakes or Misapprehensions cool this generous Affection. It is

Pity,

ity, that either the spiteful Misrepresentations of insinuating Back-biters, or our own groundless Jealousies, and Suspicions, should dissolve the Union of faithful and loving Friends. I had rather suffer a thousand small Injuries, which I know must proceed from Frailty, and Human Necessity, than not continue to love where I have once pitched my true Affection. Nothing but apparent wilful Perfidiousness and Treachery ought to break the sacred and inviolable Band of Friendship. Fidelity and Love cover a Multitude of lesser Faults. He that breaks with his Friend for small Errors discovers the Rashness and Inconstancy of his Mind, and that his Friendship was never well grounded. For, had he been a wise Man, he would either have been more slow and cautious in the Choice of his Friend; or, having once contracted Friendship, he would not break it again for a less Crime than manifest Disloyalty. But thou, who hast ever pursued me with all the Offices of a Generous and Faithful Friend, bearing with my many Infirmities and Failings, dost not deserve this Censure. Yet, considering the Instability of all Human Affairs, I could not forbear putting thee in Mind of these Things; lest, through the Malice of Fortune, or the Envy of Men, or any other Cause, thou shouldest withdraw thy Affection from me, which I value above all Temporal Blessings. For, besides the many Favours I have received at thy Hands, whereby I am obliged in Honour and Gratitude to love thee perpetually; a Spark of Natural, or rather of Divine Affection, was kindled in my Breast, from the first Time I conversed with thee; whether it proceeds from Agreeableness and Harmony of Spirits, or some other secret Operation, I know not. But, sure I am, and would have thee rest confident, That there is not a Man in the World, who loves and honours thee with greater Fidelity than I do.

The Great and Eternal Lord of the Universe, encrease and multiply thy Virtues and Blessings, and make thee Illustrious in thy Generation; granting also this Happiness to me, that, after a lasting and true Friendship between us on Earth, I may drink with thee of the Rivers

of Pleasure, which glide along the Fields of *Paradise*; and, that I may see thy Face brighter than the Stars of Heaven. Amen! Amen! O thou Lord of the Worlds,

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642

LETTER XIV

To the Kaimacham.

I Take the best Measures for Intelligence, yet I cannot gain a Sight or a Copy of all the Expresses that come to this Court; nor can I learn their Import as soon as they arrive. The Ministers of State here are the Sepulchres of News, they bury all in Silence.

This is the Reason, that I sometimes have been forced to send thee an Account of many Events, long after they happened. My last Letter was an Abstract of the *French Conquests in Catalnia*, from the Beginning of the Year to the Moon last past.

After the King of *France* had retired from the Camp before *Perpignan*, the Mareschal de *Meslerays* applied himself vigorously to perfect the Batteries, Redoubts, and other Works: Whilst the King of *Spain* was hourly perplexed with Cares and Anxieties, for this Important Place.

The Extremities to which it was reduced hastened his Preparations for an effectual Relief, He sent Orders to the Marquisses of *Tarracuse*, or *Leganex*, and *Mortaire*, to raise the Flower of *Arragon* and *Castile*.

The Viceroy of *Naples* furnished out a considerable Fleet; it being the *Catholick King's* Resolution, either to succour *Perpignan*, and raise that Siege, or take *Barcelona* by way of Reprizal.

In the mean while, the new Mareschal de la *Mothe*, flattered with the late Favour he received from his Master, the *French King*, and spurred on with the Thirst of Glory;

ry, entered like a Torrent with his Troops into *Valentia*, which at that time lay naked and unguarded.

The first Thing he did, was to surprize a Convoy of the Marquiss of *Leganez*, who were carrying an extraordinary Piece of Cannon to *Viveros*.

The *French* broke through their Foot, with their accustomed Fury, and killed more than thirty Horse, taking as many Prisoners. They sent the Cannon to the Camp at *Reoux*.

Thou seest, Sage Minister, how necessary a Qualification it is in a Sovereign Prince, to discern and reward the Merits of his Servants. Men of Virtue are animated with fresh Vigour, when their Actions are acknowledged. Of this the ever Victorious *Sultans* of the *Ottoman* Empire are very sensible, who value the Abilities and Services of their Slaves, before any Consideration of Noble Blood or Riches; raising Men from Nothing to the highest Dignities of the Empire.

The Marechal, after this Exploit, took the Towns of *Tamarit*, and *Moufon*; but the Castle belonging to the Latter was surrendered upon Articles, the fourteenth of the last Moon.

Whilst these things were transacted on the Land, the Navies were not idle by Sea: The Marquiss of *Breze* set upon the *Spanish* Admiral, as he lay at Anchor near *Viveros*; and, not being able to disengage the Vessel from the Shallows, he set it on Fire; together with another of equal Burden.

This was only an Exploit by the Bye, and as it lay in his Road to *Barcelona*, where the whole *Spanish* Fleet were arrived, with Design to assault the Town by Sea.

The Marquiss *de Breze* made all the Sail he could towards them; but, the Wind not favouring his Design, he was forced to make use of his Gallies. In a Word, the *Spaniards* lost four Ships in this Fight, and three more on the first of this Moon.

Thus *Perpignan* is in no likelyhood of Relief. I will send thee all the Intelligence I receive of this important Siege.

Paris, 10th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XV.

To Isouf his Kinsman.

I Have received thy Letter, and congratulate thy safe Return to *Constantinople*. The Blessing of *Mahmut* be upon thee, for the Sacrifice thou madest on *Abraham's* Mountain in my behalf, and for the Alms thou gavest to blot out my Sins. Hadst thou sent me the Sacred Relick I desired, I would multiply Benedictions on *Isouf* my Cousin. It is but a trifling Excuse to say, thou couldest not procure that which is denied to no Pilgrim. The *Emir* of *Mecca* expects that every one, who visits that *Holy of Holies*, should purchase a Piece of the old Hanging, when it is yearly taken down. This is his Fee, and thou hast at once defrauded him of his Due, frustrated my Hopes, and weakned the Merit of thy Pilgrimage.

But, I will not be querulous; perhaps thou wert afraid of wanting Money in the rest of thy Journey. Thy Letter is very short and full of Reserves, hardly vouchsafing to make an Apology for thy long Silence, though it be now the nine and thirtieth Moon since thou first partedst from *Constantinople*, without giving me any Account what was become of thee.

Sometimes, I thought thou wert over-whelmed in the Sands of *Arabia*, or, that some wild Beast had devoured thee. At other times, I imagined thou mightest die of Thirst, in those dry and barren Desarts. When the Caravan returned at the accustomed Time, and no Tidings of *Isouf*, I could not divine that thou wert gone into *Persia*, or that thou wouldest travel through all the East, as thy Letter informs me.

I should be proud of my Kinsman, were I satisfied what Improvements he has made in so tedious a Journey. Thy Letter speaks thee not a Traveller; thou art a Churl in not communicating to me thy Adventures and Observations, in so many Countries as thou hast passed through.

Tell

Tell me, *Ism*, what was the Motive which put thee upon such a hazardous Fatigue? Thou wert a Man of great Faith to trust thy self to the Conduct of the *Persian*, who invited thee along with him. It is a Sign thou hast a roving Soul, or else thou wouldst not upon such easie Terms have abandoned the Company of thy Fellow-Travellers and Friends, to join thy self to a Stranger; an Enemy to thy Nation, a Heretick. It is true, a Peace was just then concluded between the *Grand Signior*, and the *Sophi of Persia*; and so there was no Danger of thy being snapped for a Spy, and sacrificed to the Jealousie of State. But thou exposedst thy self to the Capricio's of Fortune, and the wavering Temper of a Man, who, for ought thou knowest, might have some ill Design upon thee.

Tell me, didst not thou meet with great Temptations at *Ispahan*? Couldst thou withstand the Charms of *Persian* Luxury? It must needs be a surprizing Novelty, to see the Ladies of the Court frolicking and revelling in the House of Pleasure without the City, so contrary to the austere Customs of our Women at *Constantinople*.

Well! I will believe thee chaste in the midst of Courtizans, sober in Company of Drunkards, and that the Spark who picked thee up at *Medina* made no Attempts to debauch thy Virtue; yet thou canst not blame this Raillery, when thou considerest the dissolute Manners of that Nation. And I will tell thee ingenuously, that I find it very irksome to abstain from Wine, in a Country where every Body drinks it but my self.

But, thou givest me no Character of thy *Persian* Friend, or his Quality. He might, for ought I know, be some Knight-Errant, and thou his Squire, and so you rambled together up and down *Asia* to seek Adventures, for thou art not so complaisant as to tell me the Effect of thy Travels.

Had I been in thy Place, I should have made it my Business, to enquire into the Laws and Religions of those Countries through which I passed. I should have taken Notice of the Strength and Situation of their Cities and Castles; their Manner of Building and Fortifications; the Discipline of their Soldiers; what navigable Rivers

they have, and which were the most eminent Places of Commerce and Traffick.

When thou wert in the Court of the *Great Mogul*, it had been worth thy Observation, to see the Grandeur of this Monarch, who never goes into the Field with less than two hundred thousand Men. Thou shouldest have remarked also the Use the *Indians* make of Elephants in their Battles. It had not been amiss to have cast an Eye into their Temples in this Country, where thou wouldest have beheld the execrable Devotions of these Idolaters, who worship the Devil under hideous Forms. But, above all, I should have been greedy to see the *Indian Women* throw themselves into the Funeral Pile after their dead Husbands. And, before I parted from the Country, I should have sought the Conversation of their *Gymnosophists* or *Brachmans*. These are in so great Reputation for their Wisdom, Sanctity, and incorrupt Manners, that the greatest Potentates have recourse to them in all Difficulties, as to divine Oracles.

China also would have afforded thee Matter of Observation and Remark.

These People say of themselves, that they see with both Eyes, the *Mahometans* with one, and all the rest of the World are stark blind. But in my Opinion, the *Chineses* can be but purblind themselves, since they see no farther than the Mountains which environ their own Country; it not being permitted to the Subjects of that Empire to travel. Yet, to give them their due, they are a very ingenious People, envied by all the World for their Art in making Porphyry.

I should be glad to know, if whilst thou wert in this Country, thou ever sawest any of those sailing Waggones which are said to be used there.

It would be very obliging, to send me a particular Relation of thy Travels these three Years. Thou wilt not be angry, that I am solicitous for thy Good. The End of Travelling is to gain Experience and Wisdom. If thou hast attained this, I shall rejoice. The Desire of Knowledge has caused many famous Men to roam about the World. This led *Pythagoras* into *Palestine* and *Egypt*. This made *Plato* leave *Athens*, to go and learn of *Archytas*

the

the Philosopher at *Tarentum* in *Italy*. And the same Motive carried *Apollonius* through the greatest Part of *Asia* and *Africa*.

But, I would not have thee confine thy Search to their Measures. For they only coveted to know the Mysteries of Nature. Whereas, if thou travellest again, I would advise thee to acquaint thy self with the Constitutions of Kingdoms and States, whereby thou mayest be serviceable to our great Master, the *Grand Signior*, Lord of the seven Climates, for whose Sake the Elements are restrained within their Bounds, and Nature itself keeps on her Course.

Cousin, I pray the great God to polish thy Soul with rational Principles, and make thee useful in thy Generation; for no Man is born for himself. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVI.

To Berber Mustapha, Aga at Constantinople.

I Sent thee a Letter in the Conclusion of the last Year, concerning the Duke of *Lorrain*, and the Loss of his Estate: Since which he seems to have lost himself, being excommunicated by the *Pope*, who is to the Christians, what our *Mufti* is to true Believers.

If thou knowest not what it is to be excommunicated by the *Pope*, I will inform thee in a few Words.

Those who lie under this Censure are forbid to enter into any of their Churches, or in the least to partake of what they esteem Holy. All Christians are commanded to shun their Company; they are esteemed as bad as Hereticks; banished human Society, and given over to the Devil.

The Occasion of passing this so severe a Sentence on a Sovereign Prince, thou wilt imagine was great; and yet it was only for putting away his first Wife, and marrying another.

another. A Thing commonly practised all over the East. Should our *Musti's* have the same Power, there would be but few *Musfulmen* in the sacred Mosques.

But, these Infidels call Marriage a great Sacrament, and esteem it asviolated when a Man repudiates his Wife; Divorces being not allowed in any Part of Christendom, unless in Case of Adultery.

People talk variously of the *Pope's* Censure. Those who favour the Countess of *Cantecroix*, murmur at the Excommunication, calling it a Breach of Privileges, an unheard of Innovation, an Attempt upon the Life of the Prince. They add also, that he ought first to have been cited, and his Cause heard by the Court, according to the Canons and Decrees of Councils.

On the other hand, there are who justify this Proceeding of the *Pope*, and accuse the Duke of barbarous Ingratitude, for leaving his lawful Wife, by whom he got his Estate, and with whom he had lived many Years.

However, the Duke of *Lorrain* has published a Protestation against the *Pope's* Proceedings, and caused his Procurator General to do the like; writing Letters also to the Presidents and Counsellors of the Sovereign Court of *Lorrain* and *Barois*, commanding them not to take any Notice of the *Pope's* Censure; it being actually null and void, because contrary to the fundamental Laws of the Church.

It is to be observed here, that this excommunicated Prince in the Conclusion of his Protest appeals nevertheless to the Sovereign Bishop, when he shall be better informed, still professing an eternal Obedience to the Church.

It is a strange unaccountable Power, the *Popes* of *Rome* claim over Emperors and Princes. In his publick Letters, Briefs, or Patents, he styles himself, *the Servant of the Servants of God*; yet, in his Actions, he assumes a Sovereignty over Kings, calling all the Princes in Christendom his Sons, and chastising them as such, when he sees Occasion. All this proceeds from the Difference they make between the temporal and the spiritual Sword. So that when their Forces have been routed, the City of *Rome* sacked, and themselves taken Prisoners by the Force of the

the former; yet they have at the same Time, by the
Dint of the latter, subdued their Conquerors, and in the
midst of Captivity celebrated a Triumph.

Spare not to command me if thou canst propose any
Method of doing thee Service.

God, the Essence of Essences, purify us, and wash away
our Imperfections.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVII.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Dervises of the
Convent of Cogni, in Natolia.

AR T thou alive, venerable old Man, or must I expect
my Answer in the other World? I have often writ
to thee, and more often enquired after thy Health, when
I had Opportunity; but have received no Answer, nor
heard any News of thee these seven Moons; which seem
so many Years to a Man who would be ready to die for
Joy, could he receive the least Assurance that thou art
yet alive.

Without Doubt, thou livest where-ever thou art, and
livest in perfect Joy and Peace, the Rewards of thy con-
summate Sanctity and Virtue. Either thou still enjoyest
a Heaven on Earth, thy incorrupt Soul being a *Paradise*
to it self; or thou hast translated thy Residence from
Earth to Heaven, to augment the Number and Joys of
the Blessed.

Well! I will suppose and hope thou art alive, and that
this Letter will come to thy Hand: I will therefore
make thee an acceptable Present.

Thou hast often spoke with much Affection and Re-
verence of *Jesus* the *Messias* of the Christians, as all good
Mussulmen ought to do; being taught by the *Alcoran* in
several Chapters, that he was a holy Prophet, and in the
Number of the divine Favourites.

I have

I have met with an authentick Description of his Person in the King's Library, and have translated it into *Arabic* for thy Satisfaction. *Publius Lentulus*, being President of *Judea*, sent it to the Senate of *Rome*, when the Fame of *Jesus* began to spread abroad in the World. These are his Words.

THERE lives at this Time in *Judea*, a Man of singular Virtue, whose Name is *Jesus Christ*. Whom the *Barbarians* esteem a Prophet; but his own Followers adore him as the Offspring of the immortal Gods. He calls back the Dead from their Graves, and heals all Sorts of Diseases with a Word or a Touch. He is tall and well-shaped; of an amiable, reverend Aspect; his Hair of a Colour that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful Curls below his Ears, and very agreeably couching on his Shoulders, parted on the Crown of the Head like the *Nazarites*. His Forehead is smooth and large, his Cheeks without other Spot, save that of a lovely Red. His Nose and Mouth formed with exquisite Symmetry. His Beard thick, and of a Colour suitable to the Hair of his Head, reaching an Inch below his Chin, and parting in the middle like a Fork. His Eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with Majesty, counsels with Mildness; his whole Address, whether in Word or Deed, being elegant and grave. No Man hath seen him laugh, but he has wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest and wise. A Man, for his excellent Beauty and divine Perfection, surpassing the Children of Men.

I send thee this Picture of the *Christians Messias*, not drawn by the Pencil of the Painter, but by the Pen of a *Roman Governor*, and therefore it may pass for authentick. I have often heard thee praise the Original, and condemn some too superstitious *Mussulmans*, who, in their mistaken Zeal for the *Alcoran*, have blasphemed this holy Prophet; a Man whom the *Alcoran* itself mentions in several Chapters, styling him, *The Breath and Word of God*.

Certainly, Malediction becomes not the Mouth of a true Believer; and he, who curses God, or any of the hundred

a SPY at PARIS.

hundred and twenty four thousand Prophets, shall be extended their Society in *Paradise*.

I give thee a final Adieu, O holy *Dervise*; desiring, that this Character of the *Messiah* may be transcribed,

Letters of Gold on Silken Paper, and laid up in the Library of thy Convent. Adieu. Live for ever.

Paris, 24th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

VARIOUS are the Discourses of a People in this Place, concerning the Reduction of *Asac*. For *Paris*, like *Athens* of old, is the Receptacle of all the News in the World.

The *French* are naturally a martial People, delighting much in the Affairs of War; and when the News came last Year of the raising the Siege of *Asac*, with all the particulars of the Defendants Bravery, notwithstanding the Union of so great Forces against them; they highly applauded the Valour and Constancy of the *Cossacks*, whom neither Threats nor Promises, gentle Means, nor vigorous Assaults could prevail upon to surrender up their Town, but forced their Besiegers to return home with the Loss of about twelve thousand *Turks*, besides *Moldavians*, *Walachians*, and *Tartars*.

But now they begin to change their Notes, and to admire the invincible Force of the *Ottoman* Arms, which show their Way through the most formidable Difficulties, to lay Empires, Kingdoms, and States at the Feet of our victorious *Sultan*.

I have received a particular Account from *Nathan Ben Saddi* of the taking of that City. He tells me, that at the News of those great Preparations which were making by Land and Sea against it, the Inhabitants being denied the Protection of the *Muscovites*, which was their sole Refuge

Refuge in this Extremity, abandoned the Town, carrying with them their Goods, and demolishing their Houses, so that there was but small Prey left for our Soldiers.

It is the general Discourse of this Court, that there is a Son born to *Sultan Ibrahim*. I should heartily rejoice, were I assured the News was true; but there is no Dispatch as yet to confirm it. Besides, I have received Advice from *Constantinople*, which almost discourages me from ever hoping for so fortunate an Event.

God lengthen thy Days, and make thee happy both in this World, and in *Paradise*.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIX.

To Mustapha, Bassa of Silistria.

THOU hast no Reason to repine at the Exchange of thy Government, though thy present Power be circumscribed within narrower Limits than it was in *Egypt*. That Granary of the World never afforded thee such a Harvest of Laurels as thou reapedst on the Banks of the Black Sea. The Conquest of *Asac* has loaded thee with Honours, and the Moderation thou hast in the Midst of Triumphs has captivated greater Numbers of the *Cossacks*; than could the Dint of thy Cymetar. Though the Foundations of Kingdoms are laid in Blood, yet the Superstructure is cemented with Clemency; and the *Roman Cæsars*, by timely sheathing their Swords, fastened to their Empire the Provinces they had won by drawing them.

I am bound to write often to the Ministers of the *Porte* and all my Moments are consecrated to the Service of the *Grand Signior*, who has a Right to command all Mankind: Yet the Fame of thy late Victory reaching these Parts, and giving Occasion of Discourse, I stole this
Time

me from my self, not from my Great Master, (it being the Hour of Sleep) to tell thee what the World says of thee.

They do not compare thee to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander the Great*; thou thy self wouldst take him for a flatterer, that should use such an Expression: But they say, the Method thou hast taken to sweeten the Calamities of the *Cossacks*, and invite them back to their abandoned Habitations, has some Resemblance with the Conduct of *Selim*, a General of *Orchaues's* Army; who, after he had taken the City of *Prusa*, forbid his Soldiers, on Pain of Death, to touch the Goods of the Inhabitants, or commit any insolent Action. The Moderation of this Conqueror not only rendered the Citizens easy, and willing to submit to their new Lord; but, the Fame of it spreading abroad, he with little Bloodshed reduced all the adjoining Countries under Subjection.

It is reported of the great and victorious *Saladine*, that he took more Pleasure in winning the Hearts of his Enemies, than in conquering their Persons. This Prince had a Saying very common in his Mouth, 'That he did the Office of a Barber and Gardener, shaving the Superfluities, and pruning the Excrescencies, of overgrown Kingdoms and States, not destroying them Root and Branch.' It is certain, he endeavoured in all his Conquests to mollify the Averfion of his Enemies, by Acts of Generosity.

Thou wilt expect some News from a Man in my Post, and I cannot entertain thee with more agreeable Intelligence, than what is the common Theme of Discourse at this Time.

Edward, Duke of *Parma*, has entered into the *Pope's* Territories with three thousand select Horse, where he marches dragooning up and down the Country, bringing Terror and Confusion where-ever he comes. He conquers without drawing his Sword, the *Pope's* Army flying before him.

This Prince is by Nature very fierce and active, and has a peculiar Gift of obliging his Soldiers, by treating them with a frank, affable Carriage, free from the stately Reservedness to which Men in Authority are accustomed. By this Deportment, he has insensibly stole their

their Affections; they are ready to follow him all over the World.

When the Princes of *Italy* fall out with one another they generally engage the *French* and the *Spaniards* in the Quarrel. But the Duke of *Parma* refused the Assistance which the former proffered him of two thousand Men, provided they might be disposed in Garrisons; he was jealous, lest the *French* designed to play their old Game; and that when they were once housed in his Cities and strong Holds, it would be difficult to unkenne them.

He has a new Way of winning Towns, carrying with him neither Infantry, Cannon, Ammunition, nor any other Provisions necessary to the Campaign. Yet when he approach towards *Smola* in his Road to *Bologna*, the Governor sent the Keys of the Town to him in his March; which he made no other Use of, than to give his Troops a Passage through the Place, resigning them up again. By these noble Acts, he paved himself an easy Way through the Ecclesiastick State; His Army being furnished with Victuals in Abundance, without Plunder or Insolency.

The first Occasion of this Quarrel proceeded from some Contempts put upon the Prince of *Parma*, at the Court of *Rome*, by the Nephews of Pope *Urban*: And, the Disgusts have since been improved to that Height, as to engage the State of *Venice*, the Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, the Duke of *Modena*, and other Princes in the Care of the general Interest of *Italy*.

They proceed with Mediations and Overtures of Peace in one Hand, whilst the Sword is brandished with the other; amusing one another with Treaties to gain Time. The Loss of *Castro*, a strong Town on the Borders of the Ecclesiastick State, spurs on the Duke of *Parma* to revenge himself on the *Barberini's*; while the Republick of *Venice* strive to mitigate his Fierceness, and accommodate Affairs, espousing his Cause, but fearful of his Rashness, lest his impetuous Humour should carry him to the Walls of *Rome*, and bring Things to Extremities. For all the Princes of *Italy* profess an inviolate Obedience to the Pope,

ope, who seems to inherit the Authority of the ancient Roman Emperors.

Thou mayest comprehend by what I have said, how easy it were at such a Juncture, when all the Principalitys in *Italy* are (as it were) disjointed, to bring them under the Yoke of a Foreign Power. This is what the *Spaniards* and *French* have for a long Time been nibbling at: And whereof the Republick of *Venice* are so jealous, that they never side with one Party to the Ruin of another, but endeavour to keep all the Interests of *Italy* in an *Æquilibrium*, until they are reconciled and united, lest the Party, which finds it self most weakened, should seek the Protection of one of those potent Crowns; who would not fail to strike two Strokes for themselves, if they are desired to strike one for the oppressed *Italian*.

The Christians call *Italy* the Garden of *Europe*; and, if the Allusion may hold, the King of *Spain* has possessed himself of two stately Grottoes in it, *Naples* and *Milan*; yet it is a Question, whether the Cost in maintaining these two Cities will countervail the Honour of being their Sovereign at such a Distance. The same may be said of his Dominions in *Mexico* and *Peru*. This is the peculiar Happiness of the *Ottoman* Empire, that all the Members of so vast a Body lie contiguous to each other.

The Monarch of the World above and this below increase the Territories of our invincible *Sultan*, and by continually supplying our Armies with such fortunate Leaders as *Mustapha*, subdue all Nations to the true Faith.

Paris, 29th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

I Have heard with Sorrow the Disappointment the Sultan's Forces met with in the taking of *Rab*. The Christians accuse him of Breach of the Capitulations, on which a Peace was concluded for twenty Years, between the Happy *Porte*, and the Emperor of *Germany*.

If the Stratagem by which they designed to take this Town be truly related to me, it seems to be a Copy of the *Grecian* Artifice in taking *Troy*, bating the Difference of many Carts, and one Wooden Horse.

That Officer who discovered the Intrigue, though he had hunted in vain all the former part of the Day, yet returned with good Game at last, when he had ensnared our carted Soldiers within the Toils, got them within the Walls of the City, and drawn up the Draw-Bridge upon the Ambush which lay behind. The Emperor it seems takes it mightily to Heart; and, as I hear, has sent an Ambassador to the *Porte*, to complain of this Transaction.

The Court here is not very solicitous for his Interest, nor will they be much troubled to find that his Ambassador has but a cold Reception at *Constantinople*. For the Differences between the King of *France* and the House of *Austria* are too deeply grounded, to suffer any good Understanding or Affection to take Place between them.

And the Cardinal of *Richlieu* was heard to say, not many Days ago, *That, since the German Eagle was so greedy, he would give her a Bone to pick would break her Bill*. This was spoken in relation to the Emperor's Encroachments on the *Palatinate*, and his Seisures of *Fu-liers* and *Treves*.

I am glad to hear that the League is renewed between the Shining *Porte* and the King of *Persia*, that so the Nerves of the Sacred Empire may be wholly employed in *Hungary*.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T.

LETTER XXI.

To Enguruli Emir Cheick, a Man of the Law.

THIS Western World lies drowned in Wickedness ; or rather, it is set on Fire with Sin. I sweat while I am within the Confines of the Air of Christendom. An universal Pestilence infects the Souls of Men, from whence their Words breathe nothing but Contagion. Even such as one would take for Holy Saints are mere Cheats ; and like those Fruits that grow on the Banks of the Lake *Asphaltites*, they are fair and beautiful without, but bring them to the Touchstone, and you will find them mere Corruption and Rottenness within. The *Laity* openly wallow in all Debauchery and licentious Practices. Nor are the *Clergy* less exempt from secret Enormities ; while the Ecclesiastick Vestments serve as Cloaks to Pride, Ambition, Covetousness, and other concomitant Vices. The Sword of Justice it self, or at least that which ought to be so, serves to divide the Spoils of the Poor, the Widow, and the Orphan. In Court and Camp all Offices are bought and sold, without regard to Merit or the Publick Good. He that bids highest is first preferred ; and the best-moneyed Chapman is the most meritorious Candidate. These are the Escapes of Princes and the Designs of Favourites ; whilst the Easiness of the one, abused by the Craft and Subtility of the other, exposes Places of highest Trust, as in an Exchange, to become the Merchandize of every Pedling Huckster : And brave and generous Souls are many Times put by, though the Royal Promise it self has passed in their Behalf. This is eminently the Unhappiness of the *French Court* : And, it is thought, the late Duke of *Lugnes* and the present Cardinal of *Richlieu*, both of them Favourites to the present King, could not have swelled their Coffers with such Heaps of Gold, but by these sinister Methods.

I am credibly informed by an old *French Courtier*, that Monsieur *Belville*, a Gentleman of the Province of *Languedoc*,

guedoc, spared not to pass this Reflection on the Duke of *Luyne*, even in the King's Presence. Being at *Bordeaux*, while the King celebrated his Nuptials with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, in a most magnificent Manner; one Day coming to the Court in his Mourning-Coach, (his Father being newly dead) he was reprehended by *Monfieur Cadinet*, younger Brother to the Duke of *Luyne*, for appearing at Court in such an extraordinary Time of Joy, with a Mourning-Coach: O, 'Sir, says *Belville*, the Bravery of your Brother's Coach may excuse the Meanness of mine, since he borrowed all the Gold I had to equip myself for this Triumphant Season.' This I was told by one that was present and heard the Words; and the Occasion of them also he was not ignorant of, which was this:

Monfieur Belville being a Gentleman of a Noble Family, and one whose eminent Virtues and Services might have entitiled him to some suitable Dignity, but, being low in his Fortune, was not regarded or taken Notice of, till he addressed himself to the Duke of *Luyne*; who, upon the Receipt of fifteen hundred Crowns, promised him to make him *Cavalier* of the Order of the *Holy Ghost*, a Dignity next to that of the Peers of the Realm, and which is a fair Step to it. But instead of performing his Promise, after he had got his Money, he by underhand Practices procured him to be banished the Court, neither did he ever come near it till this Marriage aforesaid was taken in Hand; at which time his Father dying at *Bordeaux*, and being there also buried, he by the Mediation of some Friend procured a Repeal of his Banishment, that he might have an Opportunity of making the King sensible of the Duke's Injustice. But it took not the desired Effect; for he was upon these Words immediately imprisoned, where he soon after died of Grief. Thus is Oppression, Murder, and Violence countenanced by Authority among these Infidels.

But thou, Sage Interpreter of our Law, and Patron of Virtue, vouchsafe me thy Counsel, that I may learn not to be corrupted by conversing with these Uncircumcised.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

the most Illustrious Vizir Azem, at the Port.

THE Enemies of the Ottoman Interest, ever since the Time that our late Invincible *Sultan Amurat* caused his Uncle *Mustapha* to be strangled, flattered themselves with the vain Hopes of seeing that Royal Line extinct; it being blazed abroad in all the Courts of Christendom, that *Sultan Amurat*, by excessive Use of Wine, had quite enervated his natural Vigour, and rendered himself incapable of getting any more Children. The private Charge which he gave to the Bassas and Grandees of the Empire, that in Case he died Issueless, they should translate the Imperial Diadem to the *Tartars*, was no Secret here. Every Man looked upon our present happy Sovereign, *Sultan Ibrahim*, as a Man designed for a Sacrifice to his Brother's Hatred, and that he would long survive the Fate of his Uncle *Mustapha*. I have heard a grave and experienced Statesman say, that he hoped to see the Ottoman Empire (after the Death of *Amurat*) rent into as many and fatal Divisions, by the ambitious *Beglerbegs*, *Bassa's*, and other Governors of Provinces, as the Empire of *Alexander the Great* was, by the Commanders of his Army after his Death, who shared it among themselves, and cantonized it into as many Principalities, as there were Captains to make Pretensions, either by Merit or the Sword.

But Praise be to God, Lord of the Universe, the Sovereign Protector of the Empire, established by his own Arms, the Hopes of the Infidels are defeated. *Ottoman* is not left without an Heir to sit upon the Throne, and pour his Blood, as well as of his Empire.

The Birth of *Sultan Mahomet* is no small News to Europe, after it had been generally reported, that his Father *Sultan Ibrahim* was Impotent. The Ladies of the Court are begin to entertain a better Opinion of him. And the

the Grandees frame more Masculine Ideas of our Glorious Monarch.

God augment the Imperial Offspring, and perpetuate the Ottoman Sway, till the Day of the Balance.

I bow my Forehead to the Carpets whereon thou treadest, and kiss the Hem of thy rich Vest. God create thy Graces and Felicities.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

IT is not lawful for a Slave to pry into the Actions of his Sovereign Lord, much less to censure his Conduct with Boldness. But miserable is that Prince, who, among all his pretended Friends and Servants, has none so faithful and discreet, as to warn him of Dangers which are ready to devour him.

I cannot but highly applaud the Severity of thy Justice in taking away the Life of that *Persian* Traytor last Year who, by his accursed Insinuations and Example, hastened the Death of our late Victorious Sovereign, *Sultan Amurat*, upon whom be the Mercies of God.

That Heretick, though an *Emir*, of the Race of our Holy Prophet, and adorned with the Immarcessible Colour which is appropriated to Sanctity and Virtue; yet refrained not from Idolatry, being a daily Votary to *Bacchus*. He it was, who first taught the Unfortunate *Sultan* to drink Wine, which he afterwards practised to that Excess, as betrayed him to many Inconveniencies, and at last to Death it self.

But suffer me to ask thee, why thou dost not also take an equal Revenge on *Mustapha Bassa*, who was as guilty as the *Persian*; being not only a Companion, but a zealous Promoter of the Royal Debauches? It was he, who first proposed that fatal Match of drinking, which cast the

Sultan

tan into a mortal Fever, of which he died in less than Week.

I should not presume to say these things to thee, nor call past Miscarriages to Remembrance, were I not certainly informed that the same *Mustapha* is practising the old Trade with the present Sultan *Ibrahim*, endeavouring to enervate the Royal Blood, and withdraw the Sultan from the just Observance of our Holy Law, to the impious Profanations of the Infidels, I am commanded to give Intelligence of all important Affairs to thee, and the other great Ministers of State: I thought none more mighty, than that which regards the Life of my Sovereign.

I have done my Duty, I leave the Process to thee, who art the Oracle of Government.

God direct thy Feet in the Path of Justice, which will assuredly lead thee to the Gardens of *Eden*, where thou shalt enjoy eternal Repose, and supreme Felicity.

Paris, 16th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the Religion
of the Turks.

I Received the Dispatch of thy Sanctity, wherein thou hast renovated my Soul, and restored me to a sound Consistence of Spirit. My Doubts are vanished, I am no longer racked with torturing Scruples about my Conduct. Thy Absolution has obliterated the Sentence my ears had pronounced on me.

As to the Penance thou hast enjoined me, it is Rational, and adapted to the Quality of my Crime. I have counterfeited a Christian, that I might the better perform the Duty of a *Mussulman*. I have seemed devoutly attentive to the *Roman Missal*, that I might be instrumental

to propagate the *Alcoran*. And, for this Religious Fault, thou requirest, that I should inform thee, how the Christians behave themselves in their Temples, where I have been so often a Spectator of their Ceremonies. I submit with an absolute Resignation, and a willing Compliance to thy Venerable Injunction; and will briefly relate what I have observed.

These Infidels seem to be ambitious of imitating the Undeiled Religion, and yet they prove but bad Mimicks: For, as we are taught to wash our Bodies before we enter the Sacred *Mosque*; so they, at the Entrance of their Churches, dip their Fingers in certain Vessels filled with Water and Salt, and sprinkle their Foreheads therewith; as though their Purity lay in a Swoond, and were thus to be recovered to Life again; or that the Uncleannefs of their whole Bodies were contracted into the Face. They esteem the Water Holy, and yet they trifle with it as an Indifferent Thing. One would think, they should be desirous to bath themselves all over, and let every Pore in their Skin imbibe the Sanctified Liquor: But they seem rather to use it as a Charm; for after they have sprinkled a few Drops on their Faces, and muttered to themselves two or three Words, they think they have chased all Impurity from them in a Fright; and boldly present themselves before the Altars. Herein also they deviate from the Practice of former Christians, who (if their own Church Histories be true) were accustomed to wash their Arms and Feet in certain Cisterns, before they entered the Temples; whereof the Fountains and Lavatories remaining yet on the South Side of the holy and magnificent Mosque of *Sancta Sophia* at *Constantinople*, are a standing Testimony. For the Greek Inscriptions shew, that some of them, at least, were contrived by the Builders of this glorious Temple, in the Time of *Justinian* the Emperor, for the Purification of such as came thither to Worship. By which it is manifest, that these Modern Infidels degenerate from those more ancient ones.

Another Thing offends me also, which is this: They believe the Divinity is present in their Temples, after a peculiar and extraordinary Manner, and yet they suffer

suffer Dogs to prophane them with their vilest Excrements. They spare for no Cost to adorn their Churches, and their Altars are enriched with invaluable Treasures of Silver, Gold, and precious Stones; and yet, after all, they must become the Receptacles of the Dung of sordid Animals.

These wicked Wretches also walk up and down in these Sacred Places, talking of their common Affairs, as though they were on the Exchange, or in the Market-Place.

But that which is to be had in greatest Abomination is, that it is common for Men to make Love to the Women in Churches: They present themselves before the Altars, but the Saint, whom they invoke, is some beautiful Female. She engrosses all their Devotions; to her they make their Vows. The amorous Youth adores his Mistress that kneels by him, laden perhaps with more Sins than himself. His Eyes may be fixed on the Altar, or on the Pictures and Images, but his Tongue addresses to the more charming Idol near him. Or, if his Eyes are attentive on his Prayer-Book, he teaches it to speak nothing but the soft and effeminate Things of Love. Thus Assignations of Lust are made in the House of Prayer; and the Affairs of *Cupid* managed under the Mask of Religion. They fight the Battles of *Venus* under the Banner of their God.

I tell thee, Venerable Interpreter of the Divine Law, that the Sight of these Things hath sometimes inflamed my Zeal to that Height, as had it not been for an earnest Desire to do some extraordinary Service to the *Grand Signior* (which obliged me to take Care of my self) I should certainly have transfix'd these profane Mockers of God on the Spot, and sacrificed to a Zeal, which thou, who art Piety it self, wouldst not, I believe, reprehend.

I fold my Arms, most Venerable Sovereign of Religion, and, wrapping my self in profound Humility, I fall prostrate to the Earth; begging thy effectual Blessing and

Intercession, that I may be admitted into the Number of the Happy in *Paradise*.

Paris, 26th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXV.

To the Vizir Azem Prime Director of the Affairs of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Notices I have of the Present State of England (in Compliance with thy Commands) are not gained without some Difficulty. It is not easie for a Man that sits in his Chambers in *Paris*, to pry into the Cabinets of Foreign Courts: Yet I will communicate to thee some Intelligences, which thou couldest not learn from the *English* Ambassador at the *Porte*; nor from all the Travellers of that Nation, residing at *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, and *Aleppo*.

There is a *Jew* whom they call *De Lopez*, a Confident and Emiffary of Cardinal *Richlieu*, whom he employs both at Home and Abroad in several private Negotiations and Intrigues. I have insinuated into this Man's Familiarity, and (if I may so express it) I have riveted my self into his Heart. He treats me with an Assurance void of Jealousie; and there is no Folding or Angle in his Breast, which I do not easily penetrate. I make use of him as an Optick, through which I peep into the Cardinal's Secrets, and as a Mirror, in which I behold the true Face of many disguised Affairs, transacted in the remotest Corners of Europe; there being hardly any thing of Moment done in the Courts of Christian Princes, wherein the Cardinal has not a Finger. He seems to be the Genius or Soul of Christendom, communicating Motion, Activity and Heat, to all the grand Intrigues now on Foot in these Western Parts of the World.

The

The Commotions of *England* seem to be a complicated Distemper of the State, arising from several Causes, drawn to a Head by the dextrous Artifice of this Busic Spirit. The present King of that Island came to the Crown with no small Disadvantages; his Father having exhausted the Treasury, and left him deeply in Debt. He had no small Number of the Blood Royal to maintain; which kind of Charges, thou knowest, our Glorious Sultans, though they be Masters of infinite Riches, endeavour to avoid, by Marrying their Daughters and Nieces, whilst yet Infants, to some of the most Potent and Wealthy Bassa's, that so their Port might be kept up, without burdening the Royal Coffers. But the Infidel Princes are wanting in this frugal Providence. In the Reign of King *James* (this King's Father) *England* lay at Ease, slumbering in the Downy Bed of Peace; she wallowed in Pleasures, and had no other Unhappiness, but in being too happy. Her Affluence and Idleness affected the State with a Plethora. The Publick Health cannot be long conserved, without the moderate Exercise of War. *Charles* after the Death of the old King, being established in the Throne, committed the Affairs of State to the Management of his Ministers; never examining his Treasury, nor calling to an Account his Officers, but indulged himself in the Pleasures most agreeable to his youthful Genius. He hunted in the Forests, whilst the Grandees, whom he entrusted with his Revenues and the publick Conduct, had another Game to pursue, postponing their Master's Interest, and that of the Nation, to their own private Avarice. The Favourite Minister held a secret Correspondence with Cardinal *Richlieu*, and, by this means, the Court was filled with *French* Pensioners, countenanced also by the Authority of the Queen, who was the Daughter of *France*.

It had been before agreed in the Articles of the Marriage, that the Queen of *England* should have a prefixed Number of *French* Servants. But they, not content with their Domestick Employments, and Attendance on her Person, sought the Management of that Estate, which King *Charles* had settled on her as a Dowry. This would by no means agree with the Constitutions of the

English. That Island is a Little World by it self; and the Inhabitants boast of an Original Freedom of Birth, which is not so much as dreamt of in all the Dominions of our Invincible Sultans. Though the *English* have several Times been invaded and subdued, by the *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *French*; yet it has been rather by Composition than Extremity of War: Or, if it may be called a Conquest, the Victors have been forced to yield to the Vanquished, in assuring them their Ancient Laws, Privileges and Customs. There is no Nation in the World more jealous of this their pretended Birth-right. And therefore to avoid all Occasions of giving Offence to the Nobles and Gentry, the King perceiving the insolent Demands and Carriage of the *French* Courtiers, commanded them all, save a few Creatures of the Favourite Duke to depart the Kingdom. This much disgusted the Queen; and Cardinal *Richlieu* was glad of the Opportunity to incense the King of *France*. *Leavis* was nettled at the Affront offered to his Sister. Yet, by the Dexterity of the Mareschal *Bassompierre*, his Ambassador at the *English* Court, Things were in a way of Accommodation; when all was quashed by the Seizure which the *French* made of several *English* Ships; and so a War commenced. far more fatal in its Consequences to *England* than to *France*.

The King of *England* roused from his Pleasures and Divertisements, by the Preparations of his Potent Neighbour, began to look about him, and consult the Publick Safety. But, when he examined his Treasury, he found it empty, or at least at a very low Ebb.

Behold here, Supreme Bassa, a Stroke of Destiny, a Concurrence of Causes, seeming remote and small in their first Appearance; but, in their Process, uniting and involving that Kingdom in Ruin.

Charles could not carry on a War with *France* without asking Aid of the Sovereign Divan (which they call the Parliament) of that Nation. It is a Senate composed of above seven hundred of the Nobility and Gentry of the Land. These have the Power to make Laws, raise Taxes, and redress the Grievances of the Kingdom. It was an ill Season to ask the Assistance of his Subjects,
who

who had already conceived an Aversion for the Royal
 Ignity. However, a mighty Fleet was ordered to be
 rigged and Manned out. Cardinal *Richlieu*, from afar,
 beheld the approaching Storm, and knew not how to
 avert it from falling on *France*, but by corrupting the
English Favourite. *De Lopez*, from whom I received
 this Intelligence, was employed in the Affair; he was
 sent to *London*, which is the Metropolis of *England*, and
 the Place where the King usually keeps his Court. It
 was an expensive Negotiation, and cost the Cardinal forty
 thousand Dollars, which is equivalent to three Milli-
 ons and two hundred thousand of our aspers. With
 this vast Bribe, he profelyted the Favourite Duke to the
 interest of *France*. The *English* Navy consisted of an
 hundred and fifty Sail, having also twelve thousand Land-
 Men on Board. It was agreed between them, that the
English Minister should procure himself to be made Ad-
 miral of these Marine Forces. His indulgent Master
 could deny nothing to the Man whom he had entrusted
 with the Sway of the Government. Now the King of
France might sleep at quiet, since the *English* Ships sailed
 with a *French* Wind. They landed upon the Island of
Ree, but their Actions were altogether Theatrical; a
 mere Shew of War, without any real Execution. The
English General manifestly omitting the proper Methods,
 and favourable Opportunities of winning that Island:
 His Conduct speaking, as if he came there rather to com-
 pliment than to fight.

These Things made a harsh Sound in *England*, and
 the Nobles resented ill the double dealing of the Duke
 of *Buckingham* (so was the *English* General called.) In
 fine, the bad Success of their Forces, the Expences they
 had been at, and the Disgrace they suffered in this War,
 (forty four of their Colours being carried to *Paris*, and
 hung up in the Chief Temple of this City, as Trophies
 of the *French* Victory) incensed the Generality of the
English Nation against the King and Government;
 they began to accuse him in their Cabals of Male-Ad-
 ministration; and the Favourite Duke was a while af-
 ter stabbed by a *Russian*, whom the Male-contents had
 hired to execute their Revenge.

The Affections of the *English* appeared every Day more and more alienated from the King. And Cardinal *Richieu* had there his Agents, who were not wanting to foment the publick Discontents, and by divers Artifices to draw the credulous People into Factions. The *French* Pensioners were instructed to deport themselves in a Manner every Way offensive to the Nation. Black and threatening Clouds seemed to hang over the Court of *England*, exhaled from the ill Blood of the Subjects.

The Royal Dignity went Retrograde; and all Things tended to obscure the Lustre of the Crown. Yet there passed some Years, before Things came to Extremities; and Matters, though ripened, yet were not brought to an open Rupture, until *Scotland* lanced the Sore.

This Nation is subject to the Crown of *England*, and makes one half of the Island of *Great-Britain*. They are a Warlike People, patient of Labour, accustomed to the Rigour of an extreme Cold Climate, great Travelers, subtle, proud, and inconstant.

After that which some call Heresy, others a Reformation, had begun to alienate many Kingdoms and Provinces from the *Roman* Church; the *Scots*, greedy of Novelties, and spurred on by the ambitious Pretexts of one of their Grandees (who under the Mask of Religion fought the Crown) introduced Innovations into their Church. They shook off at once all their Obedience to the Pope, and set up such a Form of Religious Discipline, as was altogether Antimonarchical; and their Preachers ceased not to instil into the Hearts of the People Democratick Principles. Thus continued Affairs, till King *Charles*, not insensible of these Things, and willing to new model that Church, they took up Arms against him, knowing that he would not be able to raise Forces to chastise them without calling a Parliament. The Parliament of *England* was at that Time full of *Scotish* Profelytes, Men of seditious and turbulent Principles: So that the King was like to find but little Favour among them. However, by the Assistance of some loyal Nobles and Gentlemen, he marches into *Scotland* at the Head of an Army. Not a Blow was struck on either Side; but all Differences

Differences were composed, and hushed up by a Treaty. Yet, soon after, the *Scots* entered into *England* with an Army, being underhand invited in by their Partizans in *England*. The King is a second Time forced to throw himself upon his Parliament for Money; but they, instead of granting him any, fell to examining his past Conduct, complaining and desiring a Redress of several Irregularities in his Administration. There were those who failed not to put in Execution the Designs and Instructions of Cardinal *Richlieu*; he had his Agents up and down the Kingdom, who insinuated Jealousies and Heart-burnings into the Gentry and People of the Land. The King was represented every where as a Tyrant, and all his Actions were misconstrued.

Signior *Rossetti*, the Pope's Nuncio at the *English* Court, besides his Instructions from the *Roman* Pontiff, held a strict Intelligence with the Cardinal. His Business at this Court, was publickly to the Queen (who professed an Obedience to the See of *Rome*) but privately he was ordered to negotiate an Accommodation between the *Roman* and *English* Churches. Cardinal *Richlieu* thought to strike two Marks with one blow, that is, to embroil the State of *England*, and procure himself the greater Esteem with the *Roman* Court. He appears very zealous for the Conversion of *England*; and, in order to it, allows a considerable Pension to Signior *Rossetti*: Instructing him withal, to shew his utmost Dexterity, in gaining the Courtiers and Grandees of that Nation to his Side.

He knew the Genius of the *English*; and, that there was nothing so offensive to that Nation, as the Papal Power and Religion. Wherefore *De Lopez* was ordered to pay Signior *Rossetti* vast Sums of Money, that so there might be nothing wanting to proselyte the Courtiers; knowing that they would act insolently and disgust the Protestants, and so increase the publick Aversion for the Regal Authority. There was also another Agent at the *English* Court, who was Secretary to Cardinal *Barbarini*, a Man no less industrious than the other, in advancing the *Roman* Interest. He held a strict Correspondence with some of the Chief Ministers, especially with the Princi-

pal Secretary of State. Whilst these were doing their Master's Business at the Court, there were others no less active in the City, where they endeavoured to create a Party and raise Factions, insinuating themselves into the Acquaintance of the most eminent Merchants and other Citizens; representing to them the dangerous Consequences of Signior *Rossetti's* Residence at the Court; glancing at every Thing which looked like a false Step in the King's Conduct; alarming them with Fears and Apprehensions of being subjected to a Foreign Power; and using all their Arts to nourish Popular Dissatisfaction.

The *Scots*, about this Time, made another Incurſion into *England*. A Parliament was called, but no Good done. The King's Necessities made them grow high in their Demands and Carriage, and all Things tended to a general Defection.

A while after, the *Iriſh* revolted, and massacred above a hundred thousand *Engliſh*. The King is accused of being privy to it: Tumults are raised, who, in a threatening Manner, seemed to besiege the Royal Palaces, calling out for Justice; not much unlike the Sedition of our *Familiars*, when they are displeased with the Conduct of our glorious Sultans, or his Prime Ministers of State.

In fine, the Misunderstandings between the King and the Parliament grew to that Height, as induced the King to withdraw from the Capital City, about the Beginning of this Year. And, in the following Moon, he sent the Queen with her Daughter into *Holland*, that they might pass away the Time in the Court of the Prince of *Orange*, till this Storm was blown over.

In the Interim, the King sends Letters to the Parliament, persuading them to consult the publick Peace; but all was to no Purpose; they seize upon all the Strong Holds and Castles they could; so that, when the King came to one of his garrisoned Towns, the Gates were shut against him, and he was denied Entrance by the Governor. The Parliament lifts an Army, and the King set up his Royal Standard in the last Moon. Since which, there has been nothing of Action between them, but the Armies are drawing near each other.

I will

I will inform thee of all Particulars, as they come to my Knowledge. But the Packet-Boats from the Island come not so frequently during the Disturbances, as they have accustomed.

I beseech the Creator of all Things, to defend our invincible Sultan, from the seditious Practices of his Subjects; and make thee instrumental, to establish and aggrandize the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 29th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To Abdelmelec Muly Omar, Superintendent of
the College of Sciences at Fez.

WHEN I write to thee, it is with a Respect equal to that which I pay to the *Emirs*, the Descendants of our Holy Prophet, since thou art sprung from the noble Stem of the ancient *Saracens*, the Blood of the celebrated *Omar*, Successor to the divine Lawgiver, streaming in thy Veins.

I revere the Banner carried into *Egypt* by thy Renowned Progenitor, before which the *Grecians* fled astonished, as at a Sign sent from Heaven of their approaching Ruin. This sacred Piece of Antiquity I have seen at *Medina*, where it is repositied in the Chancel of the *Babylonian* Caliphs. I have honoured it with a pious Veneration; but much greater is my Regard to thee, who art a living Relick of that illustrious House.

Permit me, venerable Sage, to converse with thee a little after the manner of a Pupil: with thee, I say, who art a Fountain of Sapience; for, besides thy perfect Knowledge of the divine Law, thou art accomplished with all human Literature.

There is a Man in these Parts of a large Soul and elevated Speculations, who stilly maintains, that the Earth moves, and the Sun stands still. He is not the first that
broached

broached this Doctrine, it has had several learned Patrons, but he has highly improved the Theory. His Reasons for it have almost the Force of Mathematical Demonstrations; and nothing seems to oppose him, but the Authority of *Moses*, and the *Hebrew* Scriptures. The Christians will not approve of any Philosophy, which interferes with that which they call the Bible; and yet their Practice gives a perpetual Lye to the Contents of that Book. Surely, there is no Envy in the Deity; and he that is Omniscient will not punish Men for improving their Knowledge. The Study of Nature is full of innocent Delights, and he that gave to Man an Appetite of Science has not forbid him to gratify it with its proper Objects. Nor can I see how this New Philosophy contradicts any more than the bare Letter of their Bible, (for, I have read it in several Languages) and the *Jews*, who are the Guardians of the Original *Hebrew*, allow a Cabalistical Interpretation, far different from the Literal: So does the *Arabian* Prince and Philosopher *Avicen* interpret those Versicles in our Holy *Alcoran*, (which treat of *Paradise*) in a Sense far more refined than the Letter seems to import. In reading such mysterious Books, it is necessary to practise a learned Chymistry, to sublimate the gross external Sense of the Words, and to extract the Spirit and Soul of the Discourse.

That the Sun is the Center of this our planetary World, and that the Earth, with the rest of the Planets, move round about it, is a Thesis which keeps exact Touch with human Reason, and seems naturally to square with our intellectual Faculties. It sets all the Wheels of this great and wonderful Machine in a regular and proportionate Circulation. It gives the truest Account of the Retrograde Motions of the Planets. *Ptolemy's* System of the World seems to romance upon the Sun, Moon, and Stars, in assigning them hourly such prodigious Journeys through the Heavens, as are inconsistent with the Laws of Motion. And *Tycho Brahe* was but a Botcher, in patching up the Orbs with his Eccentrics, Epicycles, &c. The former keeps the fixed Stars in an endless and unconceivable Hurry; the latter involves the Planets in a heavenly Perplexity. Both come far short of *Copernicus*,
that

that excellent Astronomer, who, by placing the Sun in the Center of the World, has solved all the Appearances of Nature with the most exact Analogy to Truth. Nor is the Argument taken from our Sense of any Force, since it invalidates the Motion of the Sun as well as that of the Earth: Nay, it is more incongruous that the Sun should move so many hundred thousand Miles every Hour, and we not perceive him to stir a Hair's Breadth at a Time. But I will not intrench farther on thy Patience, nor run the Risque of a Vertigo, by pursuing the swift orbicular Motions of Nature. It matters not much whether the Sun stands still, or the Earth, provided we run the Race that is appointed us, so as to gain the Prize. Yet I will ask thy Judgment on another Point, which Men of high Reaches have started.

There are some learned Men who say, the Moon and rest of the Planets are habitable as our Globe is. For my Part, to speak freely, I could wish it were true, it is a sociable Doctrine. It has made me melancholy sometimes, when I have cast my Eyes upwards, to think all those ample Tracts in the Firmament should be void of Inhabitants, and yet scarce a Turf of our Dunghil Earth to be found without his Domesticks. It is demonstrable to the Eye, that the Moon is an opake Body like this Globe whereon we tread, having no other Light but what it borrows from the Sun. Where is the Heresy then, in supposing that it is created for a like Use? I hope, the Sacred Empire of the *Mussulmans* will not stain it self with such a barbarous Murder, as was committed on *Vigilius*, a certain Christian Bishop, who was burnt by the Decree of the *Romish* Church, for asserting the Antipodes; a Truth which all Nations are now sensible of, since the Improvment of Navigation and Traffick. And yet *Galilæus* had like to have undergone the same Sentence at *Rome* within these ten Years, for maintaining the Earth's Motion, and that the Sun is the fixed Center of the World: Nothing but his Recantation being sufficient to have saved him. Such Severities choak the Growth of Learning, and stop the Progress, which would otherwise be made in Arts and Sciences.

Happy

Happy are the Students that live under thy auspicious Patronage, in that fruitful Seminary of Philosophers, where the Myſteries of God and Nature are taught free from the prophane Licentiousneſs of the ancient Pagans, or the ſuperſtitious Rigour of modern Infidels.

I pray the Sovereign Intelligence, not to withdraw from thee his divine Influence, nor reſtrain the Flood of Light that has been let looſe on thy Soul, but that thou mayeſt overflow like *Nilus*, and enlighten not only *Africk*, but the whole World with ſome new Diſcovery.

Paris, 29th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER. XXVII.

To Cara Haly, the Phyſician at Conſtantinople.

THE Western Philoſophers, eſpecially thoſe who follow the Sentiments of *Monſieur des Cartes*, maintain, that the Souls of all living Creatures (except Men) are material and mortal; that a Beaſt is but a Machine, like a Watch or Clock, not actuated or informed by any Spirit diſtinct from the Body, but moved to the Performance of all natural Actions, by a mere corporal Mechanism, ſet on Work by various Impulſes from external Objects.

In this they oppoſe *Ariſtotele*, and all the Sages of the Eaſt. And thou knoweſt that our *Arabian Doctors* are of a contrary Opinion. who aſcribe Reaſon, Diſcourſe, and Immortality, to the Souls of Beaſts, as well as to thoſe of Men; having aſſigned particular Apartments for *Elborach*, the Beaſt which carried our holy Prophet from *Mecca* to *Jeruſalem*; for the Ram which *Abraham* ſacrificed inſtead of his Son *Iſaac*; for the Cow of *Moſes*, the Piſmire of *Solomon*, the Whale which ſaved *Jonas*, the Raven which fed *Elijah*, the Aſs which rebuked *Balaam*; and, in general, for all the Camels which have the Honour to carry the ſacred *Alcoran* to *Mecca*.

I will

I will suspend my Belief of their being entertained in *Paradise*, till I shall have the Happiness to see them there ; but I cannot however acquiesce to the Opinions of these modern Philosophers, who assert their Souls to be mere Matter. The Bodies both of Men and Beasts, I own, perform all Motions by mechanick Rules ; but that Mechanism is guided by a higher Principle than the fortuitous Impulse of external Agents, in Beasts as well as Men.

All Animals seem to me to be endued with a Faculty, which, if it may not be called Reason, yet is something analogous to it, for which we want a proper Name. And of this Mind were *Empedocles*, *Pythagoras*, *Plotinus*, and *Porphyry*, with many other ancient Sages : Though this Faculty is more eminently conspicuous in some kinds of Beasts than in others.

I cannot but admire the regular Architecture of Bees, their Industry and politick Oeconomy vying with the most excellent Form and Administration of Government among Men. It is with no less Pleasure I behold the Spider, when with exquisite Art she builds her little silken Palace, and lays her fine wrought Trains to catch the unwary Fly. It is equally pleasant and diverting to observe the Conduct of the Pismires, their prudent Forecast ; how they trudge up and down all the Summer, to lay up a sufficient Stock of Provender for the barren Winter. There is no Kind of Bird, four-footed Beast, or Fish, which does not confute this *Cartesian* Hypothesis.

It is credibly reported by *Porphyry*, that in the *East-Indies*, there is a Beast, which they call a *Hyæna*, which approaching near the Villages will imitate a Man's Voice, and calling the Inhabitants by their Names, if they come out of their Houses, it will seize on the first that comes to hand, and devour him. The Dog, the Ape, the Elephant, with many other four-footed Beasts, afford us manifest Specimens of Reason, or something very like it.

Who has not heard of the Love which Dolphins bear to Men ? *Pliny* relates a pretty Story of a Dolphin that frequented the Lake *Lucrinus* in *Italy*, and being often
 fed

fed from the Shore by a certain School-Boy, grew at length so familiar as to come at a Call. We also read of another, who took the Musician *Arion* on his Back, (when cast into the Sea by cruel Sailors) and carried him safe to Shore.

Can all these Actions proceed from mere Matter? In my Opinion, it is as easy to defend, that human Nature it self is but Matter so and so modified; and that all the Bustle Men keep in the World, is but the Effect of a better Composition of Body, the Result of a more perfect and refined Machine.

I easily agree, that we far excel the other living Creatures in all the Operations of our Souls, and Exercises of our Reason: Yet, we have our Defects as well as they; and this I esteem as one of the greatest, to deny them any Share in Reason, who so far excel us in Sense.

It is a culpable Pride and Envy in Men, thus to blot the Reputation of their Animal-Kindred, from which Vices I know thou art free.

God, that has made use of the Tongue of a silly Ass, to reprove the Folly of a wise Man in his own Conceit, illuminate our Understandings in the Mysteries of his Law.

Paris, 24th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Hasssein Bassa.

TH Y Commands I receive as Marks of thy Esteem and good Will, which I desire may be perpetual. Thou hast an eminent Share in the Favour of our August Emperor; and I shall study to merit thy Protection, by all the Dutiful Offices that can be expected from a Slave in my Station.

There is nothing so much conduces to establish a permanent Friendship, as a right Understanding. The Souls
of

My Friends are first warped by Misapprehensions. I should not have thee think of me, as I do of my self; that would prompt thee to Contempt; nor as the *French* do, who take me for *Titus of Moldavia*; but look upon me (whatever my Failings are) as a Man that values and practises the incorrupt Fidelity of the first Ages. I abhor Treachery, and, for that Reason, am often forced to make an officious Lye: Yet, I do not prostitute my Conscience, saving the *Musti's* Dispensation. Whenever it shall be told thee, that *Mahmut* degenerates, suspect the Slanderer; perhaps he would supplant me: I am not fond of my Commission, but I dread to lose the Sultan's Favour: Whosoever deprives me of that, robs me of my Honour, which is dearer to me than my Life.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive, that I am not ignorant of the ill Offices which *Ikingi-Cap'-Oglani* has done me. The Man aspires, and is envious: Were I in his Post, I would not exchange the Honour and Fidelity of educating the Royal Pages of the Seraglio, for an Employment attended with infinite Hazards, and no less Trouble, as is that of *Mahmut*. If he be expert in the *French* Tongue, there are those that excel him; and Language is but the Shell of more substantial Accomplishments. Every Linguist is not fit to be employed in the Secrets of State; neither are all Pedagogues Politicians.

I am startled at the Ambition of a Man, who, because he had studied at *Athens*, thinks himself worthy of the Confidences of the mysterious *Porte*, which arbitrates the Fate of all the Kingdoms in the World. If this be not his Aim, why does he daily traduce me? Why does he paint me to the Ministers of the Divan, in black and odious Colours, persuading them it is my natural Complexion? He is not content with the Calumnies he himself throws on me, but has corrupted *Solyman* my Cousin, and hired him to represent me to the *Kaimacham*: And, that he might be sure to strike home, he has drawn to his Party *Shashim Istham*, the Black Eunuch.

I sent *Solyman* a Letter last Year, full of Reproofs, not knowing who had set him at Work: I hope it had some good

good Effect on him, though late. It is from him I received this Intelligence. He seems to repent of his Malice, telling me, that this *Ikingi-Cap'-Oglani* had so artificially possessed him with a Belief of my Perfidiousness, that he thought he did good Service to God, and the *Grand Signior* to rail at me; but that the *Kaimacham* had afterwards convinced him of my Innocence. This was the Substance of his Letter, and he concludes it with begging my Pardon.

I tell thee Illustrious *Bassa*, that though the Wounds which are given by the Tongue of a Slanderer be deeper than those which are given by the Sword; and I could sooner pardon him who sought manfully to take away my Life, than he who basely murders my good Name; yet, I attribute my Kinsman's Fault to youthful Error, and a loyal Mistake; and I love him the better, for hating any one that he could imagine would prove Unfaithful, and a Traytor to God and the *Grand Signior*.

May the benign Heavens bless thee with their good Influences, and prosper thee in all Things.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIX.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Constantinople.

THY Apology is rational and modest, and I am glad to be thus happily deceived. Thou seest the *Kaimacham*, with the other Ministers of the *Porte*, have too good an Opinion of me to listen to the Insinuations of designing Men; and *Ikingi Cap'-Oglani* was out of his Byass, when he defamed the Loyal *Mahmut*; and the Black Eunuch had better been watching the Ladies, than wounding my Reputation with his envenomed Tongue. I wish thee hereafter to avoid all Company that profess a Kindness to thee, which thou mayest but so much as suspect to be forced.

Thou

Thou askest my Counsel how to conduct thy self towards thy first Wife, of whom thou speakest both well and ill. Thou believest her faithful and chaste; thou lowest her to be industrious and careful of her Family, good natured, flexible and obliging; but thou accusest her of a violent and haughty Spirit, fiercely passionate, and of a provoking Tongue. She daily and hourly reflects upon thy Miscarriages; will play the school-Mistress with thee, pretending to correct, reprove, instruct, and guide thee in all thy Actions. In fine, thou complaineest that thou canst not enjoy Tranquillity with her.

I tell thee, Kinsman, thou shouldest have applied thy self to the *Imam's* and *Dervises* in this Case; or, at least, to such as have had Experience of a married Life. Their Sentence would be more Authentick, than what thou canst expect from me. But since thou hast made choice of my Counsel, I will give thee the best I can.

Thou wilt, in my Opinion, find it difficult to be happy with or without this Woman. She is given thee by fate, to poise the Balance of thy Life; that neither too much Ease nor Pain, Excess of Joy or Grief should turn the doubtful Scales of Sense, and make thee either swim in Floods of Pleasure uncontrouled, or sink in Mire of baneful Grief and Melancholy.

The chaste Fidelity which thou believest her endued with, cannot be valued at too high a Rate. It is a Virtue which renders Woman adorable. Likewise her Diligence and Care, her Respect and Devoir, her easie Temper and good Nature, are Qualities which cannot but charm thee. Shouldest thou deal unkindly by her, thy generous Soul would regret it the next Moment. Nay, shouldest thou take the common Course, and Dismiss her with a Bill of Divorce, according to the Law, thou wouldest repent the Deed within twice four and twenty Hours.

And yet, I must confess, it is hard to be confined to a fierce Woman's Tongue, to bear Reproaches and Contumelies, Contempts and Defiances, Lectures and other

Female

Female Discipline. Who, that's a Man, can brook such Slavery? Who, that has but a Spark of Fire within this Hulk of Clay, can stoop to such ignoble and unmanly Softness? I cannot counsel thee to such an abject Tame-ness of Spirit. Man is Lord of all his Fellow-Creatures: the fiercest Beasts submit to his Imperial Sway: Woman alone, ambitious Woman, disputes the Government with him. But it is his Right, and he disowns both God and Nature, who resigns it to that aspiring Sex. Use thy Power moderately; keep the Golden Mean. Be not surly and rough as a Bear, nor yet effeminate and without Gall as a Dove. But, if thou findest it impossible to keep her within the Bounds of due Subjection, put her away, and so preserve thy Peace. The Company of thy other Wives will soon efface her loved Idea, and sweeten thy Loss with a thousand new Pleasures. But, if they should follow her Steps, inheriting her Spirit, and tormenting thee with killing Words, divorce them all. I would counsel thee to take successively five hundred Wives, rather than make thy Life miserable, by too much Love and Indulgence, to one that knows not how to use thy Favours.

But, before thou beginnest to put in Execution this Advice, try all the fair and gentle Methods thy Wit can suggest, to win her to a Sense of her Fault, and a Change of her Temper. For, be assured, that it will be of less Pain to thee, to have an Eye plucked out of thy Head, than to tear from thy Heart the first Object of thy Love.

In this and all things else, have an especial Regard to thy Conscience, and to the Observing Angel, who writes down all thy Actions in a Book. Do nothing which may merit the Chastisement of the Two Black Angels, who shall visit thee in thy Grave. He, who deals unjustly and cruelly by Women on Earth, shall be deprived of the Felicities which our Holy Prophet has promised us, in the Company of that beautiful Sex in *Paradise*.

Keep the Law, and thou wilt have thy Fill of Love, both here and in the blissful Bowers of *Eden*.

Paris, 1st of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Surrender of *Perpignan* to the *French* startles the World: A Place inexpugnable by Arms, and not to be reduced but by Famine. Some that pretend to penetrate into foreign Secrets lay the Blame on the Duke of *Olivarez*. They say, that when the King of *Spain* first heard that *Lewis* laid Siege to this important Place, he would have gone in Person to its Relief, but that the Duke hindered his Design, fearing lest his own Miscarriages should take Wind, when the King was got on the frontiers: This, they say, put a stop to the Levies that were making in *Arragon* and *Castile*, and damped the Courage of those who were actually in Arms.

Whether this was the Effect or no, it is certain, the Duke of *Olivarez* had sufficient Reason to be conscious, knowing that the *Grandeess* of *Spain* watched for an Opportunity to dislodge him from the King's Breast, But, it is strange, that he should at such a Time neglect any thing that might confirm him in his Master's Favour, as the saving of *Perpignan* must needs have done: All the Successes and Miscarriages of the State, in Peace or War, being attributed to the Favourite Minister.

Where-ever the Fault lies, I have heard no Man yet condemn the Governor of the Town. It is said, he has given all the Marks of a Valiant Soldier, a prudent Commander, and a faithful Subject. These Virtues are to be honoured even in an Enemy.

They report, that the *Spanish* King put a kind of superstitious Confidence in the Marquis of *Avila*, because one of the same Family and Title had formerly defended the Place to Extremity, till the Siege was raised. Assuredly, Virtue is not inherent in Names, nor Victory entailed to all of the same Blood. Both the one and the other are owing, in a great Measure, to Providence and Chance. The *Romans* did not gain more in the *Carthaginian*

ginian War, under the Conduct of *Scipio* the African than they lost afterwards, when another of that Name was General of their Army.

It is said, the Duke of *d'Olivarez* is seized with a Phrenzy upon the Loss of this Town, or at least counterfeits one. I do not assert this as a Truth, illustrious *Kaimocham*, but to shew thee how People are addicted to curiosity, not only the Miscarriages of great Men, but the very Regrets which attend their Misfortunes; as if it were a Crime in them, to mourn for the Calamities which they could not prevent.

In the mean time, Cardinal *Richlieu* has weathered the Tempest raised against him, by the Duke of *Orleans* and his Party: As if the Fate of these two Ministers must counter, and One must rise by the Other's Fall.

Olivarez had laid a Train for Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Destruction, but fell into it himself. He had corrupted one of the Cardinal's Creatures, who associated himself with the Duke of *Bouillon*, and the Duke of *Orleans*. Besides private Grudges, they all suspected the Cardinal as designing upon the King's Death to take the Regency into his own Hands. They acquaint *Olivarez* with their Grievances, and enter into a private League with him. He, in Hopes to rend the Kingdom of *France* into fatal Divisions, as well as to ruin the Cardinal, agrees to furnish the Conspirators with twelve thousand Foot, and three thousand Horse. *Sedan* was to be the Rendezvous of this Army.

But Cardinal *Richlieu*, whom no Secret could escape, soon discovered the Plot, and acquaints the King with it, who forthwith caused the Conspirators to be seized, imprisoned, and two of their Heads to be cut off; the rest were pardoned on Conditions of Surrender, and perpetual Banishment from the King's Presence.

This happened much about the Time that *Perpignan* surrendered, which was on the ninth of the Moon Rebiul.

A little before the Conspirators had so obscured the Cardinal's Credit at the Court, that the King denied him a Visit, when requested, in his Sickness; upon which the Cardinal withdrew himself. But the King was quick-

ly glad to follow him ; having no other Refuge in the midst of his Pressures, but him, who was Master of all the Hearts both of his Subjects and Allies. At that time the Count *de Guishe* was defeated in *Flanders*, and the *Parisians* were apprehensive, that *Don Francisco de Melo* would bring his Forces into the Bowels of *France*. None was able to extricate the King out of so many Troubles, but the Chief Minister. Thus by a fortunate Concurrence of Events, the Cardinal is restored to his Master's Favour, sees his Foreign Enemies humbled, *Perpignan* taken, and his Domestick Foes cut off and baffled.

I pray God, whose Eye is over the *Mussulman* Empire, to preserve thee from all the Machinations of thine Enemies, and make thee to shine bright in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 12th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THY Letter with *Carcoa's* Journal is come safe to my Hands, and the Ring which he bequeathed me. That Legacy demonstrates his Affection, and that I have not ill deserved of him : For the Actions of dying Men are void of Disguise.

His Memoirs will be of great Service to me, containing a more accurate History of the *German* Court, from Year 1600, to the Time of his Death, than I have yet seen extant. I am not unacquainted with Relations of this Kind. The *Europeans* make their Histories speak what their Affection or Fear suggests, rather than the Truth. The Liberty of Printing has debauched the Integrity of most Writers, they study rather to please than inform the Age. For this Reason, I reject the greatest Part of modern

modern History; coveting only the Manuscripts of such as *Carcoa*. He speaks impartially, having no other By-asse, than the Service which he owed to the *Grand Signior*.

I speak this for thy Encouragement and Direction, who succeedest that honest old Man in his Post. When thou committest any of thy Observations to Paper, let them be of Things remarkable and true.

The Banker, to whom thou didst address the Bill for my Payment, made a Demurr at first, but *Eliachim* cleared up his Doubts. I desire thee to order Matters so hereafter, that I may not be taken for a Cheat: That may prove of ill Consequence to us all. I would not have any sinister Accident started, which might make the *French* suspect me. One Misfortune seldom goes without Attendance. The least blemish upon a Man's Credit straight infects the Air. He, whose Reputation is blasted, is suspected and shunned like a walking Pestilence.

Thou wilt do well to prevent these Mischiefs, by thy Care and Foresight. Take in good Part this Advice from *Mahmut*, who studies his Master's Interest, not his own. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXII.

*To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the True and
Undeified Faith.*

THOU that art Light to the Blind; the Pole-Star to them that are bewildered in an Ocean of Uncertainties; the Sanctuary of the Mind, battered with a Tempest of vain Opinions; tell me why it is Blasphemy to say, that God has already taken Flesh, (as the Christians believe) since our Holy Prophet himself avouches, that God shall assume a Body at the Resurrection? I approach thy
Sacred

Sacred Palace, with burning Coals on my Head, with fervent and inflamed Zeal in my Heart; cast a gracious Eye on thy Suppliant. Resolve my Doubts; dissipate the Mists which cloud my anxious Soul, and restore me to a right Mind.

If a Body be compatible with the Divine Essence, it seems not to me a Blasphemy in the Christians, to assert the *Incarnation* of the *Word*, whom our holy Prophet calls also the *Breath of God*. If this *Breath* or *Word* of God be not of the Essence of the Divinity, why is that Part of the Christian Gospel had in such Reverence by the Faithful *Mussulmans*, where it is said, *In the Beginning was the WORD, and the WORD was with God, and God was the WORD*? If the *WORD* be of the Essence of God, then it will necessarily follow, that God has taken a human Body, since our holy Prophet calls him the Word of God, whom the Christians adore for God Incarnate. Bear with my Weakness and Importunity, and, if I err, correct me in thy Wisdom. And yet, let not these seem so much my Scruples, as the Arguments of Christians, whom I would gladly convince of their Heresie; but it must be with solid Reason.

Let not my Lord be angry if I ask one Question more: Our Holy Doctors teach, that the dark Spots in the Moon were made, when the Angel *Gabriel* flew by, and brushed the Moon with one of his Wings: I ask how great that Wing was, that could make an Impression so great, as to be conspicuous to us at this prodigious Distance? Or, is *Gabriel* to be numbred among those lofty Angels, who can stride from one Star to another? If he be, Was there not Room enough in the vast endless Skies, or did he lose his Way through untracked Orbs, or did he chance to wink in his Career, that he should thus unfortunately dash the paler Lamp of Heaven? If he be one of those forementioned mighty tall, and wide stretched Angels, how came he so to be contracted, when he visited *Mary*, the Mother of *Jesus* in her Closet, and presented her with a Rose that grew in *Paradise*!

Answer me this, O Sovereign Oracle of Truth, since my Ears are frequently invaded with such Objections and

blasphemous Jest, by these Infidels. How can I hear our Holy Law abused, and not burn in Spirit? Tell me, I pray, how I shall silence these bold Disputers, these Mockers of the Book of Glory? Think not this a frivolous Question, and Impertinent to Religion; for these *Western* People are sagacious and subtle; if they can find one Flaw in the Holy Alcoran, they will cry down all the rest as False, and an Imposture; at the very Thought of which Blasphemy, my Heart trembles.

Not long ago, a famous Astronomer shewed me in a Telescope the Globe of the Moon, through which it seemed to me an opake Body, like the Earth we tread on; and he affirmed it to be so, giving me Mathematical Demonstrations for it; telling me also, it was Habitable as our Globe; and that the Difference of the brighter and more obscure Parts of the Moon consisted only in this, that the one was firm Land, the other fluid Water; and, if I may believe my Eyes, when aided by that Optic Instrument, it is no otherwise than as he said.

This Astronomer is renowned throughout the *Western* World, being esteemed the best Philosopher that ever wrote of natural Things. His Name is *Renatus des Cartes*, I have been often conversant with him, and took unspeakable Delight in his refined Notions of the World. He is as dextrous at unravelling the Contexture of the very Elements, as though he had stood by the Eternal Artist, when he extracted them from the rude Chaos. The minutest Particle of Matter, which is to the Eye of other Men invisible, appears to him in its proper Figure; he talks as familiarly of globous, square, and triangular Atoms, as though he had a Pair of Compasses to take their true Dimensions by. Were not this admirable Genius stained with great Impiety, in that he mocks the Book of Glory, the Holy Alcoran, true Guide to *Paradise*, I should believe he was inspired from above.

One Day discoursing about the Body of the Moon, he broke out into this blasphemous Jest, *The Arabian Impostor*, said he, *might as well have made his Followers believe what we prate to Children, That there is a Man in the Moon with a Bundle of Faggots on his Back, as to tell*
them

them that Fable of the Angel Gabriel's brushing this Planet with his Wing. I was not able to hear any more, but took my Leave.

Furnish me, therefore, O sacred Repository of all true Science, with such convincing Arguments, as may put Silence these audacious Infidels.

God grant I may be one of those, who shall hear the Angel *Ithuriel* read Lectures of divine Knowledge in Paradise.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

I Am acquainted with a *Greek* Merchant in *Paris*, who formerly lived in one of those pleasant Islands, which about four Leagues from *Constantinople*, being situated in the *Propontis*.

Asking him one Day, whether Trading was the Motive which induced him to quit those *Paradises* upon Earth, and exchange them for the Stench and Noise of this populous City; he replied, that he had sufficient to make his Life happy in the Place of his Nativity, being Master of a good Estate, and of many fruitful Vineyards, having also Houses there, which might vie with the most delightful Chiofes of the *Mysfulman* Grandees: But, that the Janizaries and other loose *Mahometans* frequenting those Islands, and especially that wherein he dwelt, committed so many Outrages, when heated with Wine, rendered his Life insupportable; for they would, in these drunken Frolicks, domineer as though they were Lords of the Island, seizing upon whatsoever pleased them, spoil his Goods, and beat him like a Slave; and if he boldly remonstrated to them the Injuries they had done

him, they would give him no other Satisfaction but Oaths and Curses.

These Calamities made him sell his Estate, and travel into these Countries, where he might enjoy himself with more Liberty, Profit and Ease.

It is a Dishonour to the *Ottoman Porte*, the Seat of Justice, the Sanctuary of the World, to suffer such Disorders to be committed without due Chastisement, within Sight of the Seraglio, and by those who have the Honour to guard the Person of the Sultan.

I represent these Things to thee, knowing thy Justice will administer a speedy Remedy to these Distempers of the Soldiery. Otherwise should they be suffered to go unpunished, we may expect that not only these Islands, but all *Græcia* will in Time be dispeopled.

Paris, 25th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Cara Haly the Physician, at Constantinople.

Suffer me to converse with thee after the Manner of Friends, with Freedom and Familiarity. I have often discovered to thee the Distempers of my Body, now I will reveal those more dangerous Ones of my Mind. And I know not, whether they are Distempers, or Cures of such. I have writ to the *Musti* on the same Subject, in Part, but with Caution and Reserve: With thee I will deal frankly, and pour into thy Bosom the Secrets of my Heart.

I am dissatisfied in many Things pertaining to Religion. It is true, I cannot think or speak of our holy Prophet, but with infinite Attach and Veneration; yet I owe something to my Reason. I will believe the
Messengers

Messenger of God was true and perfect; but is it a Crime to think, his Successors were but Men, subject to Frailty and Error? Their Divisions, immediately after the Death of our great Law-giver, justify this Reflection, since the fatal Schism continues to this Day. Either the *Persians* or we must be in the wrong. Grant which thou wilt, it follows, that the Truth was no sooner sown in the World, but it sprung up in mortal Heresies; and I find no other Assurance that we are in the Right, but the Assertion of our Doctors, the Followers of *Osman* and *Ebubecher*; who, for ought I know, are no more exempted from Error, than the Disciples of *Haly*. Both Sides believe the holy Prophet, yet both at infinite Distance in their Interpretations of his Law. Each Party boasts they have the true Sense of the Divine Oracles, and curses the opposite for Hereticks. Truth cannot be repugnant to itself.

From this original Schism well near a hundred several Sects have sprung, each maintaining different Interpretations of the Law. While Truth, can be but one, where shall a Man be sure to find it amongst so many Pretenders to it?

Think not that I am going to turn Christian, because of this Liberty I take to search for Truth: For the Case is the same, or worse among them.

Jesus (whom our holy Prophet calls the *Breath and Word of God*: *The Reformer of the Law of Moses, knowing the Secrets of Hearts, and working Miracles*) preached to the *Jews*, Repentance, good Works, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Day of Judgment, the Joys of *Paradise*, and the Torments of *Hell*. He chose twelve Disciples to disperse his Doctrine over the World. But they likewise had Dissentions among themselves, after that God had taken the *Messias* up to *Paradise*; each Apostle leaving different Traditions behind him in the Countries where he taught. Hence sprung the Difference between the Churches of the *East* and *West*, and those in *Æthiopia*. One following *Peter* and *Paul*, another believing *John*, the Third defending the Traditions of *Matthew*. And from these greater Schisms have sprung

sprung innumerable smaller Sects and Heresies: Each Church and Party Excommunicating, Damning and Curseing all the rest; yet all believe they shall be saved.

Thus is the World at Odds about Religion, persecuting, biting and devouring one another, because they cannot all think alike. A singular Argument of Religion, and a special Encouragement to gain Profelytes.

These Considerations have made me a Sceptic, in controverted Points of Faith and Matters of Opinion. Only in this I am fixed, that I believe in One Eternal God, and reverence his holy Messengers and Prophets. But, if an Angel from Heaven should tell me monstrous and incredible Stories, of Things repugnant to the common Sense and Reason of all Mankind, I would desire him to excuse me if I suspended my Belief.

I admire the Golden Age, when the Infant World had not yet learned Bigotry; when human Reason was not corrupted with divine Fables; and natural Conscience was the Oracle to which all resorted for Solution of their Doubts; before Superstition had begun to dress the Deity in frightful, uncouth Shapes: Then harmless Innocence could shew her naked Face, which now is fain to go disguised. No Man was put to Death for Words or Thoughts of Things above his Reach. No crafty *Numa* then had sobbed upon the credulous People his feigned *Ageria*; nor golden-tongued *Pythagoras* could impose the forged Whispers of his Eagle on the silly *Crotonians* for sacred Oracles. No wonder-working Magician had led the Rabble by the Nose with his infernal Juggle: But pure and undebauched Reason taught Men to lead immortal Lives on Earth.

Tell me, Oh learned *Holy*! canst thou believe, that the divine Architect had no other Way to make Man, than by laying him a thousand Years broiling in the Sun? Or that there is an Apple-Tree growing very near the Throne of God? Or that the Angels can stride some hundred Thousand of Miles at once? Can we not go to *Paradise*, unless we swallow these strange Notions? Is it not enough to believe in God and *Mahomet* his Prophet, except we will receive all for Truth, which the Doctors tell us? I fast and pray at the appointed Times,
and

and sometimes oftner; I give Alms; I love all the Creatures of God, that remain in his Love; I am not guilty of Theft, Murder, nor Adultery; I never foreswore myself, nor bore false Witness: Yet, when I am recollected, I think myself the worst of all Men; I think of every Peccadillo I commit, with inexpressible Regret. If all this is not sufficient to acquit me a true and good Mussulman; no Man, I hope, will blame me, if I join with an eminent Man in these Western Parts, and with my Soul among the Philosophers.

Paris, 25th. of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

B O O K II.

L E T T E R I.

To the King.

The End of the first Book.

LETTERS

WRITTEN by a
SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU mayest remember a Letter I sent thee concerning the Death of *Mary de Medicis*, Queen-Mother and Dowager of *France*, wherein I also spoke of the sudden Sickness of the Cardinal of *Richlieu*, with the Reports, Opinions, and Prophecies divulged on that Account. What Spirit soever inspired those Prophets, it is certain, the Event justifies their Predictions. For the Cardinal died this very Day, being the 4th of the last Moon in the Year, at his Palace in this City, being not full fifty eight Years of Age.

I am not very credulous of Apparitions, Ghosts, and such like Themes of vulgar Superstition: Yet, it is evident, the Cardinal never lived to see the common New-Years-Day, nor the fifty eighth Year of his Life, as they say the Queen's Ghost foretold him.

Some that have been curious in examining his Pedigree tell me, that his Progenitors were allied to one of
the

the Kings of *France*. However, it is certain, that he was descended of an ancient and honourable Family, of above five hundred Years standing and Eminence in that Kingdom.

He had his Education in the University of *Paris*, where he attained the Degree of Doctor of the *Sorbonne*; a Dignity much esteemed in *France*, and most Parts of Christendom, except in *Rome*, which Court is jealous of the *Sorbonists*, because they have sometimes decreed in Prejudice of the Pope's Authority, and the Grandeur of the *Roman* Court.

After this, he was made a Bishop, then Almoner of *France*, next Secretary of State, in which Station he acquitted himself so happily that the King procured him the Dignity of a Cardinal. There are none of the Ministers of the Divan but know, that a Cardinal is one of the Princes of the *Roman* Church.

During these several Stairs of Preferment, he had signalized his great Abilities, in negotiating Affairs of greatest Moment. Yet, in nothing did the Dexterity of his Wit appear more, than in reconciling the Misunderstandings between the King and the Queen-Mother. Whereby he gained much upon both their Affections; so that in a little Time he was made the Principal Minister of State, and Chief Director of the Government; having a Guard of Soldiers appointed to attend his Person.

Then he was made Superintendant of the Marine Affairs; after this, Generalissimo of the Armies. So that he seemed to have monopolized all Command both in Church and State, by Sea and Land.

It was impossible for him to escape the envious Eyes of the Grandees; nay, the Queen-Mother her self, who first raised him, began now to grow jealous of his great Power: But especially the Princes of the Blood were highly offended at him. The Count of *Soissons* stomached the Indignity the Cardinal had offered him, in proposing the Marriage of his Niece. The Duke of *Orleans* suspected his Designs upon the Regency. Yet all their Conspiracies against him proved ineffectual. For nei-

ther by publick Arms, or private Machinations, could they ever prevail against the fixed Destiny of this great Minister; who, though he had been often attempted to be poisoned, pistoled, and stabbed, yet died quietly in his Bed, having a little before received a Visit from the King.

I will not presume to make Corollaries or Glosses on these Things, as though I were able to instruct thee, whose Wisdom and Experience renders thee a fit Oracle for the greatest Princes to resort to in Time of Need. I only send thee bare Matter of Fact; and, together with an Account of the Cardinal's Death, a brief Abstract of his Life, as I received it from one of the most observing and knowing Men in the *French Court*.

I wish thee Health, long Life, and Happiness.

Paris, 4th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Musli.

I Have sent to the *Kaimacham* an Account of the Death of Cardinal *Richlieu*, with some Passages relating thereto, wherewith I thought it not proper to interrupt thy diviner Thoughts.

This Great Minister died the fourth of this Instant Moon, being the last of the Year, in his Palace at *Paris*. His Body is interred in the Chapel of the College of *Sorbonne*, where he finished his Studies, and attained the Degree of Doctor in Theology. He has left behind him a prodigious Estate, amounting to a Million of Crowns yearly; which he has bequeathed in Legacies to his Kindred, Friends, and Creatures. And, as a particular Demonstration of his Gratitude to the King, he has made him Heir to his Cardinal-Palace, in this City, with all the Plate and Furniture in it. And, at the last Visit the King made him (which was a little before his Death) he

he presented him with a Stone worth a hundred thousand Crowns of Gold. Upon which, it is discoursed, that the King will settle a yearly Revenue on a certain Number of the *Sorbonists*, to celebrate Mass daily for the Cardinal's Soul, during the Space of one Year, and once a Year afterwards on the Day that he died. For these Infidels approach thus near the true and undefiled Faith, in that they have Hopes of Immortality, believing the Resurrection of the Dead, and that the Prayers, Alms, and good Works of the Living, do atone for the Sins of the Departed; as our holy Doctors teach, and as is the Practice of the *Mussulmans* throughout the World.

This Cardinal was richly endowed by Nature, having a firm Intellect, vigorous Spirit, quick Apprehension, solid Judgment, faithful Memory, and a most prevailing Way of Discourse. A Man highly serviceable to his King and Country; and therefore deserving better of the *French* than those scandalous Reports and Libels, which were every where industriously spread abroad, to lessen his Fame. Yet, there wanted not those who strewed Flowers on his Grave, and perfumed his Ashes with Encomiums, and Panegyricks. In this he shared the common Fate of the Great, that he was maligned and envied living, but honoured with the Tears of his very Enemies when dead.

There is one Fault to be found in his Conduct, without appearing too censorious, that he, being a Man consecrated to the Service of the Altar, should so often take the Field, and, divesting himself of the peaceful Robes of Religion, should cloath himself in Steel, delighting more in the Smell of Gunpowder, than that of Incense; and preferring the Noise of War, to the Hymns and Antiphons of the Church: Not that Religion is incompatible with Valour; and to fight for one's Country is not as lawful and as pious, as to Pray for its Prosperity. Our Holy Law, the celestial Pattern of Truth to the World, exhorts us to Courage. And all true Believers are assured of the Joys of *Paradise*, of unfading Crowns, and eternal Felicities, if they lose their Lives in Defence of the sacred Empire, and the Book of Glory. Our immortal Law-giver,

giver, giving us his own Example, when he laid the Foundation of the greatest and most illustrious Empire in the World, in the Wounds of his Enemies, cementing the Work with the Blood of Millions of Infidels. Nor has the Superstructure been carried on by any other Methods, than those of perpetual War, with the Nations who will not submit to our victorious Sultan, the invincible Lord of the Earth. But the Messenger of God never required the *Imaums* or *Dervises* to take the Field; leaving Arms only to secular Men, and the Alcoran to the religious.

I forget that I am speaking to him, whose Repose and Tranquillity is the special Care of Heaven, who is not to be disturbed by Emperors. Therefore, in profound Réverence, I salute thy Holiness with a dutiful Obeisance, and so withdraw my Pen.

Paris, 4th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER III.

To Jasmir Squire Rugial, an Astrologer at Aleppo.

THOU needed not be ashamed of thy Name, though it denotes the Dwarfishness of thy Body. That little Epitome of human Stature, is exquisitely regular; Nature in framing it, has shewed her Skill in Proportions, though she seems to have made it too narrow for thy Soul. In this thou art obliged to her for thy Knowledge, thy Mind being uneasy in its diminutive Habitation, is for that Reason seldom at Home. Thy Soul is a perfect Night-Walker; when other Men are a-bed and asleep, thou art taking thy Rounds among the Stars. Thou art become a Spy upon the Planets; if any of them make but a false Step, thou tellest the World of it. Thou art a Pimp to all their amorous Assignations and Conjunctions, and *Vulcan* himself never so often

then exposed the Intrigues of *Mars* and *Venus*, as thou hast done. But, I would have thee beware, lest they revenge themselves on thee some Time or other, as they did upon one of thy Profession, by stirring up a certain King to take away his Life. He was a bold Fellow, and pretended great Familiarity with the Stars: One Day he came to the King, and told him he had exactly calculated his Nativity; and by his Observation from thence, according to the Rules of Art, had discovered, that he should not live out that Year. The King replied, *I will prove, That my Skill is greater than thine; for I know the very Hour of thy Death, which thou knowest not, and which all thy Knowledge in Astrology could never foresee, nor be able to prevent.* So he commanded his Head to be immediately cut off. I would not have thy Star-gazing so suddenly spoiled; though they say, thou hast ventured to talk somewhat too largely.

Judicial Astrology seems, in a great Measure, obliged to Superstition, for the Credit it has gained among Men; and the Latin Proverb says, *A wise Man shall over-rule the Stars.* For my Part, I would rather counsel thee to follow thy old Recreation of teaching Pigeons to be Letter-Carriers. Yet I would not have thee from thence think of building Castles in the Air, like *Aesop*; nor of flying to the Moon by the Help of a Team of Geese in imitation of *Domingo Gonsales*.

But, since I am got among the Birds, which thou art so much delighted in; before I take my Leave, I wish thee as good Fortune with thy winged Disciples, as the Roman Cöbler had, who taught a Parrot to salute the Emperor as he went along the Street; with these Words, *Hail Cæsar*; which the Emperor hearing gave him a Royal Price for his Parrot. The poor Man, over-joyed at his good Luck, got another Parrot, and attempted to teach her in the same manner; but, having taken much ineffectual Pains, he used to fret, and say, *I have lost my Labour.* Yet at length, by daily repeating these Words, the Parrot had learned both Sentences, and, the next Time the Emperor came by, it said, *Hail Cæsar*; to which the

the Emperor replied, *I have enough of such Flatterers at home*, the Parrot, having her Lesson perfect, rejoined, *I have lost my Labour*; which the Emperor hearing, and pleased with the Novelty, bought this also; and settled a generous Pension on the Man during his Life.

If thou couldest, by some lucky Contingency, sell thy Pigeons at such a Rate to Sultan *Ibrahim*, thy Time would be better spent, than in playing the *Mercury*, and bringing News from the Stars. But then thy Pigeons must be better bred, than was that which was sent to the *Sopbi* of *Persia* with a Message from *Babylon*, when the late invincible Sultan *Amurath* besieged it; for the feathered Courier instead of flying to the *Persian* Camp took up short by the Way, and perching on the Pavilion of the *Vizir Azem*, was forthwith shot, and the secret Necessities of the City were exposed to the *Ottoman* Army.

May such Fate always attend Infidels and Hereticks when they take up Arms against the *Mussulman* Empire. Adieu.

Paris, 10th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IV.

To the Grand Signior's Chief Treasurer.

THOU tellest me, the Ministers of the Supreme Divan accuse me of Negligence, in not writing often, and Things of Importance. In my Opinion, thou thyself has more Reason to complain on this Score, since I have not sent a Letter to thee these four Moons; in which Time, not one of the rest but has received several from me. Would they have me coin News? Would they have me amuse them with Relations of Things which never had any Existence? I have not failed hitherto to communicate to the *Porte* all the Intelligen-

I have received: But they ought to consider, that the Winter affords little of Action. Time, the Devourer of all Things, has almost swallowed up the Year; only this last Moon seems to be pickled in Ice for Desert. We are here up to the Knees in Snow: And the greatest Warriors find it best encamping by the Fire.

Here is a Rumour, that the King of *Perfia* is dead. They say also, that the *Great Mogul* will not put on Mourning for him, being by his Death freed from a Yoke which threatned to subvert all his Dominions on this Side of *Ganges*. 'Tis added, that he has sought the Alliance of the *Grand Signior*, with Purpose to continue the War against the young King of *Perfia*, (who has not yet seen thirteen Summers) and to carry his Forces to the Walls of *Ispahan*. It is not lawful for me to dictate to my Sovereign, who is the Sole Judge of the Universe; but permit me to guess what will be his Conduct in this Affair (if what I have heard be true.) I have no Reason to think that Sultan *Ibrahim* will violate the Peace, which he has so lately concluded with the King of *Perfia*, the Articles whereof he carries in his Bosom.

Thou seest, most serene *Bassa*, the Tide of News is so low, that *Mahmut* is forced to stoop and receive it, buddled as it is by the Mouths of the Vulgar. If I acquaint thee with what thou knewest before, let not the Blame rest on me, who ought to have received this Intelligence from some of the Ministers of the Sublime *Porte*, which is the Tabernacle where Fame keeps her Residence. My whole Life, and the best of my Spirits are consecrated to the Service of the *Grand Signior*; I spare no Pains or Cost; whereby I may render myself effectually useful to the Great Master of the Universe; I write often to the Ministers of the *Divan*, who are his Slaves as well as I; yet none vouchsafes me an Answer, except the *Reis Effendi*: I received also one Letter full of Consolation and Advice, from the Venerable *Musti*. Likewise *Hassan Bassa* laid his Commands on me. These I esteem my Friends. I would think so of all Men, who

who serve Sultan *Ibrahim*, if they would cease to load me with Obloquies.

I was about to conclude my Letter, when an old Courtier interrupts me with the News of the Surrender of *Tortona*, a strong Town in *Piedmont*, possessed by the *Spaniards*, till now obliged to quit it by the *French* Forces, under the Command of the Duke of *Longueville*. This Place was surrendered on the twenty sixth of the eleventh Moon.

There has been a long Difference between the Prince of the House of *Savoy*; which is at length composed by the Marriage of Prince *Maurice*, Cardinal of *Savoy*, with his Niece, the Daughter of the Dutchess Regent. This is that which has warm'd the Courage of the *French* Army, at this frozen Time of the Year. For upon this Match, the Cardinal of *Savoy*'s Brother, Prince *Thomas*, joined his Forces to the *French*, and took several strong Castles and Towns from the *Spaniards*, whom before this Prince had assisted; and now last of all, to wind up the Year, they have made themselves Masters of this *Tortona*, a Place environed with Rocks and Mountains.

By which thou mayest perceive, that there is no Difficulty so great, which may not be overcome with Courage and Perseverance.

I recommend my self to thy Protection and Favour, illustrious *Bassa*, and desire the Heavens to remunerate thee with an Increase of Joy and Felicity, both here and in *Paradise*.

Paris, 10th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year, 1642.

LETTER V.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

SINCE the Death of the Cardinal of *Richlieu*, here is great caballing, and changing of Places at Court. His Successor in the Pilotship of the State is Cardinal *Julio Mazarini*, an *Italian* of a generous Extraction. Neither does he shunt of *Richlieu*, in all those rare Qualities and Endowments, which form a compleat Statesman; having accomplished several Negotiations with great Success and Applause.

Now the old Officers begin to be cashiered, to make room for the Creatures of this New Minister, the King absolutely resigning the Conduct of the Publick to him. And it is no wonder to see the King thus flexible, if that is privately whispered be true, that the Queen has yielded to the Cardinal in Points of greater Reserve. And curious Eyes pretend to discern the Features of *Mazarini* in the *Dauphin's* Face, who is not much above four Years old, being born the fifth Day of the ninth Moon, in the Year 1638, according to the *Christians Hegira*. The Cardinal is of a grave and majestic Aspect, full-faced, having a piercing Eye: He is something inclined to Fat, being a great Eater as they say.

The other Day he had like to have been choaked by a piece of Beef, one Part of which hung fast in his Teeth, and the other just reached the Passage to the Lungs; and, as it were, barring up the Door of that Passage, hindered his Respiration so long, that his Nose suddenly started out a bleeding; his Face grew black, and he was ready to drop down dead, had not one of his Attendants forcibly thrust his Fingers into his Mouth, and fastning on the Morsel, pulled it out of his Throat.

He that is Lord of Life and Death preserve thee from all Perils, and make thee happy in the Service

of our Great Master; who will in Time, I hope, cure the Insolence, and punish the Vices of these gluttonous Infidels.

Paris, 14th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VI.

To Isouf his Kinsman.

I Believe, thou and thy Cousin *Solyman* take me for a Marriage-Broker, or a Gossip: Is there no Body in *Constantinople* can instruct you how to manage your Wives, that you send for Counsel to *Paris*? Or do you lay Snares for me, by extorting such Advice, as will draw the Revenge of Women upon me? Believe me, I have no mind to run the Fate of *Orpheus*, or that the Tragedy of the *Ciconian* Wives should be acted upon me.

I rather expected a compleat Journal of thy Travels in the *East*: But, I perceive, thou hast not yet received my Letter. Thou talkest of going to *Aleppo* in the Spring. If thy Resolution hold, I desire thee, when thou art there, to make an Offering for me to *Sheb Boubac*, the *Santone*, whose Sepulchre is about a League from that City, a Place of great Devotion, and resorted to from all the Cities in those Parts. Without doubt, *Sheb Boubac* is with God; and his Prayers are heard for such as honour his Virtues and approach his Sepulchre, to pay their Devotions there with Humility and Faith.

Likewise, I desire thee to distribute three hundred Aspers to the Poor of *Aleppo*, who beg in the Streets for the Sake of *Syntana Fissa*. If thou hast not heard of this Female Saint, I will relate to thee how she came to be Canonized. This City was the Place of her Nativity and Residence. When she came to the Age of sixteen

ten Years, she was married to a *Spahet*, called *Griuli ben Sagran*; but, the first Night, as her Husband was going to Bed with her, he fell into a Trance; where he saw *Paradise* opened, and the Holy Prophet leading *Antana Fissa*, his Wife, in one of the Alleys of *Eden*. Thereby when he came to himself, and missing his Wife, (who was never after to be found) he was satisfied that she was one of the Daughters of *Paradise*. Since which time the People have esteemed her as a Saint, or rather incarnate Female Angel. The *Moors* relate this Story otherwise, and make a second *Mary Magdalen* of her; whom the *Grecians* say, that she was a common prostitute at first, but on a Time being asked her accustomed Favours *gratis*, and for the Love of God, she, granting it, merited the Grace of Conversion, and became a Saint. But, I would not have thee regard this Fable, though it be common in the Mouths of the ignorant at *Aleppo*.

If thou bearest any Respect for thy Uncle *Mahmut*, let me have a Proof of it, in giving me an Account of thy Travels. I do not require a Chart of the Regions through which thou hast passed; being no Stranger to the Geography of *Asia*. Neither would I have thee tell me, how many Leagues, Courses, or Furlongs there are between such and such Cities. These are the marks of every Carrier or *Muccerman*. But that which I am at, is to know, what Natural, Moral, and Political Observations thou hast made, in so vast a Tract of ground as thou hast measured, comprehending the greatest and most celebrated Part of *Asia*.

This is the second Letter I have sent thee, since thy return to *Constantinople*: Let thy Answer be adequate to my Expectation. In the Interim, I counsel thee first to get an absolute Conquest of thy self, and then thou shalt easily govern thy Wife.

May the most high God adjust your Differences happily, and make your Lives to be as innocent and contented, as those of *Philemon* and *Baucis*. Thou knowest the story. Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Mahomet, Bassa of Damascus.

HERE is a *Genoese* Merchant in this City with whom I often converse, as I do with all Strangers that are Men of Intelligence, learning sometimes from them Affairs and Customs which are not common. He tells me, that *Mansour*, the youngest Son of Old *Facardine*, the brave *Emir* of *Sidon*, whom his Father had given in Hostage to the Sultan *Amurath*, is now living in the Court of the Duke of *Florence*; that he escaped by the Assistance of a *Grecian* Priest, from the Castle of the Seven Towers, and that the Duke of *Florence* has promised to assist him with Ships, Men and Money, towards the Recovery of his Patrimony.

The *French* speak of his Father with much Respect and Compassion of his Misfortunes; they say he was descended from a Noble Captain, which the renowned *Godfrey* of *Bouloign* left in those Parts, when he was engaged in the Wars of the *Holy Land*; and that tho' *Facardine* wore a *Turkish* Turbant, yet he had *French* Blood in his Veins. They tax *Amurath* with the Violation of his Oath, in causing him to be strangled when he had solemnly sworn to the contrary. And some of them are so bold as to say, that if his Son *Ali* had not been killed, he would have shook the Throne, whose Foundation is deep as the center of the Earth, and therefore cannot be moved without the Dissolution of the Globe.

This *Genoese* brags much after the same Nature as *Mansour*, who, he says, is preserved by Providence to rebuke the Pride of the *Ottoman* Family, to revenge his Father's Blood, and re-establish the *Druses* in their ancient Possession.

Supposing this News to be true, I judged it my Duty to give thee timely Notice of it who possessest part

his Estate; lest he should surprize thee unawares, and
 ve thee as one of his Ancestors did the *Damascenes*, who
 from them several of their Towns and Castles, when
 y least dreamt of any Invasion. He will lay claim to
 zer, D'Acre, and Saphet, those being torn from his
 ther in that last Rebellion. In a Word, thou wouldest
 d him an ill Neighbour, should he catch thee unpro-
 ded.

Should it come to a Tryal, I wish thy Soldiers may
 ove more faithful to thee, than did the *Germans* lately,
 der the Command of *Leopold* Arch-Duke of *Austria*,
 d General *Picolomini*; who going to relieve *Leipsick*,
 sieged at that time by the *Swedes*, and entring Battel
 ith them, above six thousand of their Soldiers never dis-
 charged a Musket, or drew a Sword; but gave their Ene-
 ies an intire Victory, without striking a Stroke. Should
 y Forces serve thee so, when *Manfour* enters thy Terri-
 ories, thou wilt be in Danger of losing not only the
 orementioned Towns, but *Damascus* it self; a Place so
 eliciously situated, that our holy Prophet himself durst
 ot venture into it, lest this Earthly *Paradise* should tempt
 him to take up his Abode there, and cause him to neg-
 lect the Heavenly.

May the great Protector of Kingdoms and Empires, pre-
 serve both *Damascus* and the whole Empire, from the
 Fury of Rebels and Infidels.

Paris, 4th of the 2d Moon,
 of the Year 1643.

LETTER VIII.

*To the Venerable Musti, Arbitrator of the
 Problems and Mysteries of Faith.*

I Address to the Dust of thy Feet, O thou Spring of
 all true Science. I wrote to thee formerly, to desire
 thy Instruction and Aid, in answering some Cavils and
 Blasphemies

Blasphemies of the Infidels. Now I think a great Light hath shined in my Breast. Now I think I can answer them with Arguments clear and intelligible. Nevertheless I will not walk without a Guide.

Our Life in this transitory World is chequered with various Intervals of Light and Darkness, of Knowledge and Ignorance. Sometimes the Soul of Man is bright and serene as the Orient, at other times wrapped up in Clouds and Mists. Then we are as in a Dream and full of Anxiety; we grope about for Truth, and yet stumble upon Errors, as in the Depth of Night. So I comforted it with me when these Infidels assaulted me with Questions and Cavils concerning our Holy Law. I heard them with Horror and Pain, but knew not how to put them to Silence. I fled to thee for Succour, who art instructed in all Knowledge, true Heir of the Prophetic Light. But a Ray from Heaven has prevented thy Answer, and I will communicate to thee my Thoughts.

God is most High, and Incomprehensible; we cannot overtake him in his Ways. The Works of his Hands are perfect and full of Wisdom. Why do the Infidels blaspheme the Eternal? *Gabriel*, the Messenger of God, bright and glorious, flew through the Heavens; and, to avoid a burning Comet which then flamed in the Sky, he took his Course too near the Orb of the Moon; and with the end of one of his Wings he brushed the Planet, leaving a Mark of the Stroke as a Memorial to the Angels for the future; even as a Sea-mark is placed to give warning of Rocks and Sands.

The Infidels deride, and ask, *How big was Gabriel's Wing?* Who can measure the Works of the Omnipotent? Let these Infidels number but the Atoms that cleave to the Soles of their Feet, when they walk in sandy Places! Or let them weigh the Air that is shut up in a Bottle! If they cannot perform these Things which are near them, and within their Reach, why do they mock at the Greatness of Angels, which dwell in the immense Heavens.

They

They take their Measures of Celestial Things from the narrow Search of their Senses, which yet fail them in common Terrestrial Objects. If we believe our Senses, they would persuade us that the Moon is no bigger than a Royal Charger, and the Stars have no larger Dimensions, than a Lamp or Torch: Whereas we are assured by Reason and Astronomical Observations, that the Moon is but little less than the Globe of the Earth; and that some of the Stars are near a hundred Times bigger. If these Ornaments of the Sky, which look at this Distance like glittering Sparks of Fire, are really of so prodigious a Bulk; why may we not believe, that Angels, who dwell higher than the highest Stars, are much greater, and more magnificent Creatures than they? Nay, what Congruity is it to believe, what our Holy Doctors teach, that the Angels can stride from one Star to another?

And now I am plunged thus far in the Depths of Nature, suffer me to wade yet deeper, nay, to swim in the Abyss of Speculation. I will tell thee my Thoughts: The Works of God are Unmeasurable, and there is no End or Limit to the Extent of the World; it is high Thought can soar, endless as Imagination can travel. Who can tell where the Walls of *Paradise* are? Or has he gone the Circuit of the Seventh Heaven? Magnificent is the Fabrick of God, and the Apartments there are full of Majesty. The Potentates above are Glorious and Mighty; and the Mansions of Angels surpass Grandeur this visible World. How great then is the Stature of those Angels? Let not Infidels deride nor think it a Fable; for the Distance between the Feet of an Angel is many hundred thousand Miles. They turn the Celestial Orbs about (if what the learned Christians teach out of *Aristotle* and other old Philosophers be true, when they assign to each Sphere its particular Angel or moving Intelligence.) How can this be done, unless the Angels were greater and mightier than the Orbs they move? Without all Doubt, the Lesser is moved of the Greater, and the Weaker by the Stronger. These are Arguments clear and intelligible, and such as the Infidels

CANNOT

cannot answer. Thus shall I be able to assert the Truth against the Impious, and to vindicate the glorious Works of God (the strong and potent Angels, excelling in Majesty and Grandeur) from the Blasphemies of the Uncircumcised.

If they ask how the Angel *Gabriel* (since he is of prodigious a Stature) could be circumscribed in the Closet of *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus*? I ask them, how the Body of *Jesus*, which, they say, is in the Sacrament of the Mass (of which thou art not ignorant) can be circumscribed within the narrow Compass of a Wafer. Or how it can be there, and in Heaven at the same time, which they believe; nay, and in ten thousand Wafers, in so many different Places of the World at once?

To this so pressing an Argument, they have no other Answer, but, that the Power of God is Infinite and his Works Incomprehensible. Very well; If he be Omnipotent in one Thing, is his Power restrained in another? If the Presence of the Body of *Jesus*, in several Places at the same time, be Incomprehensible; so is the Appearance of the mighty Angel *Gabriel*, in the Oratory of the Virgin *Mary*, Incomprehensible also.

The Nature of Angels is unknown to us Mortals, and the Manner of their Appearance. Sufficient it is to believe the Divine Oracles, and not to pry into the Secrets of God.

Thus shall I confute the Infidels, when they cavil against the Alcoran; thus shall I seal up the polluted Lips, and put to Silence the blasphemous Tongues of the Enemies of God and his Prophet.

Moreover, they say, the Messenger of God has promised a sensual *Paradise* to the True Believers, because the Book of Glory mentions the Gardens of *Eden*, Gardens wherein flow many Rivers, Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, with Trees of all delectable Fruits; and that the Righteous shall be clothed in Vests of Purple and Crimson, reposing on stately Beds, and shall enjoy the Company of beautiful Women, and shall be replenished with eternal Felicity.

Doublets

Doubtless, they are blinded with Malice, and hoodwinked by the Spirit of Contradiction; else, why do they thus cavil at the manifest Light of Truth, the Doctrine of Faith, the undefiled Article of Glory? They profess to believe the Resurrection of the Body, as well as we: Will they not then believe, that God hath provided Pleasures suitable to the Body after its Resurrection, I mean, the Bodies of the Just? They tell their Disciples and Proselytes doleful Stories of the Pains of the Damned in Hell, as burning in Fire and Brimstone: Nay, the Book of the Gospel it self speaks of a Lake of Sulphur and Fire. Are not these Torments to be inflicted on the Body, which they own are prepared for the Wicked? And will they deny proportionate Pleasures to the Bodies of the Just in *Paradise*? What use will there be of our Bodies after the Resurrection, if not to enjoy Bodily Pleasures, or feel the Rigour of Infinite Pains? Doubtless, the Just shall be replenished with all the Joys, and the Unjust with all the Dolours, of which their Senses are capable. And this they themselves believe; yet these captious *Infidels* pick Quarrels with our Holy Law-giver, and say that the *Paradise* which he promises is fit for none but Fools or Beasts.

I have read in Books of Devotion, which the Christians use, that the Blessed in Heaven shall be satiated with all manner of Delights. The Eye shall always behold most beautiful Objects, the Taste shall be gratified with incredible Sweets; the Smell shall be pleased with all manner of rich Odours and Perfumes, far surpassing the Aromatics of *Arabia*; the Ear shall hear such wonderful Musick, as one only Strain thereof were sufficient to lull all the Hearts of this sublunary World asleep: In fine, there shall be none of their Senses and Faculties, which shall not be transported and ravished with infinite Delights. What is all this, but sensual Pleasure? Can there be any plainer Description of bodily Enjoyments than this? Why do they then maliciously traduce the Messenger of God, and resist the Truth?

But they will say, that the Pleasures which they shall enjoy after the Resurrection, will be refined and spiritual,

as their Bodies shall be: Whereas, they say, our Prophet intimates gross, carnal Enjoyments; as the Company of beautiful Women, and such amorous Delights.

Certainly, they are wilfully blind, and shut their Eyes against the Light; or else they would easily see through the Veil of Allegories and Metaphors, which our divine Prophet uses in the *Alcoran*, to adapt the Doctrine of heavenly Things to the dull Capacities of Men; even as all the Prophets and Apostles have done before him. In the Book of the Gospel, *Paradise* is described under the Figure of a most magnificent City, built all of Gold and precious Stones, with a River flowing by it, and Trees whose Fruit never withers, nor their Leaves fade. Will the Christians take this in the literal Sense, or do they own it to be an Allegory? If the latter, then why do they blaspheme the sacred Oracles of our holy Law-giver, because he describes the Felicities of *Paradise* under sensible Figures and Types, such as are most apt to work on the Affections of Men?

It is not to be thought, that our Enjoyment of beautiful Women in *Paradise* shall be attended with the least of those Impurities which stain it in this Life. Our Pleasures shall be agreeable to the Place whither we go, pure and immaculate. As we shall there Enjoy the Perfection of Beauty, without the smallest Allay of Deformity; so, in our Enjoyment, we shall be transported with the height of Extasy, without the least Mixture of Pollution.

Nor shall these bodily Delights supersede or hinder our more spiritual Enjoyments; but both Body and Soul shall be ravished with eternal Felicities.

Tell me, thou who art the Key of the Treasures of Truth, whether I am now sufficiently armed with Reasons, to withstand the Cavils and Objections which the *Infidels* make against our holy Law! I have laid at thy Feet my Sentiments, submitting all to thy unerring Wisdom; vouchsafe to confirm what I have well said, and to correct my Errors. And, in the midst of thy divine Exultations, glance a Thought on the humblest of thy Slaves, praying for the exiled *Mohamud*, that he may perse-

vere

were in the true Faith; and, at the End of his Life, may taste the Joys of *Paradise*, which he zealously asserts against the *Infidels*.

Paris, 10th. of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I informed thee of the Siege of *Perpignan*, I had not heard of the extraordinary Honours, which were done to the Prince of *Margues* during that Siege. This Prince was a Subject of the King of *Spain*, and had in Possession the Town of *Monaco*. Yet, for some Disgusts which he had received from the *Spaniards*, he some Years ago had Thoughts of throwing himself upon the Protection of the King of *France*; but, Difficulties arising, it took not Effect at that Time. However, in the Year 1641, by the Dexterity of the Governor of *Provence*, he was so far wrought upon, that a French Garrison was by his Connivance put into *Monaco*, and he totally threw off his Obedience to the King of *Spain*; and though great Offers were made him by the Cardinal of *Savoy* and others, yet he rejected all; and to demonstrate to King *Philip*, that his Soul was altogether French, he sent him back the Collar which was the Badge of his Knighthood, bestowed on him in the *Spanish Court*.

After which, four Gallies of *Naples* cruising on the Sea before *Ville Franche*, one of them by the Order of the Captain, sailed to *Monaco*, not having heard of the Revolt of this Place. The Prince invited the Captain to come ashore; and, as soon as he was landed, three score *Frenchmen*, who lay hid in the Boat which carried the Message, boarded the Galley with admirable Resolution, killing near thirty *Spaniards* who made Resistance,

and the rest yielding, the *French* took Possession of the Vessel.

The Prince sailed in this Galley to *Marseilles*, with his Son, who is dignified with the Title of a Marquis; and, taking their Way through Province and *Languedoc*, came to the King of *France*, while he lay with his Army before *Perpignan*.

King *Lewis*, to whom nothing is more delightful than to reward the Merits of brave Men, carested him with extraordinary Demonstrations of Affection, and Acknowledgments of his Service; sending his Coaches to meet him on the Way, causing his Army to appear in Battel Array, entertaining them at his own Table, and doing all Things which might honour the Arrival of this Prince at his Camp. And to make him amends for the Loss of his Order of Knighthood, he invested him with that of the holy Ghost; which, as I have in my former Letters told thee, is a fair Step to make one a Peer of *France*.

I thought good to inform thee of this Passage, illustrious Minister, in whose Power it lies, to lift up to Dignities and the great Charges of the Empire, Men in whom thou perceivest a Genius capable of great Undertakings.

God direct thee in making Choice of such as may be effectually serviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th. of the 2d Moon,

of the Year 1643.

LETTER X.

To Achmet Beig.

IT seems as if the late Revolution in *Portugal* had embittered the *Spaniards* to Despair, and swelled the Spleen of that Nation with insupportable Rancour. The Loss, which they cannot hope fairly to recover by Arms, they

they seek to revenge by dishonourable Assassine and Treachery.

The Marquis *de Los Velez*, the *Spannish* Ambassador at the Court of *Rome*, could not brook to see there an Ambassador from the King of *Portugal*, whom he esteemed at best but a Subject or Traitor to *Philip* his Master. He tried all Means to prevent and hinder his Audience with the Pope, and openly demanded, that he might be sent back into *Portugal* with Disgrace. But the *Sieur de Fontenay*, Ambassador from *France*, supported and countenanced the *Portuguese* Minister, which precipitated the Marquis *de los Velez*, to one of the blackest Attempts that has ever stained the Records of Time.

Thou art not to learn, that the Persons of Ambassadors are by the Law of Nations esteemed Sacred; their Houses, Sanctuaries; and whatsoever Injury is offered them, is at least accounted a Civil Sacrilege. Yet the *Spanish* Ambassador finding the Bishop of *Lamsgo* (so was the *Portuguese* called) protected and favoured by the *French* Interest, resolves to leap over the Fences, which secure the Immunities and Safety of his own Function, and to violate the Law without which he himself could not sleep free from Danger in his Bed. For, being informed that the *Portuguese* Ambassador was gone to visit the *Sieur de Fontenay*, he goes out of his House with a Train of about twenty Men, and covering his Design with a Pretence of going to the House of an eminent Cardinal, he takes the same Way, as the *Portuguese* Bishop was to return to his House. But, the *French* Ambassador having Notice that one of the Marquess's Retinue was observed to dog the Bishop to his Palace, and return immediately to his Master, set some Spies upon the Marquess *de Los Velez*, who brought him Word, that the Marquess had ordered all his Retinue to arm themselves and follow him. This gave a sufficient Alarm and Suspicion to *de Fontenay*, so that he commanded thirty of his Servants to arm likewise, and follow him in separate Parties, at a Distance from one another; being resolved to protect the *Portuguese*, who was an Allie of *France*, and to prevent the Design of his Enemies.

No sooner had the Bishop of *Lamego* taken his Coach, but Notice was given to the *Spanish* Minister, who immediately advances towards him, big with the Murder he intended to commit. But, the *French* appearing, and falling briskly on the *Spaniards*, killed seven of them in a Moment, and broke through the rest, even to the very Coach of the Marquess, with a Resolution to make him taste the Death he designed for the poor Bishop. But he had the Fortune to escape into the Palace of a *Spanish* Cardinal, and so saved himself.

The *Spanish* Ambassador after this, being nettled at his ill Success, and the Favour which the Bishop of *Lamego* found in that Court, designed to remove to *Naples*; but the Pope set a Guard on him to prevent it, till such Time as he had given Hostages for the Indemnity of his Nuncios in *Spain* and *Naples*.

The *Neapolitan* Viceroy, being informed of these Proceedings, made great Preparations; and the *Spaniards* threatened to plunder and burn the City of *Rome*. But upon more deliberate Thoughts, the Viceroy made Shew of Friendship to the Pope, offering him five thousand Soldiers to assist against the Duke of *Parma*, thinking by this Fraud to gain Admission into the Ecclesiastick Territories, which would facilitate the Way to the Satisfaction they aimed at. But the Pope knew how to return the Viceroy's Compliment, without hazarding his own Estate; telling him, that the *Roman* Forces were more than sufficient to conquer the Duke, had he any other Designs than those of Peace.

By this Passage of the *Spanish* Ambassador, thou mayest comprehend the Licentiousness of the *Infidels*, who dare trample upon human and sacred Laws; and that in *Rome* it self, where the Supreme *Musti* of the Christians keeps his Seat. It was never known, that such a Thing was attempted in the Sublime *Porte*, where the Majesty and severe Justice of the *Ottoman* Empire, strikes an Awe and Terror into all People, restraining the very Thoughts of so heinous a Crime.

May the Conservator of Ages, hasten the prefixed Time, wherein the Christian Nations shall be subdued to the *Mussulman* Faith; that so Justice and Virtue, with perpetual Peace, may bless the Earth.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XI.

To the Vizir Azem at the Porte.

I Could not let this Post go without a Letter, though I have nothing material to write. However, it is a Testimony of my Duty, to let thee know, that *Mahmut* is not idle, that he suffers not an Hour, a Moment to escape, wherein he studies not to do some acceptable Service to the *Grand-Signor*.

All the Dispatches which I receive from the *Porte*, seem like black Clouds, gathering on the Margin of the Horizon, the sure Harbingers of an approaching Storm. One accuses me of neglecting the Service of the Master of the World; another tells me, I am too expensive; a third says, the Ministers of the *Divan* will take other Methods. They mince their Expressions; no Man will deal plainly with me. They mix Threatnings with Compliments, as if I were a Child, and needed the Discipline of a Rattle and a Rod. Would they have me reverse the Decrees of Destiny? Turn Winter into Summer, and change the whole Order of Nature? Or is it expected, that I should renew the Exploit of *Cadmus*, and cause Earth-born Armies to arise, on purpose to furnish Matter of News to the *Porte*? I appeal to thee, supreme *Vizir*, at whose Nod the *Divan* is assembled or dissolved, whether I deserve the Censures that are passed upon me? No Man can accuse me of betraying my Trust, or of holding any Correspondence with the Enemies of the *Mussulman* Empire. What is then my Crime?

Crime? Am I to be condemned, for employing the Money which is allotted me for Subsistence, to render my Ministry more successful? Will they call it an embezzling the *Sultan's* Money; when, rather than hoard it up for my own private Profit and Conveniencies (as I might do considerable Sums, were I so basely frugal) I frankly part with it, to consummate the Affair for which I am placed here? Or is the *Ottoman* Treasury grown low, that heretofore has supported the indigent World, and, by an Excess of Royal Munificence, has been thrown to the Fishes of the Sea? is *Mahmut* alone to be esteemed a Prodigal in his present Expences, because it is known that he was a Slave in *Sicily*, and tied down to the penurious Stint of a rigorous Patron? Suffer me this once, Sage Minister, to vindicate my self, and to tell thee, that the Hardships and squalid Circumstances of Captivity, would not be very subservient to the Ends for which I am sent hither; neither can a niggardly Pension qualify me for the Genius of the Court in which I must be daily conversant, where all Things appear gay and polite. It has not been my Custom to complain without a Cause, neither do I love to grate my Superiors with whining Remonstrances: But it is my humble Request, that the Ministers of the *Diwan* would consider me, not as a Drudge to a private Man in *Palermo*, but as the indefatigable Slave of the most opulent and liberal Monarch in the World.

In all these Things, I contract myself into a most submissive Resignation to thy Will, who art the Vicegerent of the Empire, founded on the Rock of Destiny; beseeching thee to protect me from the Malice of Whisperers, who envy me, because I serve the Sovereign of Sovereigns, Lord of the *East* and of the *West*, and all that is between them.

May the eternal Possessor of all Felicity cull out of his immense Treasures, such Blessings as thou most ardently desirest in this Life; and when he has led thee through all the Apartments of human Bliss on Earth, may he translate thee to the Palaces of *Eden*, the Seats of an immortal

marceſſible Life, where new Sources of Joy are opened without End.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

L E T T E R XII.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE Floods have been ſo great, and thoſe alſo congealed into Ice, that there has been no traveling by ſome Roads for theſe two Moons; which is the Reaſon, we have been wanting in our uſual Advices from Germany, Piedmont, the Valtoline, and other Parts.

Yet now, the Poſts bring a Glut of News to this City. *Friburgh*, a Town in the Parts of *Saxony*, is at this Time beſieged by *Torſenſon*, General of the *Swediſh* Army. He inveſted it the 11th of the 1ſt Moon. And, People are amazed to hear, that it has held out to this time, being a Place of no great Strength: Eſpecially, conſidering how ſoon *Leipſick* ſurrendered to the ſame Forces; a Town well fortified, and ſtored with all Things neceſſary to ſuſtain a long Siege. By this thou mayeſt obſerve, how much the Fortune of War many Times depends on one ſucceſſful Battel.

When *Torſenſon* firſt lay down before *Leipſick*, it was generally believed, he would find a ſtout Reſiſtance from the Inhabitants, and an inflexible Reſolution in the Garrifon, not to yield that important Place: and perhaps they would not have been miſtaken, had not the *Imperia-liſts* (out of a generous Deſign to relieve it, and raiſe the Siege) hazarded a Battle. The Arch-Duke of *Auſtria*, (whoſe Name is *Leopold*) and *Picolomini*, as ſoon as they received Advice that the *Swediſh* Army had paſſed the *Elbe*, and entered into *Mifnia*, took their directest Way to ſtop their Advance into thoſe Parts. But it had been

better they had kept their Quarters ; for in one Battel, they lost all the Glory which they had before acquired by their Arms. *Torsten*son was already intrenched before *Leipsick*, when his Scouts brought him Intelligence, that the Imperial Army was near at Hand. He immediately disposes of his Baggage in a secure Place, draws out his Cannon, and having left a sufficient Number of Soldiers to guard the Posts of his Camp, which were nearest the City, he marches directly toward the Enemy, and possesses himself of a Spot of Ground very agreeable to his Occasions ; it was called the Plain of *Britten* field. This Place he designed for the Stage, whereon to perform the Part of a prudent and valiant General. For, as soon as he came in Sight of the German Vanguard, he caused his Army to retreat faintly, as though he had no Intention to fight. The Germans pursue the retreating Swedes, till they were got into very narrow Streights between two steep Mountains ; not much unlike the *Capi Derwent* in *Bulgaria* (where the *Heydukes*, taking the Advantage of the Heights, commit great Robberies on the Caravans, that travel through those Streights, rolling huge Stones, or rather Rocks, down upon the Passengers.) Here the Swedes turned about, and falling behind their Cannon, which *Torsten*son had caused to be planted in these Streights, played furiously on the Germans, while the Musquetiers which he had ordered on the Sides of the Mountains, galled them from above, yet lay themselves invisible, under the Covert of Thickets which grew on each Side of the Streights. It was the Left Wing of the Imperialists which was thus engaged and *Picolomini* who commanded them, gave admirable Proofs of an undaunted Courage, appearing at the Head of his surprized Soldiers, and heartning them with Words and Actions full of Bravery ; but his Labours was lost, for six thousand fled without drawing a Sword. The Swedes pursued them through the Streights, and re-entering the Plain, engaged with the Right Wing of the Germans. The Battel was fierce and bloody. General *Picolomini* did Wonders, and many brave Germans signalized their Valour ; but, it seems as if the Fate of *Torsten*son is to ruin the Empire. For, while the Battle

was

was yet equal on both Sides, and the Victory doubtful; while the Ground was dyed with a Mixture of *German* and *Swedish* Blood, he falls into the main Body of the *Imperial Army* with a fresh Reserve, which so animated the *Swedes*, and disordered their Enemies, that at length the *Germans*, not able longer to sustain the Shock, left their Cannon and retreated into a Forrest. Now followed a dreadful Slaughter; for, the *Swedish* Cavalry environed the chased *Germans*, whom *Conningmark* had hunted out of the Forest, and charged them with such Fury, that they were most of them cut to Pieces. The *Germans* lost four thousand Man on the Spot, and as many more in the Pursuit.

I have sent thee in the inclosed Paper a List of all the ~~Officers of Note which were slain in this Battel~~, which is esteemed one of the most bloody that has been fought in Europe, between Christians on both Sides, these two hundred Years. Thou wilt there find above three hundred Commanders, from whom a Death not inglorious has taken their Commissions.

The *Germans* also lost forty six Pieces of Cannon, sixty five Standards, all their Ammunition, a hundred and sixty Carts, and six hundred Waggon; with all the Treasury of the Arch-Duke *Leopold*, and General *Picolomini*.

This Battel was fought, on the first of the eleventh Moon, as we reckon; but, according to the Christians Account, on the twenty first of the tenth Moon.

After this signal Victory, General *Torsten* shewed himself again before *Leipsic*, approached the Walls, planted his Batteries; and though the Besieged at first made Shew of a firm Resolution to defend the Place, yet the Terror, which the late Defeat of the *German* Forces had struck them with, soon altered their Counsels, and they surrendered upon honourable Conditions.

In the mean Time, General *Picolomini* and the Arch-Duke of *Austria* are retired into *Bohemia*. The *German* Court is full of Apprehensions, and new Levies are every where making, to join the shattered Remnants of the Army. The Affairs of the King of *Hungary* are at an
ill

ill Pass, and all Things look with a cloudy Aspect on the Empire.

From the Side of *Italy*, we hear of nothing of Moment, but the *Spaniards* are taking such Measures, as may best repair the Loss of *Tortona*: And to that End, the Duke of *Milan* is making all the Preparations which are customary in such Cases. It is said here, they intend to recover that Place again.

May these Quarrels of the Infidels continue, till the determinate Time shall come, that our victorious Armies shall subdue them to the *Mussulman* Empire.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

L E T T E R XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I sent thee Word of the Death of Cardinal *Richlieu*, I thought it the same thing, as if I had presented thee with the Head of one of the most dangerous Enemies of the *Ottoman* Empire. That Head, which, while the Owner lived, was always plotting of Mischief, had it not been diverted by nearer Intrigues, would not have failed to put some horrid Design in Execution against the Sublime *Porte*, which, of all the Thrones in the World, seems alone to over-top the Grandeur of *France*.

But this Court seems to play the *Hydra*; for, no sooner is the Head of one of her Prime Ministers laid, but up springs another in the Room of it, equal in Vigour and Subtilty. And we have still as much Reason to apprehend the Counsels of Cardinal *Mazarini*, as before we had to suspect those of *Richlieu*.

The Generality of the People, at first, looked for another Conduct in the King towards the Creatures of the late Minister; since he himself toward the latter End of

his Life seemed to subsist in the Court, rather through the Necessity the King had of his Counsels, than any Motive of Affection.

However, the King has exactly complied with the Cardinal's dying Requests in honouring several of his Relations and Friends with Places of considerable Trust. And, 'tis to his last Recommendation, Cardinal *Mazarini* is obliged for the Authority he now possesses. In using of which, he discovers a refined Policy, and a Modesty which hath but few Examples.

The many Combinations and Attempts against Cardinal *Richlieu*, and the King's Coldness to him during the Siege of *Perpignan*, sufficiently instructed *Mazarini*, that it was impossible to possess so eminent a Charge, without drawing on him the Envy and Hatred of the *Grandeess*. He considered also, that he was a Stranger, whereas *Richlieu* was a Native of *France*. Therefore he unites his Interest with that of two great Officers, who also courted the King's Favour; the one is Superintendent of the Finances, the other Secretary of State. These being longer acquainted with the nice Transactions of the Court, and the Intrigues of the *Grandeess*, do him no small Service with their Instructions, and likewise abate the popular Spight, or at least share it with the Cardinal; since no Body will be so partial, as to lay the Blame of any Miscarriage on him alone, who seems to do nothing without the Direction of his two Partners (for so he calls them, as if these three shared among them the Authority of the defunct Cardinal.) This is a pure Trick of *Mazarini*; and he serves himself of them as we use a Ladder, designing by their Means to mount by safer Steps, and, on their Shoulders, to lift himself unenvied to the Helm of the State. Not, but that he is actually invested with the Primacy by the King; but he is willing to divert the Storm which that will draw upon him from the Nobles; therefore he cunningly seems to decline it, pretending an earnest desire to withdraw into *Italy*, and in the Interim has chosen these two for his Colleagues. Thus he grasps with one Hand, what with

with the other he seems to reject; and by his magnificent Living, his obsequious Court, and obliging Carriage to all, he demonstrates, that if he should pass the Alps, his Heart would be left behind him in *France*, and that he only aims to be established in the Ministry with universal Applause.

It makes me smile sometimes, to see what Pains he takes to entangle himself in infinite Hazards and Trouble, as if he were of a Constitution like that of a Salamander, which cannot live out of a Fire.

The great God encrease the Virtues and Graces of the Illustrious *Kaimacham*, and of all the Ministers that stand by the bright Throne of Justice, the Seat of the Ottoman Emperors.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XIV.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the Interpreters of the Law and Judges of Equity.

A Cloud of Sorrow overspreads the Kingdoms of *France*; their Sun is set; the mighty *Lewis*, for whom all *Europe* had been too narrow, had he lived, is now confined within the Limits of a Grave. He died at *St. Germain's* Yesterday, being the fourteenth of the fifth Moon; having left his Queen possessed of the Regency, and Cardinal *Mazarini* of the prime Conduct of the State.

He was a Prince of great Virtue, which with his successful Conquests and Victories procured him the Envy of his Neighbours. And, some Criticks among his own Subjects, pretend to find many Faults in his Proceedings; as Breach of Royal Promise to the Governor of *Saumur*, when he delivered him the Keys of the Town; to the *Rebellers*, in not razing *Lewis's* Fort, Among Foreign-

rs, the Duke of *Savoy*, the Duke of *Lorraine*, and the *German* Emperor, charge him with Breach of Articles in his Treaties. So does the King of *Spain*. And all of them complain, that he alone has involved all Christendom in War and Blood.

Every Thing has two Handles, and Men are apt to take all Things by the worst, especially in Cases of this Nature. It is difficult for a Sovereign Monarch, to carry himself so evenly in Peace or War, as to escape Oblivion; especially if he be victorious. Losers must have leave to be peevish.

But I forget that I speak to him, who can reveal the Sentences of great Monarchs; before whose unerring Tribunal, all earthly Dignities stand mute. Therefore, avoiding all impertinent Glosses, I will only present thee with what is proper to be said without Partiality in *Lewis*'s Vindication, being Matter of Fact, and leave the Decision to thy Sacred Judgment.

Herein it will not be amiss to call to Mind, how the Kings of *Spain*, and the whole House of *Austria*, have invaded and disturbed the Peace of *Europe*, from time to time, these many Years.

The Usurpation of *Navarre* by *Ferdinand* King of *Arragon* began the fatal Jarr, when he deposed *John* of *Albret*, and *Catherine* his Queen; though he himself had no other Title to this Kingdom, than what the Swords of the *Arragonians* and *Castilians* gave him; being of *Pyrrhus* and *Lysander*'s Mind, who knew no other Limits to their Dominions, than what their Enemies stout Resistance set them. Thus *Navarre* being adjacent to old *Castile*, *Biscay* and *Galicia*, it became a Prey to *Spain*. Add to this his Breach of Royal Word to *Catharine de Medicis*, (Queen Mother of *France*) to *Don Antonio*, the next Heir of *Portugal*, the Dukes of *Savoy* and *Parma*, and *Catharine*, Dutchess of *Braganza*; that he would acquiesce to the Chamber of *Lisbon*, in the Case of Succession to the Crown of *Portugal*; when, contrary to all Law and Justice, he invaded that Kingdom unawares, making it a Tributary Province to the *Spanish* Crown.

It has been the usual Methods of politick and wise Princes, to check the Torrent of their Neighbour growing Greatness, to lop the luxuriant Branches of ill-gotten Empire; and had *Henry IV.* of *France* prolonged his Life, it is thought he would have re-conquered *Navarre*, and planted the *Flow'ers de Luces* in *Fontarabia* and *Pampelone*. Who can then with Justice tax *Leuis XIII.* for managing a War, which all the World expected of his Father?

Moreover, the *Spanish* Methods in conquering *Mexico* and *Peru*, two mighty Empires in *America*; their barbarous Cruelty, their inhuman Butchery of above twenty Millions of the Natives, when neither Dignity, nor Age, nor Sex, was spared, but all became a Sacrifice to their insatiable Avarice of Gold, was a sufficient Argument to incense all the Princes in the World against them.

I have no Interest in *France*, any more than I should have in *Spain*, if I were there: I only plead for Justice.

'Twas time for *France* to be alarmed and stand upon her Guard, when she saw her potent Neighbour planting fresh Alliances and Interests, like Batteries, round about her; had the Danger only threatned from beyond the *Pyrenean* Mountains, she might have waited their Designs. But, when she saw so many Powers and States united in close Leagues, and wholly subject to *Spain*, it was time to beat the Drum, and carry the War from Home; it was time to climb the *Alps*, and take a Survey of *Spanish Italy*; for the Kingdom of *Naples*, the Dutchy of *Milan*, the Island of *Sicily*, the Dukes of *Mantua*, *Parma*, and *Urbino*, the Princes of *Massa* and *Piombino*, with the Free States of *Geneva* and *Lucca*, did then all march under the Banner of *Spain*. So that none but the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, with the Republick of *Venice*, were left to withstand his threatening Arms. Who will now blame King *Leuis*, for drawing into his Confederacy the *Hollanders*, *Hessians*, *Grisons*, and the *Swedes*? How could he otherwise dissolve that formidable Union aforesaid?

Besides

Besides the Murders of *Henry III.* and *Henry IV.* the one killed at *St. Clou* by *James Clement*, the other at *Paris* by *Ravaillac*, were so apparently hatched, and committed by *Spanish* Counsel and Influence, that had *Louis*, the late King, no other Reasons to stand upon for his Guard, and observe the Motions of *Spain*, yet that were enough to justify his warlike Preparations against that Crown. For, besides the Motives of a just Revenge, the common Jealousies of State must needs prompt him to do his utmost in Prevention of *Spanish* Intrigues.

Nor ought his matching with the *Infanta*, to have given him any greater Security; since, under the fairest Veils, many times lurks the most venomous Snake. That *Spain* could not do by open Force, nor secret Conspiracy, she hoped might be accomplished by this specious Marriage. And it was no small Step toward it, that the numerous Train of *Spaniards*, which came into France with the *Infanta*, presently skrewed themselves into all Offices and Places of Trust both in Church and State; daily making Parties and Pensioners for *Spain*, till at length all *France* grew weary of them; so that the King was constrained to send them Home again: for it is more than probable, that in a little Time he might have seen this flourishing Kingdom, in a worse Condition than ever had been known before. He has already seen the Bowels of *France* ript up by intestine Factions, and weltring in its own Blood; he hath seen the Princes and Nobles armed against him, debauching and alienating the Allegiance of the *French* Gentry, Clergy, and Commons, and covering their pernicious Rebellion under the Mask of the Holy League. He has seen the Duke of *Alençon* leading up and down an Army of twelve thousand Foot, and twelve hundred Horse; at the King of *Spain's* Cost; he himself, with his Brother *Soubize*, being both Pensioners to the King of *Spain*, the one receiving fourteen, the other eight thousand Crowns a Year. In short, he has seen the strongest Cities and Forts of *Picardy*, *Normandy*, and other Provinces of *France* plundered, and pillaged by flying Armies of *Spaniards* and *Imperialists*,
even

even when he last dreamed of any such Misfortune, being at the same time involved in Civil Wars with his own Subjects. After all this, had he not Reason to prevent the like Mischiefs and Incurfions for the future by transporting the War into his Enemies Countries, who had committed so many Hostilities and Ravages in his? It was certainly high Time for France to rouse up her martial Genius, and leave off her dreaming Theory, when Spain was so busy with the Practick.

These are the Arguments that may be alledged, in Vindication of the King of France's Conduct towards Spain. And not much less is to be recriminated upon the Emperor of Germany, his seizing the Dutchy of Cleves and Juliers, with many Towns and Bishopricks in the Counties of Luxemburgh and La Marc; as also in the Frontiers of Swisserland and Lorrain. His Conquest of the Palatinate, with the chiefest Cities, Forts, and Passes of the Grisons; his reducing the Lives and Liberties of that People to their last Gasp and Period, was sufficient Motive to the French King, to put a speedy Check to this encreasing Grandeur of the House of Austria.

I leave the Determination of these Matters to thy sagacious Wisdom, great Arbiter of Justice, and bowing my Head to the Dust, awfully retire.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XV.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State,

THREE Days ago, Lewis XIII. King of France and Navarre, was arrested by the King of Terrors, and forced to pay the Grand Debt to God and Nature.

re; I will not say before it was due, but sooner than the accustomed Time of Payment, being not full forty three Years old.

Yet Heaven was so indulgent, as not to suffer the Grim Messenger of Fate to snatch him hence without a previous summons; his Distemper being a lingering Consumption, which gave him frequent Intimations of his fading strength.

There are not wanting such as whisper, that he was hurried out of the World before his Time, by some unnatural Artifice: And the common Sort say, that *Marini's* Scarlet looks of a more sanguine Hue, than it did four Days ago.

The Reason of this Jealousie, I suppose, is grounded on the Familiarity that has been observed between the now Queen-Regent and the Cardinal; both also being strangers to the *French* Blood, she a *Spaniard*, and he an *Italian*. I will not determine how far these Reflections are justifiable, because I know it is impossible for persons in their Circumstances, to avoid the Censure of those prying Minds, in such a Juncture as this: Yet some, who move in a Sphere above the Vulgar, cannot forget by whose Instigation his Royal Father, *Henry the Great*, was sent out of the World.

The known familiar Access which the *Marquess Spinola* gave to *Ravaillac* at *Brussels*, the private Entertainments between them a little before that Murderer gave the fatal Blow, together with other Circumstances, amounted to more than a strong Presumption with the *French*, that *Spain* was the principal Author of that Tragedy.

And the sudden Exclamation of *Francisco Corvini*, an *Italian* Astrologer, the Night before the King was killed, made some Men cast an Eye of Suspicion beyond the *Alps*. For he, standing on the Leads of his House in *Florence*, as though he were observing the Stars, on a sudden stamped with his Foot, and said, *To-morrow the most Potent Monarch of Europe will be killed*. But some curious Heads imagine, he had his Intelligence nearer Hand, than from the Heavens, and that rather some

some of the great *Italian* Stars had made him thus Prophetick.

Hence by comparing these Times with those, the present Regency of a *Spaniard* and Superintendency of an *Italian*, creates a like Suspicion in the *French*, concerning the Death of *Lewis XIII.* who, though he died in his Bed, yet might as well be murdered by a Drug, as his Father was by a Knife.

These are the secret Surmises of Cabals, not a little heightened by reflecting on the Time of both these Deaths; both dying in the same Month, the same Day of the Month, and much about the same Hour of the Day.

Yet, notwithstanding these Murmurs, when his Body was opened, and his Intrails taken out and searched, the Physicians gave their Sentence, that he died a Natural Death. His Bowels are carried to *St. Denys*, a Town above three Leagues from *Paris*, there to be buried; and his Body is embalmed, in order to its Sepulture in the same Place; there being a magnificent Church, where all the Royal Blood of *France* is commonly interred.

Yesterday I was in Company with one of his Physicians, and entering into Discourse of the King's Death, (the common Theme of all Companies at present) he told us, that the King's Wasting and Death proceeded from the Disproportion of his Moisture to his Heat, the latter being predominant in his Constitution; so that not meeting with a sufficient Check from natural Humidity, it kindled constant Fevers in his Body, which never left him till he left the World.

He was a very devout Man in his Religion, and free from Vice, at least, to outward Observation. A remarkable Instance of his Piety he gave in his Youth; when entering a certain Country Village, the better Sort of Inhabitants offered to attend him with a Canopy; he answered, *I bear you have no Church here, neither will I suffer a Canopy of State to be born over my Head in that Place, where God hath not a consecrated Roof to dwell under:*

(For

For these *Nazarenes* believe that God dwells in their Temples.)

He was temperate to a Miracle, in the midst of Royalainties; not suffering his Palate to betray his Virtue. He scorned those Pleasures which debase the Mind; and took more Delight in the Noise of Drums and Trumpets, and the Roaring of Cannon, than in the soft Blandishments of Love. He was adorned with many other Virtues, which gained him the Love of all, and more especially, the Favour of Heaven. Yet, after all his Victories, Successes and Triumphs, all that can be now said of him is, *He is dead*. Thus passes away the Glory of the greatest Potentates.

God preserve our Invincible Sultan, ever Glorious, Prosperous, Renowned and Immortal.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am placed as an Echo in *Paris*, to remit to the *Ottoman Porte*, the Sanctuary of the World, whatsoever makes a Noise in *Christendom*. I have sent a Dispatch to the Venerable Mufti, as also to the Principal Secretary of State, containing the News of the Death of *Lewis XIII.* King of *France* and *Navarre*.

I need not repeat here, what I have said to them; because I know, they will communicate to thee my letters.

Yet suffer me to say something of this great Monarch, who, had his Nature been more durable, would in all probability have exceeded all his Royal Progenitors, both in his Conquests abroad, and his absolute Sway at home; of which he gave an early Presage, appearing at the head of Armies, at those Years when other Princes

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are but learning the Rudiments of War in the Academy.

When he was little more than twelve Years of Age, he began to discover his Valour and Conduct, in subduing the Rebels of *Poitou* and *Bretaigne*, leading an Army against them in his own Person.

Yet that Success did not discourage others of his Subjects from attempting fresh Insurrections against him. Fate decreed, that he should gather the Laurels, which composed his Crown, from amongst Briars and Thorns. His whole Life being one continued Series of War, either at Home or Abroad, and sometimes both.

But that which most exercised his Patience was the frequent Intestine Broils and Insurrections of his own Subjects, of which he saw no less than ten during his Reign, some of them headed and abetted by the Prince of the Blood; nay, as if Heaven had cut him out for the Toils of War, when all Things else were in Possession of Peace, his own Mother, and Monsieur his Brother, several Times called him into the Field, by taking up Arms against him.

When Victory had erected Obelisks, and other Monuments of Honour to him in *Italy* and *Spain*, and had carried triumphal Arches through the *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Mountains, for the Conqueror's Return; when he had made the *Rhine* to flow with *German* Blood, and had everywhere, both by Sea and Land, left Tokens of his matchless Fortune; coming to his own Country, instead of Trophies and Honours to welcome home their Sovereign, his Ears were always grated with the unwelcome News of Civil Wars in his own Kingdom.

Yet he that considers need not wonder at these Convulsions of the State of *France*, or any other Kingdom so populous as that is. In the Oeconomy of the Universe though it be governed by an Eternal Providence which cannot err; yet we see the Elements at War with each other, and that perpetually; and out of this restless Strife and Quarrel arises the Health and good Constitution of the Natural World. So is it in the Political World: No Kingdom or Commonwealth can subsist with

at Purgations of her peccant and superfluous Humours, which War effects, as the most appropriate and natural Remedy in such Cases.

Neither had *Lewis* any great Reason to be angry at these Disorders, since, through his prudent Management, they furnished him both with the Opportunity and Means to reduce this Kingdom to an entire Obedience, which his Predecessors could never accomplish. Thus, they say, the Palm, the more it is oppressed with Weights, shoots to the higher.

Kingdoms and Empires, like natural Bodies, have their proper Time of Growth; and the Genius of each Nation stimulates it with a strong Desire and Appetite of enlarging its Dominions, which it never ceases to pursue, till it be arrived to the Meridian and Height of Grandeur; though it be often interrupted and retarded in its Course to Maturity, by State Fevers and other Maladies.

Thus *France*, during the Nonage of her growing State, felt various Shocks and Fits; often threatened with Dissolution by the high-wrought Blood of potent Factions. Yet, in her Constitution, she had Antidotes, as well as Poisons. And her wise Kings had Skill to check and curb a popular Disease. But none ever rooted out the Cause, till this great *Lewis* took the Cure in hand. He has awakened all the vital Powers of State, and roused the very Soul of Government. It is he alone who has crushed the last Head of that factious Hydra, which for so many Reigns had exercised the Arms of his Royal Ancestors.

Wouldst thou know by what Methods he has accomplished this great Work? I will tell thee in a Word; by Vigour and Severity. He fleeced the rich Plebeians of their Gold, and kept the Poor in that Condition, by continual Taxes and Impositions.

Yet, he was a Prince of that admirable Temper to his Government, that he acquired the Epithet of Just. His Queen's now Regent, according to the Law of *France*, the Dauphin being but four Years of Age.

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The Sovereign Arbitrer of Fate grant to the glorious Sultan, Victory over all his Enemies, that these Western Nations, when their Course is run, may be subdued to the Sacred Empire of the true Believers.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Successor of the Prophets, and Messengers of God.

THY last Letter has confirmed the Effects of the former; and given me a fresh Testimony of the Paternal Affection and Friendship. It is an evident Sign that thou takest Care of poor *Mahmut*, when, with Authority full of Tenderness, thou reprovest his Faults without leaving him Occasion to despair. Such Reprehensions are a Sovereign Balm to a wounded Spirit, and, I hope, after an Application sweetened with much Clemency, I shall never do any Thing which may merit or need the Discipline requisite to a *Galatene*. If I was negligent in performing the Penance thou before enjoinedst me, I will now endeavour to make Reparation. If the Account I gave thee of the Religion of these Western Parts, was too superficial and brief, I will now enlarge, and present thee with the chief Observations and Remarks I have made during my Residence here, and my Captivity in *Palermo*. I need not acquaint thee, with that which causes the greatest Rupture between the *Roman* and *Greek* Churches. *Cyriel* the Patriarch has said enough to thee on that Subject. Thou knowest, that the grand Quarrel between them is about the Supremacy, which the *Roman* Prelates claim.

claims over all the Churches in the World, by a Divine Right. But, neither *Cyril* nor the *Friars* of *Jerusalem*, with whom he contested, would inform thee, that this Supremacy, where-ever it resides, is only founded in Right of the Empire. They would make thee believe, that the *Christian* Bishops were from the Beginning, Sovereigns, established by God, Princes independent of the Imperial Sceptre; concealing, that the first Founders of their pretended Monarchy were poor Fishermen, who never dreamed of such a Grandeur, as their Successors were afterwards invested with, by the Liberality of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Emperors. It would be a Reproach to themselves, if they should let thee know, how holy and harmless were the first Patriarchs of *Byzantium* and *Rome*, who refused the Honours and Dignities of the World, and were only ambitious of excelling one another in Virtue and a pious Life. Their very Addresses to thee are a Contradiction to the Examples of their Predecessors, each Party offering Treasures of Gold, thinking to bribe the incorruptible Judge with the glittering Dirt. Assuredly, the Seeds of an irreconcilable Discord are sown in these Infidels; they are settled upon the Lees of Error, till the Day of Judgment.

As to the State of Controversy between them, it is certain, that while *Rome* was the Capital Seat of the Empire, the *Roman* Bishop had the Superiority granted them; but, when the Imperial Residence was translated from thence to *Byzantium* by *Constantine the Great* (from whom it derives the Name it now bears of *Constantinople*) then the Ecclesiastical Supremacy was also transferred to the Patriarch of that City; who enjoys it to this Day, through the Favour of our munificent Sultans, who succeed the ancient Emperors of *Greece*. This superlative Power, the Popes of *Rome* would not recognize in any other but themselves, being loth to part with the Authority they once possessed; whence proceeded the Schism between the two Churches of the East and West. And, while the Patriarchs of the *Grecians* sheltered their new acquired Honour, under the Protection of the Emperors; the Popes, partly by Artifice, and partly by Force, made themselves Lords of *Rome*, and the adjacent Territories, taking

Advantage of the Absence of the Emperors, the Pusillanimity of the Senators, and Discord of the Citizens. Supported with this Princely Estate, they excommunicate all the Churches which did not submit to them, as the Sovereign Prelates of the *Christian* World; publishing several Edicts against the *Greek* Church, and doing every Thing that might confirm the World in the Belief of their Authority and Grandeur. The Potentates of *Europe*, frightened with the Thunder which the *Roman* Pontiffs used, and induced by other Reasons, did Homage to them, acknowledging their Sovereign Jurisdiction in the *West*. In this State they have continued ever since, without yielding in any Thing to the Patriarchs of *Constantinople*.

There have been great Endeavours used on both Sides to gain their respective Ends; and several General Councils were called, that is, an Assembly of the Chief Bishops and Doctors of both Churches, to examine and decide the Difference. And sometimes the Fathers of the *Greek* Church have subscribed a Submission to the Pope, but, as soon as they returned home, they have recanted, and the Breach rendered as wide as ever. They accuse the *Romans* of Partiality, and say, that the Councils were packed; yet both Parties seem to give an extraordinary Deference to these general Councils, believing, that the Holy Ghost is there present, and guides them into all Truth. The Councils, which they esteem infallible, have contradicted each other: This repealing what that had decreed, and a third disannulling that Repeal. The Councils believe themselves above the Pope, and the Pope exalts himself above the Councils. Sometimes they have two or three Popes together, all claiming that which can be the right but of one. In fine, they have involved themselves in such a Labyrinth of Disputes and Cavils, and are entangled in such a Circle of Absurdities, that the soberer Part of *Christians* begin to question the Authority both of Popes and Councils: Infomuch, as it being generally known, that the last Assembly of this Kind was manifestly over-ruled by the Agents of the Court of *Rome*. People spared not to pass this Jest on it, and say, That the Holy Ghost was sent from *Rome* to the Council of *Trent*.

Trent in a Cloak-bag; intimating thereby the many Instructions and Advices which were continually transmitted from *Rome* by the Post, to the Fathers sitting in that Council, whereby all Things were determined according to the Pope's Pleasure, and to the Advantage of the *Roman* Court.

It is certain, the *Christians* now-a-days have abated much of that blind Obedience, which they formerly paid to the *Roman* Pontiffs: They begin to see with their own Eyes, and not with those of their Priests. There was a Time, when many Kings were made to hold their Crowns in Fee of the *Roman* Prelate, who pretended a Right to dispose of all the Kingdoms and Empires of the Earth, as Vicar of God. But the Kings of *England*, *Swedeland* and *Denmark*, with some Princes of the *German* Empire and the States of *Holland*, have taught others the Way to stand upon their Guard; so that, though the Emperor of *Germany*, Kings of *France*, *Spain*, and *Poland*, with the Princes of *Italy*, profess an Obedience to the holy Father, yet it is rather out of a Maxim of Policy, than any real Persuasion of Religion.

The *Spaniards* seem the most superstitiously devoted to the See of *Rome*; yet, they will not endure the Excommunication, which the Pope pronounces against their King, above the Space of one Day: It seems upon some old Difference between them, it is usual for the holy Father to excommunicate this Sovereign once a Year, that is, on the Thursday before *Easter*, which is the same as our Feast of *Biram*. Now, as I am told, the *Spanish* Ambassador next Day presents the Pope with a Gennet or Horse, upon which the Censure is taken off. This is an Ecclesiastick Juggle; and the Court of *Rome* uses a great deal of such holy Legerdemain, to keep the Sons of the Church in their Obedience.

The *French* Church, though in all Things agreeing and professing an entire Obedience to the *Roman*, yet claims to herself some Immunities and Privileges, which the Court of *Rome* is very loth to grant. Hence it comes to pass, that there arise frequent Contests between the Popes and the Kings of *France*, which are generally accommodated to the Advantage of the latter; the Pope not be-

ing willing to try the Force of *THE LAST REASON OF KINGS*: This is a Motto engraven on the *French King's* Cannon, which he has threatned to carry to the Walls of *Rome*, if the Pope should entrench on the *Gallican* Rights.

But, though they thus disagree in some Niceties of State, yet they, and all the rest of the Nations, within the *Roman* Communion, have but one Form of divine Service, which they call the Mass, and it is the same with the *Grecian* Liturgy. On Festival Days, it is solemnized with Variety of choice Musick and Singing; with innumerable Wax Tapers, burning at Noon Day. I have seen at such a Time sixteen Priests before the Altar, all vested in most costly Silks, embroidered with Gold and Pearls.

They have also many Chapels and Altars in the same Church, and sometimes they celebrate Mass on all the Altars together; differing herein from those of the *Greek* Communion, who have but one Altar in a Temple: For which they plead Antiquity, it never having been known that the primitive *Christians* had any more. On the other Side, the *Romans* plead Conveniency for the Multitude of their Altars; that the Pope has a Power to dispense with the ancient Rites and Traditions in such Cases; and that nothing was more reasonable, than that their Altars should be multiplied, as the Number of their Profelytes and Priests encreased.

I will not pretend to decide this Controversy; permit me only to say, that the faithful *Mussulmans* have more Reason to require several Preachers at the same time in our magnificent Mosques, where it is impossible for all the Auditors, in so vast an Assembly, to hear and understand the Law expounded by one Man, though it be performed in the vulgar Tongue: Whereas, their Service is celebrated in a Language, whereof the Multitude are utterly ignorant. It matters not much whether they are near the Priest at the Altar, or afar off, since they understand not a Word he says; and the *Grecians* judge it sufficient to be present at this their daily Sacrifice, though it be at the very Porch of the Temple.

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Another Difference there is also between these two Churches; the *Roman* allows not a married Priest, unless in some extraordinary Cases, and then the Pope's Dispensation must be procured. But Concubinage is connived at, though forbidden by the Canons of the Church: Whereas thou knowest, that all the *Grecian* Papas marry and get Children.

The *Spaniards*, among all the Nations within the *Roman* Pale, are reckoned the best Catholics, but the worst Christians; the *French* are said to be the best Christians, but the worst Catholics; and the *Italians* are accounted neither Catholics nor Christians.

I know not what Reason they have to state the Difference so between the two former; but the Character of the latter suits in one Respect with the usual Proverb of that Country; it being common in the Mouths of *Italian* Gallants, to say, *He that is a Christian is a Fool*.

The devouter Sort of Catholics pay a great Reverence and Devotion to the Relicks of their Saints. I could not reprehend them for this, if I were sure of two Things, That all those whom they esteem as Saints were really such; and that all the Relicks, they keep with so much Veneration in their Churches, did really appertain to the Persons under whose Names they go: For then it would be no more, than what the true Believers practise throughout the World; and it is well known, that when a Piece of the Garment of our holy Prophet was dipped in the Water which they cast on the Flames of *Constantinople*, the Fire immediately ceased, to which before no Stop could be given by all the Industry and Endeavours of Men. Assuredly, the Bodies of the Prophets and Messengers of God are holy, and have a Power of sanctifying whatever they touch, producing often miraculous Effects; but the Avarice of Men may abuse this Truth to their own private Ends; and the Christians themselves will not believe all to be true Relicks of Saints, which their crafty Priests shew for such.

There are innumerable other Sects of *Christians*, which are neither in Communion with the *Roman* nor the *Grecian* Churches;

Churches; but, accusing them of Idolatry, separate themselves from their Society, and form distinct Congregations. These are not known in *France*, saving only the *Hugonots*, otherwise called *Protestants*: Which last is a Term comprehending all that have revolted from the *Roman Church*, and was first assumed by the Lutherans at *Ausburgh* in *Germany*.

In *England* and *Holland* there are abundance of these Sects, some of them newly sprung up, others of longer Date. And all thus far agree with the *Mussulmans*, that they use not Pictures or Images in their Temples; so that were they rightly instructed in the holy Alcoran, it would not be a Thing altogether impracticable to persuade them to Circumcision. There is a Sect which they call *Socinians*, who seem to preach out of the very Book of Glory, denying the Divinity of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the Christian *Messias*; even as our divine Law-giver does in several Chapters and Versicles of the Alcoran.

The Christian Church seems to be a stately Building, whereof Prelacy is the Corner Stone; if this were removed, all would fall to the Ground. That which they call the Hierarchy, if it could once be dissolved or pulled down, we should soon see all *Christendom* laid in Ruins. This Hierarchy is a gradual Subordination of Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests; the Inferior depending on the Superior, and all deriving their Orders and Dignities from their Chief Patriarchs. These are the Links which compose that Chain that fastens *Christendom* together; were this but once broke, the united Interest of *Europe* would soon fall into Pieces. The Way must be, by beginning at the lowermost Link: Could but the Priests be rendered independent on the Bishops, and on each other, it would be a fair Step towards the dismantling of the Outworks, these Priests drawing infinite Numbers of People after them; as it is apparent in *Geneva*, *Holland*, *Switzerland*, and other Places, where they have quite abolished the Order and Authority of Bishops: And it is observable, that none of these forementioned Countries, since that Time, have ever been instrumental in opposing the victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*: As if, with the Downfall of Episcopacy, the Charm were dissipated, which had for
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Some Ages precipitated these Nations (among others) to a rash and obstinate Resistance of that Force, which is destined by Fate to conquer and reform the World.

Weigh this Thought well, and thou wilt find, that the Order of Bishops is essential and necessary to the good Estate of *Christendom*; and that the only Way for the *Mussulmans* to undermine all *Europe*, will be, to supplant this Order, and introduce an Ecclesiastick Independency among the Priests; by which Means every one shall assume to himself, not only his proper Fragment of the horn Dignity, but the whole fundamental Power of a Bishop, taking upon him to do those Offices, which before it was not accounted lawful for any but a mitred Head to perform. Hence, in Time, will follow innumerable Inconveniencies, Distastes, and Broils; and perhaps as many Schisms, as there are particular Priests to head them: Since every one will be apt to think himself capable of dictating to all the rest, and judge it below him to receive the Law from any. Thus will there be a clear Stage for Ambition, Avarice, and Lust, to act their Parts on: And when, by the Craft of designing Men, and Superstition of Bigots, and the Easiness of the credulous, the greatest Part shall be so divided, that it will be difficult to find two Men of the same Mind in Articles of Faith; it will then be easy, either by thy intelligible Reasons in the Alcoran, or the more cogent Arguments of the Sword, to plant the true and undissolved Faith in these Countries. The Creator of all Things hasten his holy Prophet's Return, that all Nations may embrace his Law, assert his Unity, and be incorporated into the glorious Empire of the *Osmans*.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,

of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

SINCE the Death of King *Levis*, all Mens Eyes and Hearts are fixed upon the Dauphin; who, though he is very young, yet he is a Prince of a forward Genius, and promising Aspect, giving signal Proofs of a martial Spirit.

One Day, seeing the Guards, as they were exercising their Arms, he discovered an extraordinary Complacency, and said to those that stood by; *I had rather be a Soldier than a King*; imagining, from the Softnesses he is accustomed to in these infant Years, that the Life of a Soldier is incompatible with that of a King.

Since that Time, he harrasses his Tutor and Attendants with perpetual Tattle about Guns and Swords. And Cardinal *Mazarini*, not to baffle or check such generous Inclinations, has culled out a Companion for him, agreeable in Temper, only a Year or two older.

These young Sons of *Mars* bestow their Time partly in shooting with little harmless Engines, made on purpose for the Dauphin's Recreation, in Imitation of Guns; sometimes with Bows and Arrows; at other Times they fence with Foiles adapted to their tender Arms, and childish Skill. In these kind of Exercises the Dauphin grows a great Proficient; and it is looked upon as an Omen of his future Warlike Deeds.

A *Spanish* Astrologer has calculated his Nativity. He prophesies strange Things of this young Prince; as that he shall excel all his Royal Ancestors in Feats of Arms; that he shall make the Crown of *France* Imperial, having subdued *Spain*, *Italy*, and *Germany*; that he shall shake the *Ottoman* Empire, but, in the End, shall be deposed by his own Subjects.

I know not what Credit may be given to the Professors of this Science, in Regard the ancient Rules of Astrology, on which the *Chaldeans* and other Eastern Sages grounded their

their Predictions, are now either wholly lost, or so corrupted and obscured by the Comments and Glosses of later Authors, that there are hardly any Footsteps of the original Maxims to be traced. Yet, without troubling Astrologers, Prophets, or Wizards, one may presage from the natural Genius of the Dauphin, that, when he comes to feel his Strength, he will not be idle, but follow his Father's Steps, who, before he was thirteen Years of Age, appeared at the Head of Armies.

The Omnipotent guard our glorious Sultan, and the Empire established by his own Hands, and may his Blessing descend on the Royal Off-spring; that the young Sultan *Mahomet* may perform greater Things, than are prophesied of the *French* Dauphin.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XIX.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

I Remember I promised to send thee farther Advices of the War between *Spain* and *Portugal*, since the late Revolution in those Parts.

The Island of *Tercera* was the only Place that held out against the New King, when all others with Expressions of extraordinary Joy for their Deliverance from the *Castilian* Yoke, submitted to, and acknowledged *D. Juan de Braganza*, as the Lawful Heir of that Crown.

The Resistance, which the Governor of this Island made, obliged the King to send thither a certain Number of Ships of War, to block up the Place, and hinder the Import-ance of any Provisions. And this Course proved successful; for though the *Spaniards* attempted several Times to relieve it, yet their Vessels were either taken by the *Portuguese* Fleet, or sent back again without doing their Errand. So that at length *Don Alvaro de Viweiros*, the Governor, finding himself reduced to great Streights-

for want of Necessaries, without any Hopes of being relieved, was forced to capitulate and surrender.

The New King has made an Alliance with the *Swedes*, which is of no small Advantage to him; having thereby established a Commerce with that Country, and furnishing himself from thence with Powder, Horses, Arms, and all other Provisions of War.

He has also made a Treaty with the *Hollanders*, but not with so good Success as the former. Thou hast heard what Possessions the Kings of *Spain* and *Portugal* have acquired in *America*, they being the first Discoverers of that New World. It happened that, about the Time of the late Revolution in *Portugal*, the *Hollanders* of *Brasil* took from the *Portuguese* the Towns of *Angola*, *St. Thomas*, *Maragnon*, and other Places belonging to *D. Juan de Braganza* in those Parts. The Knowledge of this coming to the *Portuguese* Court caused the King to send his Ambassador to demand of the States the Reason of this Breach. They answer, it was done before the News of the Revolution had reached the *West Indies*. This, with some Acts of Hostility in the Oriental Parts, has lessened the good Understanding which was between them.

In the mean time, the Spight and Hatred of the *Castilians* encreased daily; much Blood was spilt on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, which obliged *D. Juan* to establish six Places of Strength, quartering in them an Army of thirty thousand Men. The *Spaniards*, to oppose these Forces, had likewise four or five Armies in *Castile*. There were many Skirmishes and Encounters, Stratagems and Ambuscades on both Sides; and it was hard to determine who had got the Advantage, till Fortune seemed to favour the Cause of the *Portuguese*.

They had a valiant and expert Commander, who was Governor of one of their Frontier Provinces: His Name is *Fernand Telles de Menezes*. This Hero, animated by the Justice of his Cause, and spur'd on by the natural Ardour of his Spirit, pierced into the Bowels of *Old Castile*, took the Towns of *St. Martin* and *Elges*, demolishing the Castle belonging to the latter, which also commanded all the Country thereabouts; and, being encountered by two thousand five hundred *Spaniards*, he fell
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upon them and cut them all in Pieces. He also rendered himself Master of a strong Place called *Valverde*, which he stored with all sorts of Ammunition, and left a *Portuguese* Garrison in it.

They were no less victorious in another Province, from whence the *Portuguese* Armies rushed into the adjacent Territories of *Spain*, taking the Towns of *Aroches*, *Villa de Rey*, *Codicere*, *Anxinafola*, and other Places of Note, without any Resistance, save that of a few *Castilian* Troops, most of which they took Prisoners, with a Booty of three hundred *Spanish* Gennets. After this, they took *Chelles* by Storm, one of the most considerable Towns in that Part of *Spain*. Nor was the King of *Portugal* only thus successful near Home, but his Affairs prospered also abroad. The Kings of *Goa* and *Maroc* sought his Alliance, with other Princes in the *East Indies*; and, in general, all the Potentates in *Christendom*, excepting only *Spain*, made Friendship with *D. Juan de Braganza*, and espoused his Interests.

There has been a general Assenbly of all the Estates of *Portugal*; wherein the People have testified their Joy and Satisfaction in their new King, by offering him, together with their Lives, the Disposal of their Fortunes, to be employed for the Service of the Crown, and the Release of his Royal Brother *Don Duartus*, of whom I formerly made mention in one of my Letters.

Thou wilt not perhaps think me troublesome, if I relate to thee how the *Spaniards* used this unfortunate Prince after they had imprisoned him: Neither is it altogether impertinent, to let thee see, how spiteful this Nation is in their Revenges, and how cruel in the Execution of their Resentments.

After *Don Duartus* was delivered into the Hands of the Marquis *Castel Rodrigo*, the *Spaniards* gave him not the Entertainment and Respect due to a Prince, but used him like a Slave or Malefactor, causing him to be lodged in a mean dark Chamber, his Hands to be chained every Night, his Robes to be taken from him, none of his Domesticks suffered to come near him, and doing all the Indignities to him that their Malice could suggest, as proper Means to render

render his Imprisonment intolerable, and his Life a Burden. If thou askest me for what Crime it was they thus punished him, I can tell thee of none, unless it were one to be so nearly related to the King of *Portugal*.

But this is not the only Example of the *Spanish* Cruelty; they executed their Revenge on poor unarmed Peasants in the Field; the Duke *de Alva* causing three hundred *Portuguese* Husbandmen, as they were labouring in their Vineyards, to be murdered in cold Blood, sacrificing them, as he said, to the Ghosts of the slaughtered *Castilians*. And it was attributed to their under-hand Insinuations, that four *Portuguese* Ambassadors, with three and fifty of their Train, were barbarously put to Death by the *Japoneses*, against the Law of Nature, and the Sanction of all Nations. Such Violences have never been practised in the *Ottoman* Empire; the Sanctuary of the Earth has not been profaned by an Injustice of so deep a Dye.

There has been lately discovered a second Conspiracy against *Don Juan de Braganza*, wherein were concerned *Don Joseph de Menexiz*, Governor of *St. Julian*, the most important Fortress of all the Kingdom, and *Don Francisco de Lucena*, Secretary of State. These held a private Correspondence with the Duke *de Olivarez*; and it was agreed between them, that the Governor of *Badajoz*, a Subject of the King of *Spain*, should be put in Possession of *St. Julian's* Fort, which is the very Key of *Lisbon*, and that other Places of Strength should be delivered up to such *Spanish* Officers as *Olivarez* appointed. But a Letter which was sent from *Don Juan de Garay*, Governor of *Badajoz*, to the Governor of *St. Lucy's* Fort in *Portugal*, being by Mistake carried to the Hands of the Count *d'Obidos*, a *Portuguese* General, and a faithful Friend to the King, discovered the Intrigue, and the Traytors were seized and brought to condign Punishment.

I cannot at present send thee any more News of the *Portuguese* Affairs. God grant thee a long and happy Life in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU wilt wonder when I tell thee I am melancholy for want of Solitude. That which Administers Occasion of Sadness to others is the only Cure of my Grief. Yet this will not seem a Paradox, when thou considerest, that Conversation is the Air of the Soul, and that he who values the Health and Ease of his Mind, ought to choose such an Element for it to breathe in, as is pure and serene, which is very difficult to find in any Society. This is the Reason that I never think my self more alone, than when I am confined to some Kind of Company.

Thou hast observed, that most Men will ingross all the Talk to themselves; this is very irksome. Yet, I should not grudge them the Monopoly, were their Discourse pertinent and agreeable; but, to be forced to hearken to all their empty Tattle of Hawks and Hounds, Garbs and Fashions, with an endless Jargon of Things less to the Purpose than the former, which will keep their Tongues employed sometimes two or three Hours together; renders their Converse more troublesome, than that of the Spark, who picked up *Horace* in the Streets of *Rome*.

Others are of a quite contrary Humour; and thou mayest as soon get a Word from the *Mufti*, as from them. The fit like Statues, as if they emulated the Character of *Griuli Eben Sagran*, one of the Vizirs of the Bench, who in ten Years, that he had sat in the Divan, was never observed to speak a Syllable.

Yet this sort is more tollerable than the other, who, with their everlasting Chat, rock the Company asleep, and take from them the very Power of Thinking.

However, I prefer the Retirement of my Chamber to both these Inconveniencies. There I can enter into my self, and, by retreating from all Commerce with my Senses,

I find a private back Way to converse with the whole Universe. Think not this a Chimera, or that *Mahmet* pretends to extraordinary Illuminations; 'tis nothing but what every Man may experience, who will but take the Pains to be thoroughly acquainted with himself. If he can but gain a familiar Access to the inward Apartments of his own Breast, he will soon find a Porten there, which will readily open and let him into the most retired Closets of Nature: From thence he may sally forth, and take a better Survey of the World, than he can by his Eyes. Here he will behold all Things undisguised, and in their true Quantities and Qualities. And which is more admirable, he will be able, without the Help of Opticks, to see himself enjoying this Felicity, and to know that he sees it, which is a sufficient Conviction, that he is not in a Dream.

Wouldst thou improve thy Knowledge, affect not a Multitude of Books; there are but few worth the Reading. What is the whole Creation but one great Library; every Volume in which, and every Page in these Volumes, are impressed with radiant Characters of infinite Wisdom. And all the Perfections of the Universe are contracted with such inimitable Art in Man, that he needs no other Book but himself to make him a complete Philosopher. Thou wilt say that this requires too great an Abstractedness of Mind, and is very painful. I tell thee my dear Friend, I am extremely subject to Melancholy; whose Effect, thou knowest, is to render one very thoughtful, and those Thoughts rack the Soul with intolerable Anguish. Yet I do not fly from them, as generally Men are accustomed, neither do I seek to drown them in Wine, or chase them away with any sociable Divertisements. My usual Way is, to bid them Battel, oppose Thoughts against Thoughts; and with the Dint of Reason to subdue this peevish Humour. To this End, I hunt up and down for my Enemy, and rummage every Corner of my Soul, pursuing the Cause of my Sadness, with such Arguments as these: Why should I be melancholy, who possess nothing that I fear to lose, and yet enjoy all that I could wish for, were I without what I now possess? I am a *Mussulman*, and therefore under the Protection of God.

God: I serve his Vicegerent, the *Grand Signior*, faithfully, and find Acceptance with the Bassas of the *Porte*: I am in *France*, yet cannot call it a Foreign Country, since Innocence and Virtue naturalize a Man in all Parts of the World. I cannot say I am unfortunate, so long as I have no Vice for which I need either to blush or grow pale. If I am slandered this ought to be an Occasion of Joy, since it ranks me with Men of the greatest Merit, who could never escape the Calumnies of the Envious. And I have no reason to triumph in that I find no Inclination to revenge myself, but rather to pity my Traducers. If any Man could play the Satyrist with my Deformity, and rudely descant on my ugly Countenance, or the Disproportion of my Limbs; there is no more Reason to be grieved at this, than to be affronted at the Wind for blowing off my Hat, or the Rain for wetting my Cloaths, or a Dog for barking at me as I go along the Streets, the one being as natural as the other.

Thus I argue with myself, dear *Oglou*, when assaulted with Melancholy; these are the Remedies which I apply to that black Distemper of the Mind: And sometimes I go farther, if these will do no good: I then ask myself, whether it be the fear of Death that thus perplexes me? And here begins my Cure. This kindles the brightest spark of Reason, which in a Moment disperses all the Mists. The dismal Pageantry of Chimeras vanishes, and all the Tragick Pomp of Grief straight disappears. Not that I would have thee think I am fond of dying, but I consider Death as the unavoidable Fate of all Men; and, that therefore it is reasonable to be chearful, since that which no Man can escape will one Time or other release me and every Man from the Miseries of this Life. This Thought recovers me from the worst Effects of Melancholy; and, I believe, the Damned themselves would sometimes be in a good Humour, if they had but the least Glimpse of Hope, that they should one Day be delivered from their Torments. For, whatsoever sorts of Men are in this Life, I cannot think there be any Stoicks in Hell.

And now I have entertained thee with Company and Solitude, with Books and Men, with Life and Death, with

with Earth and Hell; let us take one Step farther, and refresh ourselves with the Remembrance of Heaven, the Joys of the Blessed in *Paradise*; which certainly is the best Relief of anxious Thoughts, the most perfect Cure of Melancholy, the Guide of Life, and the Comfort of Death.

God grant that thou and I may see each other, and drink together in the Arbours of *Eden*, and kiss the Daughters of *Paradise*.

Paris, 14th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXI.

To the Tasterdar, or Lord Treasurer.

Kingdoms and Empires (like Men) have their lucky and unlucky Seasons. *Spain* seems for a considerable Time to have been under a Cloud, as if her Guardian Fate began to droop, and were not strong enough to check the rising Grandeur of *France*.

It has been an old Observation, that those whom God consigns over to Ruin, he first infatuates. It was a great Oversight in *Don Francisco de Melo*, to constitute the Duke of *Albuquerque* the General of his Horse: For he thereby so disgusted the *Spanish* Officers in his Army, that emulating the Honour of this young *Portuguese*, the greatest Part of them deserted, in the very Nick of Time, when their Presence was most necessary to confirm the Battalions, already shrinking from the furious Onset of the *French*.

This gave the young Duke of *Anguien* an entire Victory, and has crowned him with glorious Lawrels, while *Don Francisco de Melo*, by this ill Conduct, has quite lost his Reputation, and is forced to resign up his Commission to another.

This Battel was fought before *Rocroy*, and may be reckoned as a Parrallel with that bloody Battel of *Leipsick*, between the *Imperialists* and *Swedes*, on the 7th of the 9th Moon.

Moon, of the Year 1631, a Day which was remarkable at *Constantinople*, on the Account of that terrible Lightning, which surprized the late Sultan *Amurath* in his Bed. Many other extraordinary Events signalized this Day in *England*, *France*, *Germany*, and other Places; which occasioned the great Astrologer *Nerlicius*, to call it a Day of Blood.

Such another was this unfortunate Day to the *Spaniards*, at the forementioned Battle of *Rocroy*; where they lost an infinite Number of Men, with all their Field-pieces, and a hundred and fifty Colours.

He that created the Moon and the Constellations in Heaven, to distinguish the Times and Seasons, guard thee from the Influence of malignant Stars, and from the Destroyer, who ranges the World on certain Critical Days.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXII.

To the Vizir Azem at the Port.

IT is Time, it is high Time, most sage Minister, for the *Ottoman* Sword, the Sword of Justice, to be unsheathed, not against an open Enemy, but against its professed Friends and Subjects. The Head of the *Bassa* of *Cyprus* is become a Burden to him, as likewise those of *Mitylene*, *Scio* and *Lemnos*. They plot Mischief against the Throne that is established in Equity; they are ungrateful to their Sovereign, who hath exalted them; they are become unworthy of the Honours, with which they are dignified.

I could hardly believe the first Reports of this Treason, untill I was at length fully convinced by undeniable Testimonies, that it was too true.

Yet, it is a Secret even in the *French* Court. I alone have discovered this Mystery, by the Means of a *Jew* and a *Græcian*,

a *Græcian*, both my Agents in those Parts, and Men whom I can confide in.

The Business is this. The Bassas and Governors of the Isles before mentioned have conspired together to divide themselves from the Body of the *Ottoman* Empire, and to make the Islands of the *Egean* Sea a Commonwealth independent on the Throne which governs the World. The Bassa of *Cyprus* is the Ring-leader of this Conspiracy, and that Island is to be the Capital Seat of their new Republick.

The Governors of the five greater Isles are to be called the Sovereign Counsellors of State. By these all the Affairs of the *Archipelago* are to be managed. Only the Bassa of *Cyprus* shall be supreme, and have the casting Voice in all Cases of Dispute.

The enclosed Papers contain the perfect Model of their new Government, the Articles and Propositions on which this rebellious designed Commonwealth is to be built, with the Names of the chief Conspirators subscribed.

Permit me, sage Minister, to set before thy Eyes the Occasions of these treacherous Designs.

It has been the Custom of the *Porte* to connive for a considerable Time at the Oppressions, Rapines, and Exactions of the Bassas and Governors of Provinces; to suffer them to harraßs the People under their Jurisdiction; to pillage and spoil them of their Money, Goods, and Estates, untill they have amassed together vast Sums of Money. And then it has been as usual for the Sultans, upon the least Complaint, to send the Bow-String to the Criminal Bassa.

Whatever may be pleaded in Defence of this Method in former Times, my Opinion is, that it may prove dangerous now. And, if I may be permitted to speak freely, I have Reason to think, that this was one Ground of the designed Treason in the Isles of the *Egean* Sea.

Formerly, those who were removed to these Commands, were not so well versed in the Maxims of Policy, nor so apprehensive of the Cabinet Secrets of State. But now the Age is refined, Men are more subtle, jealous and selfish

ish than they were ; Nature teaches all Men to preserve their Lives with utmost Diligence.

The Bassa of *Cyprus*, who is the Ring-leader of this conspiracy, has been let alone in a long Course of Tyranny and Oppression over his Subjects; by which Means he has heaped to himself prodigious Treasures. His guilty Mind told him, that Complaints would be made against him, and that one time or other he must be strangled. He knew that his Gold would be better thought to become the Sultan's Seraglio than his own ; and that he had been long enough in his Office, to serve the Politick Ends of State.

Revolving those Things in his Mind, he quickly concluded, that the Crimes he had been guilty of in his Government would draw upon him inevitable Ruin, unless he prevented it by committing greater. And that, as Oppression of his Subjects had made him Rich, so Treason against his Sovereign must make him safe. He communicates his Thoughts to some of his trusty Friends and confidants. They encourage him to proceed, representing to him the Natural Strength of the Island, seconded by Abundance of strong Forts and Castles : That the Soldiers might easily be won to his Party by Money, and the inhabitants might be pacified by some publick Restitutions, and other Acts of Indulgence.

Thus was the Foundation laid of this formidable Treason, which soon gathered Strength by the Accession of more Conspirators, till at length all the Isles aforesaid were engaged in the disloyal League.

I will not presume to dictate what is to be done in this Case. I leave that to thy oraculous Sentence. But permit me to suggest my Thoughts of a proper Means to prevent the like Miscarriages for the future. And that is by executing timely and impartial Justice. It seems to me not only a Reflection on the Justice of the Imperial Sword, but also on the Politicks of the Royal Cabinet, to suffer a Bassa to grow rich by Oppression of the people under his Command. For, when he has thus plundered his Subjects to fill his own Coffers, he has armed himself with the very Sinews and Nerves of Rebellion ;

Money

Money being that, which gives Life and Motion to great and bold Undertakings.

Therefore, it will be better not to countenance the least Oppression in these great Men, whereby they may at once be tempted, through the Conscientiousness of their Crimes, and strengthened by their ill gotten Wealth to rebel against their lawful Sovereign. Let *Alger*, *Sidon*, *Algiers*, *Tunis*, and *Tripoli*, be Precedents of this Kind. By Justice the Throne is best and most securely established: Nothing unjust and violent is permanent.

God overthrow the Devices of these Traytors, and crown our glorious Sultan with Success.

Paris, 26th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIII.

To Chiurgi Muhammet, Bassa.

I Have been in this City very near six Years, and I will be expected, that in all this Time I have made some profitable Remarks on the Nature of the French, the Intrigues of the Court, the Policy of the State, the Discipline of their Armies, and the Strength of the Kingdom.

Some Observations I have already communicated to the Ministers of the Divan, and to others of my Friends at the Sublime *Porte*. All my Letters are made common to the happy Slaves of him who Rules the World. Thou hast heard of the Death of a potent King, a great Queen, and a mighty Favourite: Now let us change the Scene, and pass from the melancholy Themes of Death, the unavoidable Fate of Mortals, to the sprightly Joys of Life, the blooming Years of an infant King, who takes an early Leap from his Cradle to a Throne. Thou wilt not expect I should speak much of him, who as yet can say but little of himself. However, in passing by this little great

it would be ill Manners not to pay him a Salute or
 nge; who, though young, seems no Novice in Puncti-
 of Courtship, as appears by his Address to the Bi-
 who baptized him; (if thou knowest not what that
 ans, it is the first Ceremony whereby they are made
 ristians, and it answers to our Circumcision.) As soon
 the Mystery was performed, this young Prince, with
 assured Countenance, and becoming Gravity, spoke
 to the Prelate: *My Father, I humbly thank you, and*
will be eternally obliged to you: My Parents gave me only
earthly Crown, but you have made me Heir of the
Kingdom of Heaven.

There were present, the Queen, the Princess of Conde,
 Cardinal *Maxarini*, with divers other Persons of Qua-

The whole Assembly were astonished at the Child's
 expression, (being but about four Years of Age) taking
 for an Omen of his future Piety and extraordinary Ac-
 ns. He discovers a prompt Wit in all his Discourse,
 ng but few Words, and those very apposite. His
 sole Deportment is graceful, and surprisngly regu-
 attended with a Discretion, which is not looked
 but from those of riper Years. In fine, Nature
 ms to have fitted him for the Empire to which he is
 n.

In the mean Time, as if Infant Governors were now
 some fashionable, there are several made Bishops and
 bots, while they are yet in the Cradle. This the in-
 or Clergy stomach, and the Laity grumble, saying,
 at there are like to be good Times in *France*, when
 se who are styled the Fathers of the Church are Babies.
 is Cardinal *Maxarini*'s Policy, to fasten the Nobility
 the Interests of the Crown, by thus honouring their
 ildren with the principal Dignities of the Church.
 d, thou wilt say, he is a wise Man in so doing,
 en thou considerest, how great a Share the Bishops
 other Ecclesiasticks have in the Wealth of the
 nd. And that he could not do the King a better Ser-
 e, than by disposing of these Preferments, to such
 would not only thereby be obliged to Loyalty them-
 es, but would also link the Families to which they
 ong to the Royal Cause.

Thou

Thou wilt better comprehend the Policy of this Minister, in thus endeavouring to secure the dignity of the Clergy, when thou weighest their Strength, and considerest their Numbers.

There are in *France* 12 Archbishopricks, 104 Bishopricks; Convents of the greater Order 540, Convents of the lesser Order 12320, Abbies 1450, Nunneries 6700 Friaries, 259 Seminaries of the Order of the Knights of *Malta*, 27400 Parish-Churches, Hospitals 540, private Chapels or Oratories 9000. To fill all these I reckon 226000 Religious, or Dervises, besides 130000 Parish-Priests.

It has been usual to take an Estimate of the Glory and Riches of a Prince from the Number of his People; but I would not have thee think the *French King* the wealthiest for this prodigious Number of Devotees; the greatest Part of which he has more Reason to look upon as an Army of Enemies, than Subjects. Indeed, the Interest of the Archbishops, Bishops, and Parish-Priests, twisted with that of the Crown; but the Monks and Friars are the Creatures of the Pope, and all of them together are not maintained with less Cost, than the fourth Part of the Revenues of *France*, out of which, in former Times, there went yearly a Million of Crowns to the Court of *Rome*.

I cannot perceive wherein consists the Policy of draining so many Nests of spiritual Leeches, who suck the very Blood and Vitals of the Nation; one would think it were sufficiently drained by the Royal Customs, Taxes, and Imposts.

These Kings have monopolized all the Salt of the Kingdom into their own Hands, which they compel the Subjects to buy of them at their own Rates. To the End, they have Officers in all Parts, who vend it to them. It looks, as if they took care to preserve the Subjects from Corruption, and were afraid, lest they should putrefy alive; there being not a Man in all the Dominions, who is not obliged to take the Quantity which the Officers impose on him, except in some particular Provinces, which, for Reasons of State, or Treaty, are exempted. The Revenue, which arises

the King from this Commodity, amounts to near three Millions of Crowns yearly. He hath eight Millions more coming in by Subsidies from the Peasants; besides many particular Imposts on Flesh, Wine, and other Commodities. Yet, he loses a considerable Part of his Revenues, by farming them out to his Subjects, or mortgaging them in Time of War for ready Money. He has no less than thirty thousand Officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his Revenues, whose Pensions and Salaries lessen the King's Income by above half; so that out of fourscore Millions of Crowns which are yearly squeezed from the People, scarce thirty Millions come entire into the King's Coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the Improvidence of these Infidel Kings, and at the same Time condemn their Tyranny and Injustice, who oppress, plunder, and ruin those that furnish them with all Necessaries for human Subsistence, to enrich (not themselves, but) a Company of greedy Caterpillars; for such, and no better, are those who gather their Revenues. It is not so in the sacred Empire of the *Osmons*, where Justice has erected her Throne, and Oppression dares not shew her Face.

But the *French* seem born for Slavery, they bear it so patiently, without ever aspiring after a Redemption. The Christians exclaim against our Janizaries, accusing them of Insolence, Oppression, Rapine, and all the Vices to which a licentious Soldiery are usually addicted; but these are Trifles to what the *French* Dragoons commit, when quartered upon the poor Country-people: They rob them of all they have, practising a thousand Villanies, to which the Janizaries are wholly Strangers; Adulteries pass for Gallantry with them, and Rapes are counted but the Excess of an immoderate Passion; the Husband must stand quietly, whilst his Wife is in the Arms of a domineering Hector; the Father must behold his Daughter despoiled, without discovering the least Regret. These are the Methods by which this People are mortified, and they seem to be stupid under their Calamities, not having Courage enough left to meditate a Redress, unless it be by becoming Soldiers themselves; for of such as these is the Infantry of *France* composed. Hence it is not to be

be admired, that they are esteemed the feebleſt, baſeſt and moſt deſpicable Soldiers of any in *Europe*; ſince not the Purſuit of Honour, nor Love to their Country, induces them to take up Arms, but Deſpair of living otherwiſe, being reduced to the moſt rigorous Extremities on this ſide Famine.

Live thou in the Honour with which God and our Emperor have inveſted thee, and conſerve thy Virtue which will raiſe thee yet higher. Forget not to have *Mabmut* ſometimes in thy Thoughts, who loves thee with a true Heart, and ſerves thee with Alacrity.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIV.

To Egry Boinou, a white Ennuch.

THE *French* Kings ſteer their Courſe by other Maxims of Policy, than thoſe which are practiſed at the Sublime *Porte*. It ſeems, they are not apprehenſive of any ambitious Deſigns in the Princes of the Blood; ſince they not only allow them Liberty, but alſo load them with Honours.

Thou haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of *Henry* the IVth this King's Grandfather, and of the paſſionate Love he bore to Ladies. Among the reſt of his Miſtreſſes, none poſſeſſed a larger Share of his Affections, than the Dutcheſs of *Beaufort*; by her he had two Sons, the eldeſt is called *Alexander*, the other *Cæſar*. They are both now living, and enjoy great Preferments; the Firſt being made Grand Prior of the *French* Knights of *Malta*, which is a Dignity next to that of Maſter of the Order, who commands the whole Iſland. It is obſervable, that this *Alexander*, during his Father's Life-time, had attained no higher than to be made a Knight; but as ſoon as his Brother *Lewis* XIII. came to the Crown, he procured him the Honour he now has. The ſecond Brother alſo is made

made Governor of *Brettagne*, and married to the Duke of *Mercaur's* Daughter. By which Means, he is become one of the richest Peers in *France*. King *Henry* had also two other Sons, one of his own Name, whom he got on the Marchioness of *Verneville*; he is now a Bishop and Abbot, which are considerable Dignities in the Church. The other Son they call *Antoine*, whose Mother was the Countess of *Morret*. He also is invested with the like Ecclesiastical Honours as his Brother *Henry*. These four Brothers, though by the *French* esteemed as Bastards (because born of the King's Concubines) are nevertheless entrusted with the Offices and Preferments already mentioned, without any Jealousy that they will be guilty of sinister Practices to embroil the State, or gain the Crown. And, if I may speak freely, there seems to be more of Humanity and Justice in this Course, then in that cruel Custom of our Sultans, who no sooner ascend the Throne, but all their Brethren are immediately sacrificed to their Suspicion and the Ends of State; or, if they chance to escape the Bow-string, are detained their whole Life-time in a close Imprisonment, which is worse than Death.

Lewis XIII. has also left another Brother behind him, born of the same Mother as himself. They call him, the Duke of *Orleans*; a Man of a daring Spirit, and great Resolution. He has but newly come to the Court, having been banished for some Enterprizes against his Brother.

It was the Opinion of the *French*, that this Prince would have a Share in the Regency; but *Lewis* would by no Means consent to it, to the Prejudice of his Queen, whom he left entirely possessed of the Sovereign Power, till the young King comes of Age. However, as yet he holds a seeming Correspondence with the Duke of *Orleans*, and the Prince of *Conde*; by whose Mediations, several Grandees, who were Prisoners of State, are now released, and make their Appearance at the Court.

From hence thou mayest gather, that Things are not managed here with such Rigour and Severity, as at *Con-*

Constantinople, where the Commands of our invincible Emperors are impetuous, and Execution swift.

There is a Bishop to whom the Queen-Regent seems to be inclined. He has the Character of a very good Man, but they say, he is too simply honest for a Courtier, and that Cardinal *Mazarini* will over-reach him. However, the Prelate has the Queen's Ear at present, and his Creatures extol him for a Man of great Abilities. 'Tis said, the Queen has writ to the Pope, desiring a Cardinal's Hat for him: And some whisper, that he will be made the Prime Minister, in the Room of *Mazarini*. To speak my Sentiment, I wish he were; for there seems not so much Reason to apprehend from his Counsels any notable Design against the *Ottoman Porte*, as from those of the Cardinal, whom I look upon as a Second *Richlieu*. Here are several Interests on Foot; the whole Court is divided into Factions, striving to undermine and supplant each other.

It is not here as in *Turkey*, where the greatest Basso are but the Sultan's Slaves. The Princes of *France* are equal to some Sovereign Kings; and, upon the least Grudge, will raise Armies, and give the King Battle, if he does not come to their Terms, and make a satisfactory Composition. Neither dares the King put any of them to Death, for fear of the People, who generally take their Part, being greedy of Novelties and prone to rebel.

Wouldst thou know, by what Means the Nobility of *France* arrived to such a dangerous Power? I tell thee, in a Word, the Kings themselves have put a Sword into their Hands, which they spare not to draw, when their Ambition or Discontent prompts them to it. They are freed from all Tribute and Homage; have the Command of whole Provinces committed to them, in which are great Numbers of walled Towns, Forts and Castles. These great Charges procure them the Esteem and Veneration of the People living under their Government: who honour them as Kings, and readily take up Arms in their Viadication.

The Queen-Regent is fearful, lest they should take advantage of her Son's Minority; and, under Pretence of reforming the State, or serving the King's Interest, they should involve the Kingdom in Civil Wars. She keeps a strict Watch over the Duke of Orleans, and observes the Prince of Conde's Motions: Her Guards are doubled, and she neglects nothing that may assure the interests of the Crown.

Thou, who standest by the Silent Fountain, and art near the Person of the *Grand-Signior*, think of doing *Mahmut* some good Office, who loves cordially, serves faithfully, and prays fervently for the Health and long Life of our glorious Sultan, and wishes thee thy Fill of Happiness.

Paris, 27th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXV.

To the Captain Bassa.

HERE are arrived several Hundreds of Slaves, who have manumitted themselves by a bold Adventure; an Exploit, which, to give them their due, has something in it of Bravery. The Place of their Captivity was *Alexandria*; thou knowest the Circumstances of that Haven: What Hazards will not the Desire of Liberty put Men upon? There were several Thousands of *Franks* in the City, whom the Restraint and Rigours of Servitude had made weary of their Lives. Among the Rest, a Native of *Brabant*, who having been bred up in the Art of distilling Strong Waters, his Patron hired him a Shop, furnishing him with all Materials and Necessaries to prosecute his Calling, in hopes of very profitable Returns. To this Man's Shop there was a great Resort of all the *Franks* in the City, by which Means he improved his Trade, and thrived mightily. He was a bold Fellow, and took a particular Pride in great Attempts; and

H 2

though

though he might have lived very happily, and enriched himself by his own Occupation, yet he had another Sort of Chymistry to practise; being resolved to draw his Fellow Slaves, (who were now become his Customers) off from the Lees of Despair, and elevate them to a Resolution of seeking their Freedom. He often harangued them on this Subject, and a strict Intelligence was held between all the *European Slaves* in that City. At length, it was agreed amongst them, to seize a certain Vessel, that lay in the Harbour, and commit themselves to the Winds and Waves. This was carried on with so much Secrecy, and so dextrous a Conduct, that unsuspected, above two Thousand of them got a-board, and put out to Sea. The Wind favouring them, they first arrived at *Candia*, where they landed some Hundreds of their Crew; after this, they touched at *Malta*, where they disposed of others; then at *Livorno* in *Italy*, and lastly came safe to *Marseilles*, where the Remainder came a-shore. These are Natives of *France, England, Brabant, and Holland*, with two *Spanish Priests*.

The Inhabitants of *Paris* are very charitable to them, especially the Merchants, who traffick in the *Levant*, of which there are great Numbers in this City. The Clergy also have made a Collection for them; and, it is said, the Queen-Regent has ordered her Almoner to distribute three Thousand Crowns among them.

They inveigh bitterly against the *Mussuimans*, cursing our holy Prophet, and thanking their good Stars, for thus fortunately redeeming them from an insupportable Slavery. I cannot see wherein they merit Blame in all this; it being natural for all Men to covet Liberty; and to rejoice when they have escaped any Misfortune. I protest, I cannot be angry with them in my Heart for any Thing, but the Blasphemies they vomit against the Messenger of God. The rest are Actions, as natural as to eat and drink. Self-Preservation being common to all Animals, there seems as much Reason to condemn a Bird that chirps and triumphs when she feels herself upon the Wing, ranging the balmy Air, being newly released from the Cage, as

to find fault with these Fellows, for rejoicing that they have escaped the Confinement and Hardships of Captivity.

However, it was an unpardonable Neglect of the Guards who belong to that City, to suffer these Infidels thus to give them the Slip. So culpable a Remissness may cost some of them their Heads.

The Great God, whose Power is manifested in the Ocean as well as on the dry Land, furnish thee with as favourable Winds as these Fugitives had, when thou failest to execute the Orders of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To Mustapha Guir, an Eunuch Page.

THIS Court has within these three Days put on another Face than it had ever since the Royal Obsequies were performed. One would hardly think it the same, were it not for the Mourning they still wear, on the Account of the late King's Death. This is a Formality used all over Christendom in such Cases, and serves for a Disguise to Hypocrites. The *French* Grandees make use of it to maske their several politick Designs. They wear Black, the Emblem of Sadness, to denote their Grief for the dead Monarch, and yet they feast and revel, to the end they may send more of the Royal Blood after him. The Matter I am going to inform thee of is tragical in it self; and had been worse, but for the Prevention of Providence.

Three Days ago, the Princes of the Blood, with divers of the Prime Nobility, were invited to a Feast by the Queen's Order. The Place, where it was kept, is called the *New Castle*. It is needless for me to describe the magnificent Entertainment; thou mayest conclude, all things were performed with great Cost and Majesty. They

banqueted with Wine to Excess; insomuch, as the Duke of Orleans, about Midnight, walking through a Gallery, was so inebriated with the Juice of the Grape, that he fell asleep on a Couch, which stood about the middle of the Walk; he was wrapt in his Cloak, a Garment well known in the Court, by the large Diamond that buttoned it before; but no Body came by that way, till two Hours afterwards, a certain French Lord, passing to his Lodging, took Notice of a Man asleep on the Couch, and drawing nearer knew it to be the Duke. Wondering what should be the Meaning of it, he enquired of the Duke's Page, that stood not far off, who told him, *His Master was overcome with Wine.* The Lord not thinking it convenient to leave a Prince of the Blood in such a Place at that Time of the Night, caused his Servants to take him up and carry him to his own Lodgings, who, for the greater Conveniency, left his Cloak behind upon the Couch. As soon as they were gone, the Duke's Page puts on the Cloak, and, being also tired with watching, laid himself down to sleep. The Duke not long afterwards awakes, and called for his Page, not knowing where he was. The Servants of the French Lord immediately ran to the Page, but found him dead upon the Couch, being stabbed through the Heart. Thou mayest imagine what a Surprize the whole Court was in, when this Accident was known. Next Morning, strict Inquisition was made into this Affair, but nothing brought to light; only it was observed, That about three a-Clock in the Morning, an unknown Person was seen by the Centinels to be set into Cardinal Mazarini's Apartment. The Business is hushed up; yet People spare not to whisper, that the Cardinal was privy to the Murder; adding that the Blow was given by Mistake, the Page being supposed to be the Duke, as he lay wrapt up in that remarkable Cloak. It is common in these Infidel Countries, for great Men to hire Russians to execute their Revenge. And these Fellows are as prompt and dextrous at a private Murder, as our Mutes are to execute the Pleasure of the Grand Signior, when he commands them to strangle any offending Bassa. But they will have half the Price of their Villainy beforehand, and the Residue when it is accomplished. Thus

is innocent Blood become a Merchandise: They traffick for Assassinations; and a Man cannot call his Life his own, since at that very Instant it may be bought by another. I have not heard that such a detestable Wickedness has ever been practised in the Empire of the *Mussulmans*, much less in the Seraglios of our Sultans, which are the Mansions of Justice and Virtue.

One of the *Grande*s of *France*, (whom they call the Duke of *Beaufort*) takes incessant Pains to find out the Author of this Murder. He is a mortal Enemy of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and would give half the Revenue of his Dukedom, could he remove him out of the Kingdom. He insinuates very plausible Suspicions into the Minds of the Courtiers, to render him odious. He dares not openly accuse him of being accessary to the Page's Death, having no evident Proofs against him; but he endeavours to create in all Men a Belief that he had a hand in it. He has consulted a Magician, who has shewed him the Figure of the Murderer in a Glass, and by another Effect of his Enchantments, has presented him with a Picture drawn from the Magical Portraiture in the Glass, which the Duke had caused to be imitated by the skilfullest Masters in *France*, sending the Copies in great Numbers to all Parts of the Kingdom, with Orders to the Governors of Towns and Cities, especially such as are on the Frontiers and Sea-Coasts, to cause all Travellers to be brought before them, and confronted with the Picture; that so (if possible) the Murderer may be discovered, who will not fail to be put to all the Tortures they can invent, to draw a Confession from him, *That Cardinal Mazarini had contrived the Murder of the Duke of Orleans, though by mistake it was executed on his Page.* But the Cardinal is even with him, having accused him to the Queen, of designing to murder him; whereupon the Duke is sent Prisoner to the Castle of the Wood of *Vinciennes*. This makes the Creatures of *Beaufort*, to murmur and say, There is a higher Hand than the Cardinal's alone, in the Contrivance of this Murder. Libels are scattered up and down the Streets; and it is said, That the Ghost of the Page has been often seen to walk in the Royal Apartments.

In the mean Time, I wait all Opportunities to do the *Grand Signior* some effectual Service, snatching every Contingency which may advance the *Ottoman* Interest. Neither am I forgetful to oblige my Friends.

The Great God preserve thee from untimely Death, and give thee Favour with the Sultan.

Paris, 30th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

L E T T E R XXVII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother.

WHEN I wrote last to thee, I thought I should have taken a farther Journey than thou: *Asia* was the designed Stage of thy Travel; but I looked on my self, at that Time, as bound for another World: And therefore, having no hopes of ever seeing thee again in this, I gave thee a solemn Adieu. It is now four Years since that Letter was writ, during which, thou hast seen many strange Things in the *East*, while I have observed some Remarkables in the *West*. Thou art returned safe to *Constantinople*, and I am still alive in *Paris*. I am overjoyed to hear I have a Brother living; I hope thou wilt not be sorry, that I have hitherto escaped the Stroke of Death. We two are the only surviving of all our Race; let us love one another, as though there were nothing else in the World for us to love. As for our Mother, I know not whether she be on Earth or in *Paradise*. The last Letter she sent me expressed her Grief for the Death of her second Husband, since which eighteen Moons are elapsed, and I have heard nothing of her. I desire thee, if thou hast any Tenderness for *Mabmut*, to satisfy me whether she is living or dead. Perhaps she is married again, and may be removed into some unknown Country. I am perplexed with a Thousand Anxieties about her.

Remember, That the Tribe, to which we belong, was none of the most obscure in *Arabia*. Let us imitate the Virtues of our Kindred, without meddling with their Vices;

in such a Family it will not be difficult to find some good Examples, and such as are worthy to be followed. Let us learn Temperance from one, Prudence from another, Magnanimity from a third, and the Rules of Piety and Justice from them all. This I take to be a proper Method to acquire an Excellency in Virtue, and to root good Habits in us; it being certain, that practical Examples have more Influence on Men, than the most pithy and sage Instructions. Who can reflect on the incomparable Modesty of *Useph*, my Father's Brother, and not be charmed? Thou mayest remember with how sweet a Grace of Mildness and Condescension, all his Actions were adorn'd. He was esteem'd the most polite Man in those Parts. From him we may learn to bear Injuries patiently, and not to grow peevish at the Impertinencies of the Vulgar: Not to be of a rugged Temper, fierce or revengeful, but to be always of an even Deportment, pursuing all Men with Civilities and good Offices; the very Nature of which brings its own Reward along with it (if there were no other;) the Mind being fed with an inexpressible Complacency, after such generous Performances.

Mehmet Ali, our Kinsman, was a Man of singular Government and Moderation. He was neither vainly fond of his Friend, nor humorous or cold. He rejected Flatterers, and was not concerned at Slanderers. He was neither Superstitious nor Prophane; Liberal without Pride, Frugal without Avarice, and in all Things he carried himself with exquisite Sobriety and Reason.

Such Men as these we ought to set before us, as Patterns of a good Life; and, in following their Steps, we shall honour the Family from which we descend.

In perusing thy Letter, I find thou hast made some profitable Remarks in thy Travels. Thou hast been at the Courts of several Great and Illustrious Princes; and returnest Home enrich'd with a Treasury of Jewels, of a far higher Price than Rubies and Diamonds. The Knowledge, which thou hast purchased, is a Merchandise for Kings, and will render thee acceptable to the Sovereigns of the Earth. Thou hast improved much in a little Time, and shalt reap the Honour and Profit of thy Experience all the Days of thy Life.

It will be a kind Office, if thou wilt gratify thy Brother with some of those choice Observations thou hast made. I have a particular Desire, to be informed of many Things in the *Indies*. Our Cousin *Isouf* is covetous of his Memoirs; he will not impart any thing to me, though he has likewise traversed all the *East*. I would fain know the Age and Character of the present *Mogul*. Here is a *Portuguese* in the City, with whom I sometimes converse: He has been at *Indostan*, and says, that the present Emperor of that Country is a Man of no great Abilities, suffering his Affairs to be managed by the Conduct of Women; That he has more than ordinary Familiarity with one of his Daughters; That he has four Sons, whom he has made Sovereigns of Provinces: They are Princes of active Spirits; and, he says, it is feared, they will one Day depose their Father.

He tells a remarkable Story of the *Grand Mogul's* being once in Danger of his Life; which, because it hath something in it very extraordinary, I will in Brief relate it to thee.

It happened that this Prince was riding on one of his Elephants in the Province of *Cashemire*, when suddenly the Beast grew raging mad, (it seems it is the Nature of these Animals, when they are stung with Lust, at certain Times of the Year, to fall into a kind of Phrenzy, which, if not timely obviated, will last forty Days.) He, whose Office it was to manage the Elephant, perceiving that the King's Life was in apparent Danger, through the furious Humour of the Beast, had not time to say any more to the King, but only these Words: *There is but this only way to save your Life, that I sacrifice mine to the Elephant, which I freely do, as an unfeigned Testimony of my Loyalty.* With that, he cast himself at the Elephant's Feet, which immediately took him up with his Trunk, and killed him, and so became pacified. The King, astonished at so surprising an Accident, and to testify his Gratitude for so unparallel'd a Fidelity, sent for this Man's Sons, and having asked them, whether they could have Resolution enough to follow their Father's Example in such a Case; to which they all answering, *That his Majesty might see it immediately, if he pleased to give but*

the Word; the King caused rich Vests to be bestowed on every one of them, with other Presents, and made them the Chief Masters of his Elephants throughout the Empire. The *Portuguese* added, that, in token of Thankfulness to Heaven for so signal a Preservation, the Emperor gave Royal and Munificent Alms to all the Poor in that Province, vowing, never to ride again on an Elephant, since it had cost him the Life of one of his most faithful Servants.

If thou hast met with any Instances of so remarkable a Virtue, insert them in thy Letter; for, whatever may be in the *East*, a Man may live whole Ages in these *Western* Parts, before he shall find such unshaken Fidelity in a Servant. The King Eternal cast an Eye of Favour on thee, and reward thee for the Love thou bearest to our glorious Sultan.

Paris, 16th of the 12th Moon,

of the Year 1643.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Ibrahim Haly Cheik, a Man of the Law.

HERE is a Man come to this City, if he may be called a Man, who pretends to have lived above these sixteen hundred Years. They call him *The Wandring Jew*. But some say, he is an Impostor. He says of himself, that he was Usher of the Divan in *Jerusalem*, (the *Jews* call it the Court of Judgment) where all Criminal Causes were tried, at the Time when *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Christians* Messias, was condemned by *Pontius Pilate*, the *Roman* President. That his Name was *Michob Ader*; and that for thrusting *Jesus* out of the Hall, with these Words, *Go, why tarriest thou?* The Messias answered him again, *I go, but tarry thou 'till I come*; thereby condemning him, to live 'till the Day of Judgment. He pretends to remember the Apostles that lived in those Days, and that he him-
self

self was baptized by one of them; that he has travelled through all the Regions of the World, and so must continue to be a Vagabond until the Messias shall return again. They say, that he heals Diseases, by touching the Party affected. Divers other Miracles are ascribed to him by the Ignorant and Superstitious: But the Learned, the Noble and the Great, censure him as a Counterfeit or a Madman. Yet there are, who affirm, that it is one convincing Argument of the Reality of his Pretence, that he has hitherto escaped a Prison, especially in these Countries, where the Authors of all Innovations are severely punished. He has escaped the Inquisitions at *Rome*, in *Spain*, and in *Portugal*, which the Vulgar will have to be an evident Miracle.

One Day I had the Curiosity to discourse with him in several Languages, and I found him Master of all those that I could speak. I conversed with him five or six Hours together in *Arabick*. He told me that there was scarce a true History to be found. I asked him what he thought of *Mahomet* the Prophet and Lawgiver of the *Mussulmans*? He answered, That he knew his Father very well, and had been often in his Company at *Ormus* in *Persia*; that *Mahomet* was a Man full of Light and a Divine Spirit, but had his Errors as well as other Mortals, and that his chiefest was, in denying the Crucifixion of the Messias; for, said he, *I was then present, and saw him hang on the Cross with these Eyes of mine*. He accused the *Mussulmans* of Imposture, in making the World believe, that the Tomb of their Prophet hangs miraculously between Heaven and Earth, saying, that he himself had seen it, and that it was built after the manner of other Sepulchres. Thou, who hast been at the Holy Place, knowest whether this be true or false. He upbraids the *Persian Mahometans* with Luxury, the *Ottomans* with Tyranny, the *Arabians* with Robbery, the *Moors* with Cruelty, and the *Mussulmans* of the *Indies* with Atheism: Nor does he spare to reproach the *Christian Churches*: He taxes the *Roman* and *Grecian* with the pompous Idolatry of the Heathens. He accuses the *Æthiopian* of Judaism, the *Armenian* of Heresy; and says, That the Protestants, if they would live according to their Profession, would be the best *Christians*.

He

He told me he was in *Rome*, when *Nero* set Fire to the City, and stood triumphing on the Top of a Hill to behold its Flames. That he saw *Saladine's* Return from his Conquests in the *East*, when he caused his Shirt to be carried on the Top of a Spear, with this Proclamation: *Saladine, Lord of many rich Countries, Conqueror of the East, ever victorious and happy, when he dies, shall have no other Memorial left of all his Glories, but only this poor Shirt.*

He relates many remarkable Passages of *Solyman* the Magnificent, whereof our Histories are silent, and says, he was in *Constantinople*, when *Solyman* built that Royal Mosque, which goes by his Name. He knew *Tamerlane* the *Scythian*, and told me, that he was so called, because he halted with one Leg. He pretends also to have been acquainted with *Scanderbeg*, the valiant and fortunate Prince of *Epirus*. He seemed to pity the insupportable Calamity of *Bajazet*, whom he had seen carried about in a Cage by *Tamerlane's* Order. He accuses the *Scythians* of too barbarous an Insult on the unfortunate Sultan. He remembers the ancient Caliphs of *Babylon* and *Egypt*, the Empire of the *Saracens*, and the Wars in the Holy Land. He highly extols the Valour and Conduct of the renowned *Godfrey of Bolloigne*. He gives an accurate Account of the Rise, Progress, Establishment, and Subversion of the *Mamelukes* in *Egypt*. He says, he has washed himself in the two head Springs of the River *Nile*, which arise in the most Southern Part of *Aethiopia*. That its Encrease is occasioned by the great Rains in *Aethiopia*, which swell all the Rivers that fall into the *Nile*, and cause that vast Inundation, which has so much puzzled Philosophy to find out the Origin. He says, that the River *Ganges* in *India* is broader and deeper than the *Nile*; that the River *Niger* in *Africa* is longer by some Hundreds of Miles; and that he can remember a Time, when the River *Nile* overflowed not until three Months after the usual Season.

Having professed himself an universal Traveller, and that there was no Corner of the Earth, where he had not been present, I began to comfort myself with the Hopes of some News from the Ten Tribes of *Israel*, that were carried

carried into Captivity by *Salmanasser*, King of *Affyria*, and could never be heard of since. I asked him several Questions concerning them, but found no satisfactory Answer: Only he told me, that both in *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*, he had taken notice of a sort of People, who (though not Jews in Profession) yet retained some Characteristicks, whereby one might discover them to be descended of that Nation.

In *Livonia*, *Russia*, and *Finland*, he had met with People of distinct Languages from that of the Country, having a great Mixture of *Hebrew* Words; that these abstained from Swines Flesh, Blood, and Things strangled. That in their Lamentations for the Dead, they always used these Words [*Jeru, Jeru, Masco, Salem.*] By which he thought, they called to Remembrance *Jerusalem* and *Damascus*, those two famous Cities of *Palestine* and *Syria*. In the *Circassians* also he had traced some Footsteps of *Judaism*; their Customs, Manner of Life, Feasts, Marriages, and Sacrifices, being not far removed from the Institutions of the *Mosaick* Law. But what is most remarkable, he said, that he had conversed with professed Jews in the North Parts of *Asia*, who never so much as heard of Jesus, the Son of *Mary*, or of the Revolutions in *Judea* after his Death, the Siege and Destruction of *Jerusalem*, or any other Matters wherewith all Histories abound concerning that Nation. He said moreover, that these Jews had only the *Pentateuch*; not having heard of the rest of those Books which compose the greatest Part of the Old Testament; and, that this *Pentateuch* was written in a sort of *Hebrew*, far different from that which is now commonly spoken by the rest of the dispersed Jews throughout the World. That the Number of these Jews was infinite. And finally, he thought that these (if any) were the true Posterity of those Ten Captive Tribes.

Having mentioned the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, I asked him where he was at that Time? He told me in the Court of *Vespasian* at *Rome*, and that he had heard the Emperor say, when he understood the Temple of *Solomon* was burnt to Ashes, *He had rather all Rome had been set on Fire.* Here the old Man fell a weeping himself,

self, lamenting the Ruins of that noble Structure, which he described to me as familiarly, as if he had seen it but yesterday. He says, that *Josephus* wrote partially of the Seditious in the City, being related to one of the chief Ring-Leaders, whom therefore he spared, being loth to stain the Reputation of his own Family to all Posterity.

I tell thee, sage *Cbeik*, if this Man's Pretences be true, he is so full of choice Memoirs, and has been Witnesses to so many grand Transactions for the Space of sixteen Centuries of Years; that he may not unfitly be called, A Living Chronology, the Proto-Notary of the *Christians* Hegira, or Principal Recorder of that which they esteem the last Epocha of the World's Duration.

By his Looks one would take him for a Relick of the old World, or one of the long-lived Fathers before the Flood. To speak modestly, he may pass for the younger Brother of Time.

It would be endless to tell thee how many other Discourses we had of his Travels and Memoirs; till tired with his Company, and judging all to be a Cheat, I took my Leave.

I tell thee, he seems to be a Man well versed in all Histories, a great Traveller, and one that affects to be counted an extraordinary Person. The common People are ready to adore him; and the very Fear of the Multitude restrains the Magistrates from offering any Violence to this Impostor.

Live thou in the Exercise of thy Reason, which will not permit thee to be seduced into Errors, by the subtle Insinuations of Men. Continue to love *Mahmut*, who honours thee without a Fiction.

Paris, 4th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer.

Jealouſy, the Bane of publick Alliances, as well as of private Friendſhips, has carried the Arms of *Sweden* into *Denmark*, at a Time when leaſt expected.

All *Europe* was alarmed at the News of this ſurprizing Invaſion; it being thought that the *Swedes* had Work enough cut out for them in *Germany*.

However, few could penetrate into the Reaſons which induced them to reſpite the *Imperialiſts*, and at the ſame time carry the War into the Dominions of *King Chriſtian*: who, by his Mediation and other good Offices between the *German* Emperor and that Crown, merited another kind of Return than an Hoſtile Invaſion.

But the Peace-maker has moſt Times a thankleſs Office. I have ſeen a Gentleman endeavouring to part or pacify two of his Friends, encountring in the Streets of *Paris*, and has received the Point of one of their Rapiers in his Heart for his Kindneſs. So ſared it with the King of *Denmark*, who was accepted of by both Parties, as Umpire of the Quarrel, and had ſent his Ambaſſador to *Amſter*, where he treated ſo ſucceſſfully with the *Imperialiſts*, that he brought them to Terms very advantageous to the *Swedes*; yet the firſt Overtures of his Mediation gave ſo great a Suſpicion to that Nation, that while the *Daniſh* Ambaſſador was actually concluding a Peace with them, they commence a War, or rather tranſlate it from the Provinces of the Empire to *Scania*, entering that Country with twelve thouſand Men. And to ſhew the World they were in earneſt, they privately treat with the *Hollanders*, to aſſiſt them with a Fleet and Men, which was granted them under the Command of Admiral *Martin Tyes*.

At the ſame time, General *Torſtenſon* entered *Holſtein*, where he advanced with admirable Succeſs; took *Keil* by Surprize; and, paſſing forward, poſſeſſed himſelf of *Helſland*, driving *King Chriſtian* into a Corner of his Dominions;

Dominions; for now he had only *Zeland* and *Fionia* left which are two Islands, the former whereof commands the Passage into the Baltick Sea.

Here the King of *Denmark* finds himself beset with Difficulties and Dangers by Sea and Land; yet, in regard his greatest Strength lay in his Shipping, he wholly applies himself to rigg and mann out a good Fleet. At the same time, he informs his Allies of this unjust War, and made passionate Complaints to the Emperor, for whose Sake all this beset him, imploring his Friendship and Aid in so great a Calamity. The Emperor sends *Gallasso* with Forces, who entring the Territories of *Hamburgh* and *Lubeck*, a League was negotiated between the Emperor and the *Danish* King. But by the Artifices of the *French* and *Holland* Ambassadors at *Copenhagen*, the King was dissuaded from making an Alliance with the House of *Austria*.

However, the *Dunkirkers* offered King *Christian* to maintain a considerable Fleet in the *Sound*, at their own Charge, which he seemed to accept of.

All the Ministers endeavour to play their own Game, and abuse the Goodness of the unfortunate King. Whilst in the mean Time he loses Ground in *Holstein*. General *Torstenson* having taken *Christianprys*, a very strong Place.

What will be the Issue of these Transactions, Time will manifest; but, were not this King Master of an extraordinary Virtue, he would sink under so many Pressures, being a Man of a great Age. But God supports what he pleases.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1644.

L E T T E R I I I .

To Cara Haly *the Physician, at Constanti-*
nople.

THOU hast seen many in the Arms of Death, wrest-
ling with the grim Monarch of Shadows, who, by
the Privilege of an excellent Constitution, have disengag-
ed themselves from his Clutches, and stood at open De-
fiance with him for some Years afterwards. But I questi-
on whether thou hast ever known any, whom that
Conqueror has once laid in the Dust, that recovered
again.

In a Village about half a League from this City, there
died a Man (or at least he seemed to die) about a Week
ago. He was stretched forth into the Posture fittest for
his Coffin, by the Hands of two old Women. His Re-
lations and Friends flocked about the Body, to pray for
his Soul, as is the Custom of the Christians. The House
was filled with Tears and Sighs, and a mournful Cloud
sat on every Brow. He lay thus for the Space of thirty
six Hours, dead in the Supposition of all his Family;
when the Watchers, who sat by, were suddenly astoni-
shed to hear him sneeze; they ran away at first, as People
frighted at some ghastly Vision, and alarmed the whole
Neighbourhood with the News. Physicians were sent for,
who causing him to be laid in a warm Bed, and using
proper Applications, he recovered his Senses, and by De-
grees his Speech: They are in Hopes to restore him to
perfect Health again. He relates to his Visitants, many
strange Things that he hath seen and heard during the
thirty six Hours that he was thought to be dead. He
says, he has been before the Throne of God, and hath seen
all the Orders of Angels; that he was commanded to
return back again to his Body, to warn Men of the ap-
proaching Day of Judgment. He preaches Repentance
and good Works, to all that come near him. Hence it
is, that the devouter Sort of People resort to his House
as a Pilgrimage, esteeming him a Saint. They say, he has
antic-

anticipated the general Resurrection: To give a fresh Proof of it to this unbelieving Age, and to evince that it will come to pass before he shall quit his Body, he prophesies the Conversion of the *Jews* to be near at Hand, and that the *Mussulmans* shall embrace the Christian Faith.

Such as are fond of Novelties and superstitiously inclined believe what he says to be as true as the Alcoran; but the Learned impute it all to the Fumes of Melancholy, to which he was always naturally prone. For my Part, who believe that *Mahomet*, the Messenger of God, was the last, and Seal of all the Prophets, I look for none after him; nor am I credulous of every one who pretends to a divine Commission. Yet when I am in Company with such as are this Man's Admirers, I talk as they do, and seem what I am not, that I may the better acquit myself what I really am. Besides, it is not Prudence to provoke the Fury of Bigots, by opposing their Sentiments.

They relate a Story of a Man who died in this City some Hundreds of Years ago; and it is upon Record, That this Person, during his Life-time, was esteemed a very holy Man, but after his Death, while they were performing his funeral Obsequies, and carrying the Body round the Church in Procession, he suddenly started up from the Bier on which he was carried, pronouncing these Words with an audible Voice, *I am arraigned before the Judgment Seat of God*. All that heard him speak were astonished at so surprizing an Event, and the Priests who sang the Hymn of Rest to his Soul, for a while desisted. But again, going on with their Procession and Hymns, he arose the second Time, and said aloud, *I am tried at God's Tribunal*. This put another Stop to the Solemnity, till, after some Deliberations, they resolved to proceed a third Time, when he started up again, and said, *I am condemned by the just Sentence of God*. This put a final Stop to the funeral Ceremonies. They would no longer chant a Rest to the Soul of him, whose dead Body arose, and pronounced him Damned. Neither would they bury his Body in consecrated Ground, whose Soul they knew was lodged in Hell, by a Voice from the Dead.

There

There is an Order of *Dervises*, called *Cartbusians*, who, they say, are a standing Monument of the Truth of this Relation. For one *Bruno*, being touched with Conjunction, at so tremendous an Accident, immediately forsook the Society of Men, and led a contemplative Life in exquisite Silence, Abstinence, Fasting, and Prayer, enjoining all his Followers to do the like: Who are now spread into most Parts of *Christendom*, having magnificent Monasteries, great Immunities, and are esteemed the strictest Order of the *Roman Church*. They are served in the Markets before the King himself. If any *Dervise* of another Order desires to come into this, he may; but from this there is no Return. They dig a Part of their own Graves every Day, having every one a Cell and a Garden to himself. They converse with one another but once a Week. And if when they are walking in the Cloysters of their Monastery, they happen to spy a stranger, they scud away into their Cells, as Conies into their Holes at the Sight of a Dog. They never taste of Flesh, and are obliged to pray eight Hours in four and twenty.

This order has afforded eminent Scholars and Statesmen; but now it is like to have Men of another Character for its Proselytes; for, since the Resurrection of this new Prophet, I mentioned in the beginning of my Letter, the Rabble are all turning *Cartbusians*.

Thou, who art acquainted with the Nature of Ecstasies and Trances, wilt know what to judge of this Man's Raptures. The great *Cardan* could fall into them when he pleased; and I have heard of a learned *Mahometan Dervise* in the *Indies*, that had the Art of withdrawing his Soul from the Body, at which Times he beheld divine and celestial Things, not by way of Contemplation, but real Intuition. We must acknowledge these to be the Favourites of Heaven, Friends of Nature, and privy to the Secrets of both Worlds.

I desire thee to write me some News of my Friends; for I can hear nothing from them: Which makes me think myself among the Dead, and quite forgotten. If thou still retainest thy wonted Chearfulness, thou art happy.

happy. Sadness is the Bane of the Soul, from which, pray, Heavens preserve both thee and me.

Paris, 26th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER IV.

To William Vospel, a Christian Recluse of Austria.

I Am a *Christian* as well as thou, and yet I cannot find Reason to live after that Manner. Not, that I repent my Choice, but I consult my own Happiness. I could willingly embrace a Monastick Life, were it not for the Vow of Obedience. Those of Chastity and Poverty are not so frightful. But, to be absolutely resigned to the Will of a Superior (who may be a thousand Times more vicious than myself) is far more irksome, than to be a Slave in *Turkey*. There, a Man may pave himself a Way to any Enjoyments in the midst of Captivity, and sweeten his worst Condition with the Hopes of Freedom at Time or other: But here I must be condemned to an everlasting Servitude, and such an one, as renders it a Crime, so much as to think of Pleasure, or dream of a Release. I must be for ever confined to obey one that perhaps is not Master of himself; to humour all his Caprices; to give the Lye to that Sense and Reason, with which God and Nature have endued me: To make Black and White, Good and Evil, reciprocal Terms; though every one knows, they are perfect Contradictions. In fine, I must resolve in all things, (not excepting my very Thoughts) to be conducted by him, who, for ought I know, follows no other Guide but his own irregular Passions. What will then become of me, after such an unreasonable Forfeiture of my native Liberty? I will tell thee in one Word, from a rational Creature, I shall be changed

to a Brute; from a Man to a Sot; and, having now some Sparks of Virtue, I shall then be made the Rendezvous of all Vice.

Think not, that I go about to make thee hate the Manner of this Life thou hast chosen: Though I esteem thee miserable, do not judge so of thy self. Thou mayest find a great Deal of Pleasure in that Restraint, which to me would be the most insupportable Calamity in the World; and it may be as easy for thee to submit to the Will of another, as it is hard for me to comply with my own. I am of so wavering a Constitution, that I cannot without great Difficulty please myself, much less could I be able to humour the Extravagancies of a Soul, different from mine. I have observed, that should I follow the Motions of my own proper Inclinations at all Times, I should do many Things whereof I might afterwards repent: Why may not the Case be the same, or worse, if I blindly obey the Will of a Stranger? Am I sure, that he is a good Man? Or, if he be so to Day, how do I know but that he may be otherwise to Morrow? Nay, what Security can be given me, that if he be a Saint this Hour, he will not be a Devil the next; since the Temper of Man varies as often, and suffers as many Alterations as the Elements do, out of which he is compounded? Where can be the Reason of giving myself wholly up to any Man's Disposal all my Life-time? Is it not sufficient to obey the Sovereign Prelate, who commands the whole Church, yet imposes not the Dictates of his own Will as Law, but governs all Christians according to the ancient Traditions, sacred Canons, and Decrees of the Apostles, Fathers, and Councils? Whereas, those who reside over the Convents of the Religious, many Times rule arbitrarily, commanding their Subjects to do those Things, which are diametrically opposite to the very fundamental Rules of Christianity, and contrary to the Law of Nature. The more I think on it, the greater is my Aversion for this private blind Obedience.

Thou wilt say, that a regular Life is the Way of Perfection. I grant it; but cannot a Man lead a regular life, unless he be immured in a Convent? Or be perfect,

fect, if his Mind be not squared to the Retirements of a Cloyster? I will tell thee my Sentiments freely, and without a Mask. The Nature of every Thing is its Perfection; there are perfect Sinners as well as perfect Saints. Thus we say, such an one is a perfect Drunkard, Fornicator, Cheat, Tyrant, or the like. I ask thee, Whether this Sort of Perfection may not be (I with I could say, is not too often actually) found within the Walls of a religious House? On the other Hand, dost thou think it impossible to find the Perfection of Virtue in the mixt Life of the World? Be not a Cynick, nor condemn Things whereof thou hast made no Experiment. Remember, how many Kings and Queens, Princes and Nobles, have been canonized for Saints, who, in the midst of so many Splendors, kept their Eyes undazzled, Whose Ears never let in the Blandishments of Flatterers, nor the malicious Whispers of the Envious. Whose Hands were never polluted with innocent Blood, nor their Thirst quenched with the Tears of Widows and Orphans. But in all Things they conserved an inviolate Purity, Modesty, and Integrity of Manners. These Persons were perfect in the midst of Imperfections, and regular in the Height of human Disorders, Saints upon Earth, and Angels amongst Men.

Affuredly, it is not impossible for a Man (let his Condition be what it will, publick or private, servile or free) to conduct himself evenly and by a Rule, through all the Meanders and Mazes of human Life. I must confess, this is very difficult, and all Men have not that divine Art. Few can walk on Pinnacles, and not make false Steps; such is our Life, and happy is he that makes the fewest. Yet, there is a Dexterity, with which whoever is acquainted, need not go to a Monastery, to acquire the Way to Bliss.

Thou wilt perhaps accuse me of too much Bluntness and ill Manners, in thus declaiming against that Kind of Life, which thou has entered into. But pardon the Freedom I take with my Friend, and rest satisfied, That though I affect not a recluse Life myself, yet I honour those, who having once engaged themselves therein, perse-

severe

severe with Constancy; from which I shall never persuade thee, or any Man to depart.

Paris, 1st of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER V.

To Mustapha Berber Aga.

A French Merchant, lately come from *Ispahan*, brings Intelligence, that the Chan of the *Usbeck Tartars* is arrived at that City, to crave Aid of the present Sophi of *Persia*, against his rebellious Children, who have deposed him, and bereaved him of one of his Eyes. The Sophi has given him Royal Reception, going himself in Person, above a League out of the City to meet him, accompanied with all his Nobles. This Gentleman came away before the *Tartarian* Prince had succeeded in his Design. But it was generally supposed, that *Cha Abbas* would assist him, with a considerable Army of Horse and Foot, as also with Money to carry on the War.

This King is not thirteen Years of Age, yet takes upon himself the Management of publick Affairs. He is addicted to drinking of Wine, a great Lover of Musick and Women. Of a noble Inclination, yet something too passionate. He commanded the Belly of one of his Pages to be ripped up, for breaking a Crystal Basin which he much admired. Yet afterwards, repenting of what he had done, he caused him to be honourably buried, and a stately Tomb to be erected over him. He also enquired out such of his Kindred as were living, to whom he gave large Pensions.

There has been little of Action in these Parts, since the signal Defeat that was given to the *French*, by the forces of *John de Wert*, and General *Mercy*. Four *French* Marechals were taken Prisoners, with all the chief Officers, six thousand Soldiers, besides their Ammunition and Baggage.

In this Action, it is said, the *Spanish Horse* behaved themselves very bravely, spurred on with an Ambition to recover the Glory they seemed to have lost in so many Battles. They rushed into the *French Quarters*, with a Fury which soon put them into Disorder, and afterwards disposed them to quit the Field.

Before this Battle began, it is said, there were seen two Armies of Birds fighting in the Air; which engaged so furiously, that the Ground was covered with their dead Bodies. And, that Morning, when one of the *French Marshals* was going out of his Tent, with a Pistol in his Hand, in order to try it, the Barrel split and tore his Hand in Pieces. These are now looked upon as *Prodigies*, and ominous Signs of the Loss they afterwards sustained; But, had the Victory been on their Side, no Body would have taken Notice of them.

The God that gives Victory when, and to whom he pleases, grant, that the *Ottoman Arms* may be ever successful against the Infidels.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VI.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

THOU that art the principal Support of the *Ottoman Empire* under the *Grand Signior*, oughtest to be informed of all Things which may either threaten Damage, or promise Assistance to the Throne, which rests on thy Shoulders.

I pass away some of my Time among Seamen; especially such as sail in the *Levant*; their very Breath is a Relief when I am Chamber-sick, or stifled with the close Vapours of *Paris*. I fancy their Lungs transport hither the Breezes of the *Mediterranean*, or the more wholesome Airs of *Asia*. I talk so familiarly with them in their Marine Dialect, that they scruple not to take me for a

Tar.

Tarpaulin, and therefore entertain me, without Reserve, as one of their Crew.

This very Evening, I was with some of these Retainers to *Neptune*. Among the rest of the Discourse I had with them, we touch'd upon the *Dardanells* which guard the *Hellepont*. They tax'd the *Christian* Princes with Cowardice, or unpardonable Negligence, that they have never attempted to force their Passage through that Channel into the *Propontis*, and block up the Imperial City by Sea, and set it on Fire; especially the Royal Seraglio, from whence are issued out the Decrees of Life and Death to the whole Earth.

I told them, they were mistaken in the Strength of those Castles, which commanded that important Avenue; and that no Ships ever durst venture within their Reach without Leave: When one of them started up, and made me this Answer: *Sir, we have Vessels impenetrable as Rocks, which dare come to an Anchor, under the very Walls of those superannuated Forts, and desie all the Turkish Ammunition to remove us thence. We only want a Commission from our King to try the Experiment.*

I tell thee, Supreme Minister, I found too much Reason in his Answer, to make Room for a Reply. Wherefore, dissembling for a while the Agony I was in for the Welfare of the Sublime *Porte*, I took my Leave of the Company, and immediately set Pen to Paper, to let thee know what is in the Hearts of these Infidels.

I am not versed in the Art and Method of Fortifications; yet pardon an Error of Loyalty and Zeal, if I commit it, in proposing to thee the Necessity of erecting Platforms all along the opposite Shores of the *Hellepont*, to strike Terror, and prevent the Enemy from attempting that, which in all Probability would not fail of Success.

Thou that art all Wisdom wilt know how to make a right Use of this Hint, from the faithful *Mahmut*, who never thinks himself happy, but when he does some acceptable Service to the Invincible Sovereign of the Sea and Land.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VII.

To Ouchumiche, *his Mother*, at *Grand Cairo*.

THOU mayest better imagine than I can express the mighty Joy I felt when I first opened thy Letter, and read the Name of her that conceived me, written by her own Hand ; whereby I am assured, that thou art yet alive and in Health. Believe me, it came in a seasonable Time to rescue me out of a dismal Melancholy, which had seized my Spirits. Surely Fate directed thy Pen, and Providence timed the Arrival of the Vessel which brought me this happy News from *Africk*, in the saddest Hour of all my Life. Just as the Messenger knocked at my Chamber-Door, (where I sat overwhelmed with doleful Thoughts) the whole World seemed to me a vast Wilderness or Desert, inhabited only by Beasts of Prey, where the Great and Strong devour those whose Weakness cannot arm them in their own Defence. A mere Stage of Tragedies, the Shambles of cruel Butcheries and Murders. In this Figure did my troubled Imagination represent the Earth, with all the Race of *Adam* dwelling upon it. If I could propose to myself such a Thing as a Friend in the World, I know not how long it would be, before that very Person, whom I had greatest Reason to esteem as such, might prove my mortal Enemy ; of so brittle a Composition is the Fidelity of Man. I looked upon my Life, not as my own, but altogether lent me ; I esteemed not only Men, but Beasts, and the very inanimate Things my Creditors, for the Permission I had to breathe. I thought myself highly indebted to the Fire, that it did not burn me to Death in my Sleep ; and no less to the Winds that they did not blow the House down where I lodge, and bury me in its Ruins, For where would be the Injustice, if any of these Elements, which are the Ingredients of my Life, should become the Instruments of my Death ? I considered, that as I neither made my self, nor knew how I came to be what I am, so I was ig-

norant

norant when and by what Means I should cease to be. Perhaps, I might be struck with a Thunderbolt from Heaven, or swallowed up by some greedy Chasm in the Earth. A Tile from a House might put a stop to the Motions of this Machine of Flesh; or a Fall from a Horse might break its Master-Springs. My present Station I looked upon as precarious, since those very Persons, who appointed me this Employment to serve one Turn, would not scruple to take off my Head to serve another.

In these melancholy Thoughts was I almost drowned, when thy Letter came and struck a Light out of the midst of Darkness. I was now ready to die with Excess of Joy, who before was half killed with extreme Sadness.

But tell me, my dear Mother, in the Name of our Holy Prophet, what Motive induced thee to quit the wholesome Air of *Greece*, for the noisome and pestilential Vapours of *Egypt*? Is *Cairo* a more eligible Seat than *Constantinople*? Or, because thou hast lost thy second Husband, wilt thou be wedded to an incurable Grief, and think no Mourning is sufficient, unless thou go in Pilgrimage to his very Grave, theré to dissolve in Tears, and mingle thy self with his Ashes. He died in *Cairo*, and is there interred; and thou mightest have lived in *Scio*, or any part of *Greece*, without blemishing thy Widowhood. People will say, thou aimest at the Fortune of the *Epheſian* Widow, who found a living Husband in the Sepulchre of her dead one; but I, who know thy Virtue, have other Thoughts of thee, yet I cannot approve thy thus becoming Tenant to a Charnel House. Therefore the best Advice I can give thee, is, to return to the Imperial City again, to the Company of thy Friends and Acquaintance; or, at least, to return to thy self, and be not transported with an extravagant Sorrow, for one whom thou shalt never see again. Tears cannot recover the Dead, nor can thy warmest Sighs inspire him with Breath. He is divorced from thee by an Irrevocable Law; and whilst thou art in vain lamenting for him on Earth, he may be celebrating new and joyful Nuptials in Heaven, being espoused to some of the Beautiful Daughters of *Paradise*. Be persuaded then, that he has quite forgot thee,
having

having engaged himself in fresh Amours above; that he is in the Arms of some surpassing Beauty of *Eden*, and that thou hast no more Interest in him. Let this Consideration assuage thy Grief, cure thy Fondness, and make thee begin to think of another Husband. Those who make their first Visits to the *French* Widows, after the usual Formalities of Condolence are over, take the Liberty to tell them, *That they must live by the Living, and not by the Dead*. This comfortable Proverb is often used, even before the Funeral Solemnities are finished; and thou hast now passed above two Years since thy Husband's Death in fruitless Mourning. It is time to consult thy future Happiness, and, abandoning thy Commerce with the Dead, to become sociable with the Living.

The Great Creator, who is God of the Living, and not of the Dead, inspire thee to take such Measures, as may best comply with the Ends for which he made thee; and replenish thy latter Days, with double the Blessings of the former.

Paris. 22d of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VIII.

*To Muslu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.*

IT is no small Satisfaction to me, that since the Death of Cardinal *Richlieu* I have started no Reasons to apprehend any Designs in this Court, against the Empire of the True Believers. The *French* Grandees have passed away a whole Year, without giving much Trouble or Alarm to the rest of the World. Every one minds his own Affairs, and all push forward to get nearest the Queen Regent. The Misunderstandings between her and the Duke of *Orleans* encrease daily. And this divides the Court and City into two Factions; Cardinal *Mazarini* seems to be the Man destined to ballance the Authority of

of both Parties. He spins his Fortune with as fine a Thread as his Predecessor; being sensible that though the Court love him not, yet they cannot subsist without him. He inherits the Memoirs and Instructions of Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his Spirit too, as well as his Ministry; being a Man of an invincible Courage, and exquisite Forecast. The greatest Enemy he has, is a Lady of the Court (for I will not compare the Malice of the Duke of *Beaufort* to that of a Woman) they call her *Madam de Chevreux*; a Person of a keen Wit and good Judgment; a professed Enemy to all that had any Dependence on Cardinal *Richlieu*. And I could never learn any other Ground of her Hatred to *Mazarini*, but his being the Creature of that Minister.

The late King had conceived an Irreconcilable Aversion for this Lady, suspecting her to be instrumental in carrying on a private Correspondence between his Wife (the now Queen Regent) and the *Spaniards*. To avoid the Consequences of his Anger, she fled into *Spain*, but is lately returned to this Court. It is said, the Queen received her with all the outward Marks of Affection at first, but suddenly grew cold and estranged, when she began to attempt against Cardinal *Mazarini*. This made the Lady unite her Interest with that of the Duke of *Beaufort*, who very well matches her in the Imperiousness of his Temper, and his Hatred to the Cardinal. They both agree in their Endeavours to ruin him, but I believe the Female Persecution to be the most dangerous. The Duke has made too great a Noise to do any considerable Execution on a Man, who has the Wit to conceal his Resentments, and strike before he is perceived. In a Word, the Duke finds himself in a Prison, while the Cardinal is every Day more and more established in the Queen's Favour.

In the mean while, I insinuate my self into all Mens Company, from whom I can hope for any Intelligence. Amongst the rest, I have observed a Courtier, who often goes between the Grandees, and seems to be intrusted with great Secrets; he is very sparing of his Words, and makes his Shoulders do the Office of his Tongue. I have sometimes entered into a Discourse with him about

the Queen, the Cardinal, and others; but all his Answers were comprized in *Italian* Rhethorick, a Shrug and a Grimace. This silent Language, speaks very efficaciously to me, and I esteem him worthy to be courted who knows so well how to bridle his Tongue. I ply this Politician every Day with Addresses, and tell him a great deal of feigned News, that I may tempt him to utter some that is True. He is a great Privado of *Madam de Chevercaux*; often waits on the Queen; sometimes visits the Cardinal; and is every Day conversant with one or other of the Nobles. If I can win this Man, I hope to penetrate farther into the Mysteries of the Court.

The God, from whom nothing is hid, so dispose of all Human Events, that the Empire of the *Mussulmans* may be established, notwithstanding the Cabals and Plots of the Infidels.

Paris, 16th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER IX.

To Signior Lorenzo del' Casa Bianca, a Genoese at Marseilles.

THOU sendest me strange and surprizing News, that the *Malta* Gallies have taken the Eldest Son of the *Grand Signior*, and Heir of the *Ottoman* Empire, captive at Sea, as he was sailing to *Egypt*.

I tell thee, if such a thing were true, the *Grand Signior* would not fail to send such a Force, as should dig up the very Foundations of that Island, and cast it into the Sea.

But I can resolve thee, that there is nothing more of Truth in this Story, saving, that about ten Vessels of the *Grand Signior's* bound for *Alexandria* (on Board of one of which was Sultan *Mahomet's* Nurse, with her Son, much about the Age of Sultan *Mahomet*) were taken by six Gallies of *Malta*, whereby the *Malteses* were enriched with great Treasure of Silver, Gold and Jewels, besides Slaves.

This

This Intelligence I have received from my Correspondents at *Constantinople*. Men that are no Strangers to the *Seraglio*, but such as have the Ear of the Prime Vizir.

They say indeed, the *Grand Signior* took a particular Fancy to this Nurse's Child, often played with it, and seemed to caress it with more Complacency than his own Son Sultan *Mahomet*; which gave so great a Disgust to the Sultaneſs, the Mother of *Mahomet*, that she procured the Banishment of the Nurse and her Child, who, in their Voyage to *Alexandria*, were taken Captives by the *Malteſe Gallies* as has been ſaid; and this is the Ground of the Report.

However, *Sultan Ibrahim* is ſo exaſperated againſt the *Malteſes* for this Depredation, that he has ſwore by God and *Mahomet*, never to ſheath his Sword, till he hath revenged the Injury, by laying waſte the Iſland, putting the Knights to Death, and leading the Inhabitants into Captivity.

He has vented his Rage already on the Captain Baſſa, cauſing him to be ſtrangled for not guarding the Seas better; and, it is ſaid, he threatens a War with *Venice* on the ſame Account, becauſe the *Malteſe Gallies*, after this Piracy, put aſhore in *Candia*, where they recruited their Veſſels, with all neceſſary Proviſions.

I expected the Silks laſt Week, which I wrote for, and the Oil of *Calabria*. Send them by the firſt Opportunity.

Paris, 28th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ALL Europe rings with the Report of the Sultan's Son being taken Captive by the *Malteſe Gallies*. No doubt, but thou haſt heard ſuch a Diſcourſe among the *Franks* at *Conſtantinople*; and thou knoweſt the Intrigues

of the Seraglio. It is pleasant, that the *Kuegli* Aga's Slave should have no Father for her Child; that he himself should adopt it for his own; that the Mother of it should be preferred to be Nurse to Sultan *Mahomet*; that Sultan *Ibrahim* should single out this fatherless Son of an Eunuch, to sport with him, take him in his Arms, and treat him with all the Endearments that are naturally shewed by Parents to their own Children.

The *French* Ladies laugh at this Story, and say, That the Seraglio begins to grow more civilized, and to exchange the Severity of *Constantinople*, for the Gallantries of *Paris*. But let them laugh that win; the *Maltese* have most reason to care for themselves for their good Fortune in such a Prize.

They say, the Grand Prior treats his young Captive with a most profound Attach and Veneration; imagining he has in Custody the Heir of the *Ottoman* Empire; for they know not the true Secret, but are possessed with a real Belief, that young Sultan *Mahomet* is in their Hands.

Let what I have said be as the Words of thy Nurse, when she prated a thousand Impertinencies to thee, within a Month of thy Nativity. In fine, be trusty to thy Friend.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary to
the Ottoman Empire.

IT is not unknown at the *Divan*, how the Princes of *Italy* have worried one another these two Years. I dispatched long ago some Memoirs of the Feuds between the *Barbarini's* and the Duke of *Parma*. The Pope upholds the former, making the Quarrel his own, in Defence of the Ecclesiastick State. The *Venetians*, the Grand

Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, the Duke of *Modena*, with the French King, interest themselves in the Cause of the latter. He is a Prince of an active Spirit, and darts up and down like Lightning through the Pope's Territories. If he has lost *Castro*, *Montalto*, and other Places of Strength in this War, it is but by Way of Exchange; having possessed himself of as considerable Holds belonging to his Enemies. Yet the *Barberini's* sheltering themselves under the Protection of Pope *Urban*, seem to triumph and promise themselves an entire Victory, using the Artifices of Superstition, to weaken the Duke's Credit. And because some of his Vessels (which carried above a thousand Soldiers) were cast away, they would persuade the credulous World, that Heaven fights against him. They likewise had designed to build a Fort and a Bridge over the River *Po* to open a Way to themselves into the Confederates Country, and to shut it up to all Invaders of their own; but were prevented by the *Venetians*, who sent ten thousand Men to stop the Building of the Bridge, or to demolish it, if built.

In the mean while, the Confederates, though they seemed to espouse the Duke's Quarrel, yet trifled with him, protracting their Assistance, and disputing about Punctilios; every one restraining the Conditions of their Friendship, within the Limits that would best square with the Interest of their own State. They had all Armies on Foot, but could not agree how to dispose of them. The *Venetians* demanded such a Post as might be most advantageous to that Republick. The Duke of *Tuscany* would have the main Body of their Forces so quartered, as to cover his Dominions. Thus each Party pursued their own Claim, while their Enemies gained Time, and put themselves in a Posture, either to march into the Territories of the Confederates, or defend the Ecclesiastick State.

Certainly, it is fatal to the *Christians*, to be thus divided amongst themselves, even when they have greatest Cause of Union. Yet the Duke of *Parma*, the very Soul of this Confederacy, breaks through all their Demurs and Hesitations, impatient of fruitless Delays, rushes into *Ferrara*, takes *Bondeno*, abandoned by the Garrison; after that, *La Stellata*, a Place of greater Strength; but proceeding;

proceeding forward, the *Barberini's* encamped not far from *Ferrara*, the better to observe the Progress of the Confederates, and so put a Stop to the Motions of the Duke. He and his Friends had twenty thousand Men in the Field, to which the *Venetians* not long after added six Thousand more. They were in different Bodies; and as they quartered themselves, so the Papal Forces removed their Camp. Several Skirmishes passed between them, but no great Execution done.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* were not idle by Sea, having several Barks and Gallies full of armed Men, coasting along the Pope's Territories. They took five Ports on the Shore; and, piercing farther into the Country, made themselves Masters of *Ariano*, a great Town, and sacked *Codegoro*, putting all to the Sword, and laying the Place in Ashes.

On the other side, the *Barberini's* seized on *Spilimberto*, *Vignivola*, and some other weakly guarded Towns on the Frontiers of *Modena*, and killed two hundred of the Confederates, who had invested *Crevallceure*. Cardinal *Antonio*, on the Pope's Side, has the Management of the War; a Man of an aspiring Genius and very subtle. He, perceiving the Duke of *Tuscany* incensed at the late Loss, had taken the Field, with a considerable Army, sends six Thousand Men to oppose him; but they were raw and undisciplined Soldiers, and could not hinder the Duke's Forces from seizing an important Pass, and reducing the City of *Pieve*, *Monteleone*, *Castiliano del Lago*, and *Passiniano*.

While the Sons of War were thus busied in the Field, the Agents of Peace were not wanting on all Sides, to accommodate the Differences that threatened all *Italy* with fatal Consequences. But they did no more than amuse one another with Ambiguities, Subterfuges, and Evasions; while the *Barberini's* sought to gain Time, and draw the King of *Spain* to countenance their Interest. The *Venetians*, sensible of this underhand Dealing, protested by their Ambassador at *Madrid*, that they would unite with the *French* Crown, if his *Catholick* Majesty should by indirect Ways strengthen the *Barberini's*. The King.

King, apprehensive of such a League, forbears to meddle in an Affair which might be so injurious to *Spain*, and gives Instructions to his Ambassadors at *Rome*, and other Courts of *Italy*, to mediate a Peace; which might be advantageous to the Confederates.

The Treaties however came to nothing, and the Mediators, finding themselves eluded, suspended their Negotiations, and gave fresh Opportunity to the Men of Arms to play their Parts. Cardinal *Antonio* assaulted *Namur* with four thousand Men, but was defeated by the *Venetians*, who slew several hundreds of his Soldiers, and took two hundred Prisoners. After this, the Confederates plundered all the Country of *Ferrara*, and took *Vergato*, defended by eight hundred Men. In the Surprizal of *Bazano*, they killed above two hundred of the Enemy; and, marching forward, took *Monterea*, *Serravalle*, and other Places; while Cardinal *Barberini's* Forces were cut off at *Burgo St. Sepolchro*, where he lost eight Cannon, four Petards, with abundance of Provisions.

It would be an endless Task, to recount all the Skirmishes and Battles that have passed between them. I only inform thee of the most remarkable, that thou mayest insert them in the Register of the *Ottoman* Empire.

To conclude this Letter, it will be worth thy Observation, that the Pope falling sick, and his Death feared, did much conduce to put an End to these Differences. For the *Barberini's*, now being apprehensive of the Advantage his Death would give the Confederate Princes, were very forward to embrace any Overtures of Peace: So that by the Dexterity of the *French* Ministers it was at last concluded, and all Differences adjusted; the Duke of *Parma's* Territories being restored to him, the Censures of the Church taken off, and the Ecclesiastick State put in the same Condition it was in at the Beginning of the War.

I shall continue to send thee such Intelligence, as may be serviceable to thee in that eminent Station thou enjoyest in the Empire of the true Believers, and shall
think

think my self a very happy Man, if I can by any Means acquire thy favour.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

L E T T E R XII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, an Egyptian Knight.

ONE would think that there were yet some of the ancient Race of Giants on Earth. Here is a Man come to this Court, full eight Foot high, a *Findlander* by Nation; he looks like some posthumous Birth of the Sons of *Titan*. He is Master of prodigious Strength, and challenges any two, the stoutest Men in *France*, to throw him a fall. I have seen him take two Boys of ten Years of Age, on the Palm of each Hand, and lift them up from the Ground together, with his Arms stretched out to the full Length, and walk sixty Paces with them in this Posture; at the End of which Stage, he set them down again on their Feet, without the least Violence or Straining. There are none so hardy, as to accept of his Challenge; for they know he will not suffer them to come nearer than the Extremity of his Arm. And, such is the monstrous Strength of his Hand, that he will either infallibly throw them down, or seize them with his Grasp. He talks of travelling into *Turkey*; if he does, I hope he will have more Discretion, than to venture within the Seraglio, lest he incur the Fate of the renowned *Muscovite* Wrestler, in Sultan *Amurath's* Time. Thou remembrest that Tragedy, which made all the Brave and the Generous condemn *Amurath's* Cruelty. He was a stout Prince himself; and it looked like Envy in him, to punish the Efforts of Courage in his Slaves, with so unrelenting a Rigour. But he was himself a Slave.

Slave to his Passions; and Jealousy had the Predominance in his Temper. That Vice betrayed him to horrid Violences, of which thou art not Ignorant, having been privy to several of his Amours.

This puts me in mind of a *Spanish* Cavalier, who had a very virtuous and beautiful Wife, which, thou wilt say, are two rare Companions. He kept a *Moar* in his House, whom the Lady had one Time caused to be severely beaten. The *Moar* secretly vowed Revenge. He had an Intrigue with one of the Lady's Women, to whom he imparted his Mind. They conspired together, to accuse the Lady of Lightness and Infidelity to her Husband's Bed. The Cavalier, their Master, was naturally jealous, as generally are all the *Spaniards*; these two possessed him with a Belief, that the Gardener had frequent Access to his Lady's Chamber, and undertook to make him an Eye-Witness of it. Whereupon, one of them goes privately to the Gardener, and tells him, that the Lady would speak with him. Whilst the other runs to the Lord, and bids him make haste; for that the Gardener was at that Instant with his Lady. The impatient Cavalier hastens up Stairs, and meeting the Gardener coming out of the Door of his Chamber, stabs him to the Heart, without any farther Expostulation; and, rushing furiously into the Chamber, serves his Wife in the same Manner. But, coming down again, the Maid, struck with Remorse at so black an Event, fell down at his Feet, confessing her Crime, and declaring, that her Lady was innocent. The *Spaniard*, raging mad, at a Conjunction of so many Misfortunes, stabs the Maid and the Negro; and last of all, to complete the Tragedy, kills himself.

I have often wondered, that some such fatal Consequences did not attend the Jealousy of Sultan *Amurath*. He spared not to rip up the Bellies of his Pages, for the Sake of two or three Melons; and, it is a Miracle, that he did not sacrifice half the Slaves of the Seraglio, on the Account of his Mistresses.

Thom

Thou art now in a better Station, and free from Restraint. Act according to Reason, and let not Passion byass thee one Way or other.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU hast often required an Account of the Parliament of *France*, which is the Supreme Court of the Kingdom. Though the Name be known at the Sublime *Porte*, yet the Ministers are unacquainted with the Power and Authority of the Senate.

When it was first instituted it consisted of twelve Peers, an hundred Bishops, and all the Prime Nobility of the Land, who had Power to give Audience to Foreign Ambassadors; to adjust all Differences of the Subjects. In fine, it might then be called the Sovereign Tribunal, from whence there could be no Appeal. Three Foreign Kings have sat as Members of this Court. It was in those Days ambulatory, following the King whithersoever he went; but now it is always assembled in *Paris*, in the Palace which *Philip the Fair* built for his own Dwelling-House. This Parliament is divided into seven Chambers; whereof that which they call the *GREAT CHAMBER* is the Chief. There belong to this Chamber, seven Presidents, twelve Counsellors, the King's Cadi, or Attorney, with a great Number of Advocates, and Men of the Law. The Presidents and Counsellors are cloathed in Scarlet, which strikes an awful Reverence into all that approach their Presence. Some call this the *Golden Chamber*: And well they may, since that glittering Metal is thought to be the Umpire of the most Causes that are tryed in this Court. He that brings most Gold is sure to have his Business first dispatched, and to come off Conqueror. For as their present Power is little else but a mere Formality,

ality, so is also their Justice. The Kings of *France* have gradually so clipped their original Authority, that now they seem to be but the Shadow of their ancient Selves. They never pretend to meddle with Ecclesiastical Affairs; that was always out of their Jurisdiction. The *Mufti* of *Rome* claims this Prerogative as his Right. From whence thou mayest observe, how maimed and imperfect is the Royalty of *Christian* Kings; who cannot punish their own Subjects, if Clergymen, without the Pope's Permission. Yet, though this Chamber cannot meddle with Ecclesiasticks, they have a Privilege to dispose of the Regency, during the King's Minority; as is evident in the late Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, and the present *Anne of Austria*, who were both by the Parliament declared Regents. They also confirm all the King's Edicts; neither does he proclaim War without their Consent, or establish any Alliance.

There are also besides this, six other Chambers of Parliament; five whereof are called Chambers of Inquests, and they consist of two Presidents, twenty Counsellors, and a convenient Number of Lawyers. The sixth Chamber is a Collection out of all the rest, and contains no less than two hundred Officers. Here, all Criminal Causes are tryed; which are either immediately, or by Appeal brought before them; as in the Chambers of Inquests, Controversies of the Civil Law are decided.

It is a pleasant Sight, to see the Men of the Law all in their Habits, which are very glorious and rich. Indeed, all the Citizens of *Paris* are extremely gallant in their Apparel. But I cannot be reconciled to their lavish Custom of changing the Fashion of their Cloathes almost with every Moon.

This Vanity has been forbid in all well-ordered Commonwealths. And, thou knowest, our Eastern People would as soon be stripped of their Skins, as change the Fashion, which has been in use for immemorable Ages. Here they have no Distinction of Dress, the Noble and Vulgar, Rich and Poor, go all alike. You cannot discern a Slave from a Prince by his Garb.

Paris is divided into four Parts, the City, the University, the Town, and the Suburbs. It is about three Leagues in

in Circuit; seated advantageously enough, but wanting Fortifications. *Henry IV.* had added some Strength to it, had he not been apprehensive of the seditious Humour of the Inhabitants, who in time might make an ill Use of his Kindness, and shut those Gates against him, which he should build for their Defence against a Foreign Enemy.

The Court is generally at *St. Germain en Lay*, one of the King's Royal Mansions, seated on the Top of a Mountain, which commands a Prospect of a large and beautiful Valley. I have been there often, that I might be the better able to penetrate into the Conduct of Cardinal *Mazarini*, who is never from the Queen-Regent. I have already transmitted to the Sublime *Porte* such Intelligence as I could gain of this Great Minister's Intrigues. I will now entertain thee with a Glimpse of this Palace, that thereby thou mayest conjecture at the Magnificence of the Kings of *France*.

It is divided into two Parts, the Old and the New. The former was built by *Charles I.* the latter by *Henry IV.* That may boast of its Antiquity, but this is so majestically and costly a Structure, as sufficiently demonstrates, that modern Architects come not far short of the ancient *Romans*. The Rooms are all lofty and large, the Roof and Cielings admirably contrived and adorned; the whole consists of so many Courts, that it rather looks like a Town than the Seat of one Family.

But pardon me, illustrious *Kaimacham*, if I tell thee, that none of the Kings of the *East* can match this Monarch in the Gardens belonging to this Palace. I saw there such a charming Variety of delightful Objects, as made Art seem to surpass Nature, and even to out-do itself. In a Word, the *Christian* Princes are very ingenious in the Contrivance of their Pleasures, and make all the Elements contribute to their Recreations. Thou hast often seen the artificial Fire-works which are exhibited at *Constantinople* at our Festivals, and on all Occasions of publick Joy. But thou hast never beheld such Water-Works, as are exposed in the Gardens of this Palace every Day. There, by the mere Force of this liquid Element, Instruments of Music are set at Work, which afford a Harmony little infe-

for to the best Conforts in the World; and, which extremely adds to the Pleasure, one may at the same Time behold seeming Musicians playing on them, and keeping exact Time with their Fingers on the Keys of Organs, strings of Viols and Lutes, as if they were living Persons. There you may see all Manner of mechanick Trades exercised by Statues, who do every Thing with a proper Action, and are very eager at their Employments, so long as the Water gives them Motion; when that ceases, they all return to their primitive Inactivity. From hence you pass to a seeming Sea, with Tritons moving on Dolphins, and sounding their Shell Trumpets before *Neptune*, who is drawn in a Chariot by four Tortoises. The Story of *Perseus* and *Andromeda* is also acted to the Life by mere statues. But the most ingenious Piece of Workmanship, *Orpheus* playing on a Viol, while the Trees move, and wild Beasts dance round about him. This is so costly an invention, that as one of the Overseers of the Water-Works told me, a String of *Orpheus's* Viol being broken, cost the late King *Lewis* thirteen hundred Crowns to repair it again.

We *Mahometans* are apt to value ourselves too high, in the Score of our Princes Grandeur. We boast, we flourish, and are guilty of a thousand Insults, despising and putting the rest of Mankind under our Sandals, as if none of the Race of Adam understood the World but we, or had the Wit and Power to carve out to themselves the same Felicities we enjoy. The Monarchs of the East, style themselves, *The only happy Ones, Possessors of infinite Treasures; Kings of the World, Shadows of God*, and what not! The *Great Mogul*, with his Omrahs and Rajas, pride themselves in their Elephants: So do the Kings and Mandarins of *China* and *Tunquin*. The *Sophi* of *Persia* swells at the Sight of his immense Treasures of Gold and precious Stones; glorying, That the very shoes of his Horses are of the most exalted Metal; also the Mangers wherein they feed, and the Nails whereby they are fastened to the Ground. The *Cham* of *Tartary* rejoices in the Multitude and Strength of his Horses, his winged Chariots and Waggon; and that when his Armies rise and sit down, the Earth trembles with their Weight.

Weight and Motion. It is true indeed, the *Grand Signior*, who is the wisest of the Wise, and the greatest of these great Ones, is not guilty of this Vanity. He is destined by the Lord of the Universe, to chastise the Follies both of the *East* and the *West*: Yet his Slaves cannot forbear Rhodomontadoes. I have heard some of our huffing Janizaries tell the *Greeks* of *Constantinople* and *Pera*, that the Royal Seraglio is the most magnificent Fabrick in the World, and that the Garden belonging to it is a perfect Transcript of *Paradise*. Thou wilt not approve such Brags as these, when thou considerest how expert the Infidels are in Building; and that they spare no Cost to erect such Edifices, whose very Ruins may proclaim to future Ages the Magnificence of their Founders. And as to their Gardens, they are so regular and beautiful, adorned with so many Delicacies of Nature and Art, that one would think they were made by some traditional Disciples of *Adam*; and that they had their Rules from the primitive Planter of the World.

The *French King* has other Houses and Gardens of Pleasure round about *Paris*, where the Court interchangeably divert themselves during the Summer.

I humbly kiss the Hem of thy Vest, craving thy Protection against the Malice of my Enemies.

*Paris, 16th of the 7th Moan
of the Year 1644.*

LETTER XIV.

To the most illustrious Vizir Azem, at the Port.

SINCE the Losses which the *German Emperor* has received from the Arms of *Ragotski*, I am informed by *Nathan Ben Saddi*, that the Emperor designs to send a splendid Embassy with extraordinary Presents to the Sultan, in hopes to prevail on him not to protect that Prince.

It is true, *Ragotski* is of a violent and changeable Spirit, and therefore no great Confidence is to be reposed in him: Yet I take it to be the Interest of the Sultan, rather to win him by Offices of Kindness and Friendship, than to make him his Enemy, by deserting him in this juncture.

He is at the Head of a potent and formidable Army, has taken *Solnok*, *Breden*, *Mernatz*, together with the strong Castle of *Sendar* near *Cassovia*, and many other places of less Importance, whereby a Way is laid open for his Army to over-run all *Hungary*, if assisted with the Ottoman Forces. Thus will he do the Office, which, they say, the Jackall performs to the Lion, that is, to hunt out the Prey, and secure it for his Master and Sovereign.

Besides, the Fortune of this Prince seems to invite our further Assistance; for he has had great Success all along in his War; whereas the Ottoman Forces no sooner appeared on the Frontiers of *Moravia*, but six thousand of them were encountered by the *Germans*, and routed.

Should the Sultan desert him now, he may be compelled to resign himself, with all *Transylvania*, to the Protection of the German Emperor. It is not safe to run the risque of such an Event: *Transylvania* cannot support itself. Either the Sultan must continue his Protection, or the *Germans* will soon find the Way to plant their Garrisons in the four Capital Cities, and reduce the whole country under their Obedience.

Paris, 27th of the 7th Moon
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XV.

To Afis Bassa, at the Port.

THE *Pagans*, in painting Fortune blind, discovered but the Dimness of their own Sight. And it was a double Error to offer Sacrifice to her, that could not discern

cern her Votaries. Yet, in my Sentence, the *Christians* are more to blame, who term her Inconstant, Partial Bawd, Whore, and what not? These are Prophanations of Providence, and impious Scandals cast on eternal Destiny. Fortune and Chance are but Nick-names of Fate, since there is nothing absolutely casual in the World. They see the Virtuous persecuted, while the Vicious insult and flourish; and they tax Heaven with unequal Dispensations of Rewards and Punishments; as if, with *Epicurus*, they thought the adorable *Numen* took no Care of Things on this Side the *Empyreum*, and rested in an eternal Ignorance of human Affairs.

Doubtless the Infidels are in an incurable Error. They pore on the Outside of common Events, and look no farther; they behold not the hidden Chain of Causes, nor the invisible Hand, which disposes all Contingencies with admirable Order and Decorum. Hence it is, That what comes not to pass but by the certain Decree of Fate, appears to these Buzzards, only as an accidental Occurrence, and the mere Effect of Chance.

But thou, who art instructed in the Doctrines of Truth, wilt have other Thoughts of that, which befel a pious Man not long since in these Parts. This Person was charitable to Excess; for he gave away all that he had, to relieve the Necessities of others, chusing rather to throw himself naked upon Providence, than to deny any Alms to any one that asked him, so long as he had any Thing to bestow. Being at length, by his constant Liberalities, reduced to a very indigent Condition, he was forced to betake himself to Digging for his Livelihood. Yet, notwithstanding he gained his own Bread with hard Labour, he ceased not to shew his wonted Kindnesses to the Poor, giving them whatsoever he could possibly spare from his own Necessities. One Day as he was digging in a Field belonging to the Duke of *Montmorency*, he found several earthen Pots full of Gold, supposed to be buried there in the Time of the Civil Wars. The good Man carries this huge Treasure by Degrees home to his House, with all imaginable Privacy. And having distributed the greatest Part of it in Works of Charity, he was going with his last Reserve to the House of a decayed Gentle-

Gentleman, to whom he gave a sufficient Sum to repair his shattered Fortunes, being all that he had left: When, as he returned homeward, he found a Jewel in the Highway, which being sold, yielded him ten Thousand Crowns. A noble Bank for new Liberalities, and a convincing Argument, that there was something more than Chance, which thus strangely recruited his Purse, that it might never cease to be opened in Largeesses to the Poor.

Who will not say, That Fate had a Hand in the Death of that Soldier, in the Duke of *Enguien's* Army, who maliciously and wrongfully accused his Comrade of raising a Mutiny? For the incensed General took a Fusée, and discharged it at the innocent Person, thinking to have killed him on the Spot; but it proved otherwise, the Bullet passing through some Part of his Body, and through half a dozen Tents, smote the Slanderer in the Pan of the Knee, which put him into so violent a Fever, that he died in two Days; while the other (whom before his Death he confessed to be innocent) lives yet a Witness of this remarkable Stroke of Divine Nemesis.

The Faithful Watchman of the Sublime *Porte, Mahmut*, salutes thee with humblest Obedience, and wishes thee in all Things a favourable and benign Destiny.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

Since I came to this City, I have learned the Art of making Watches, which I exercise not for Lucre, but to comply with a Precept of the Alcoran; wherein also I find

I find no small Diverſion, it being a Relief to Melancholy to be in Action.

Should the Eccleſiaſticks of the *Latin* Church be made ſenſible that I praſtiſe a Mechanick Trade, they would think me a Scandal to their Profeſſion, ſince I wear the Habit of a Clerk. They eſteem it next Door to Sacrilege, for a Gown-Man to condeſcend to the Labours of the Laity. They would pull my Caſſock over my Shoulders, ſhould they catch me in this honeſt Crime; forgetting that the Primitive Profeſſors of their religious Orders got their Bread by making of Baskets.

The Box I ſend thee contains ſome of my Merchandiſe; being deſigned as Preſents for ſome of the Miniſters of the *Porte*, and my other Friends at *Conſtantinople*. I deſire thee to take Care in ſending it ſafe, that the Watches may receive no Damage by Water.

It is reported here, that the Emperor is ſick; thou wilt do well to inform me of the Truth. I hear alſo, That Prodigies have been lately ſeen at *Vienna*, which the *French* interpret, as Fore-runners of his Death, and Signs of approaching Deſolations in *Germany*. I am not credulous of all Things, which the Vulgar ſay on ſuch Occaſions: Yet I cannot deny, but that the Angels, who preſide over Kingdoms and Empires, may be the Monitors of Mankind, and, by raiſing unuſual Spectacles in the Elements, may warn Mortals of future Alterations. This was the Opinion alſo of thy Countryman *Joſephus*, who ſays, That, immediately before the Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, there was a Voice heard in the Temple of *Solomon*, ſuppoſed to be uttered by Angels, ſaying, *Arise, let us go hence*; as if the Guardian Spirits of that City were then forſaking their Charge.

In this Place not long ago were ſeen three Suns together, or at leaſt the Appearance of ſo many. This the Superſtitious conſtrued as an Omen of ill Luck: While the Court Flatterers ſaid, they repreſented the Duke of *Orleans*, the Prince of *Conde*, and Cardinal *Mazarini*, who now have united their Interests, after a long Time of Animofities and Miſunderſtanding. I look upon this Apparition to be only a natural Production, reſulting from the Reflections of the Sun-beams on a bright Cloud. It is eaſie to ſolve

solve such Phænomena without a Miracle: Yet some, I confess, have the Stamp of a Supernatural Power in their very Front. I myself once saw two mighty Armies marshalled in the Air, who acted all the bloody Tragedies of War, and made *Arabia* deaf with the Noise of their Artillery; yet not a Cloud at that time to be seen. But I remark'd no extraordinary Event to follow it. 'Tis hard to trace the Omnipotent in such mysterious Works, or learn the Drift of Providence.

I desire thee to use thy utmost Diligence, to penetrate into the Designs of the Court where thou residest. 'Tis an honourable Post, to serve the Greatest Monarch in the World. Be faithful and vigilant, so may God and the *Grand Signior* heap greater Favours on thee. Adieu.

Paris, 21st of the 8th Moon
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVII.

To Solyman Aga, Chief Eunuch of the
Women.

I Perceive by thy Letters, that our Heroick Sultan is very industrious to take off the Scandal of Impotence, which the Ladies, at his first Accession to the Throne, fastened on him, having now seen a fourth Son born to him in the Seraglio. The Multitude of Subjects is the Glory of a Monarch, and a strong Defence in Time of War; and the Multitude of the Prince's Children is the Security of his People both in War and Peace.

The Sultan's Adventure, as he was going to *Scutari*, puts me in Mind of an Accident which besel one of the ancient Kings of *Egypt*, who, as he was walking in the Royal Garden at *Memphis*, spied an Eagle flying toward the Place where he was; at which Sight he stood

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still,

still, gazing on the King of Birds; till at length the Eagle, arriving to that Part of the Air which was over his Head, lets fall a Woman's Shoe at his Feet. The King, surprized at this Accident, takes up the Shoe; and surveying its exquisite Symmetry and Form, thence took his Measures of the Lady that had worn it, and suddenly grew enamoured of the unknown Fair, proclaiming through all *Egypt* great Rewards to any that could discover the Owner of that Shoe. At length a certain beautiful Courtezan of *Naucratis*, named *Rhodope*, was proved to be the Mistress of it; who being brought to the King's Presence, he took her to his Bed, making her the Partner of his Empire.

This Lady had a much better Fate than the tall *Armenian* Woman, with whom Sultan *Ibrahim* fell in Love on the like Occasion: For *Rhodope*, after she had enjoyed her Honour many Years, at last died peaceably in her Bed, and was entombed in one of the Pyramids of *Egypt*: Whereas, thou tellest me, that this *Armenian*, soon after her Exaltation to the Sultan's Embraces, was strangled by the Queen-Mother's Command. I tell thee it was a bold and cruel Act; and were the Sultan sensible how she was murdered, he would not spare to vent his Indignation against her that bare him.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ONE would think it an easie Matter for a Stranger to conceal himself in so vast and populous a City as is *Paris*, especially one who makes so mean and contemptible a Figure, as does the supposed *Tiraz* of *Moldavia*. I little thought, that the Lowness of my Stature,

Stature, and the Deformity of my Body, would have attracted any curious Eyes, but that my very Habit would have protected me from all Suspicion; and that I might have passed an Age undiscovered, amongst the infinite Crowds of People, who throng both the Houses and Streets of *Paris*. Yet there are some critical Moments of our Lives wherein Fate delights to sport with us, to throw Stumbling-Blocks in our Way, to entangle us in Difficulties and Perils. This is a necessary Discipline of Heaven, to rouse Men from the Lees of Security and Confidence in their own Strength and Abilities, and to instruct us, *That Providence alone can extricate us out of the Labyrinths we often fall into.*

I was walking yesterday before the Great Temple of this City, which is dedicated to *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus*, when, on a sudden, I was accosted (by one whom I little imagined to have seen in *Paris*) with the Words: *Mahmut! How came you by this Habit? What makes you in this Place? Are you a Christian; or do you thus disguise yourself for other Ends?* Thou mayest easily imagine, what a Terror seized me, when I knew that he who spoke to me was my old Master at *Palermo*. It brought to my Remembrance all the cruel Blows and Stripes I had received during that irksome Captivity; and I could almost have fancied myself ready for the Bastinado. However, dissembling my Confusion, I answered briskly, *Sir, you are mistaken in the Person; my Name is not Mahmut, but Titus. I am a Christian and a Catholick; if you are such yourself, you have no Reason to upbraid my Habit, since I wear it as a Badge of my Profession, being a Student, and Candidate of the Priesthood.*

This Answer, instead of satisfying him, did but augment his Jealousy; and, being of a passionate Temper, he broke out into fierce Language, calling me Turk, Infidel, Slave, Dog, and all the ill Names his Fury could suggest. He spoke so loud, that it was taken Notice of by the People as they walked by, who began to gather about us, to learn the Occasion of so much Noise. I then condemned myself, for not rather owning myself to him, and inviting him to some more retired Place,

where I might give him an Account of my Circumstances. I looked upon myself as a dead Man, and would gladly have sustained seven Years of Servitude again in *Sicily*, to have been rid of the Fear I was now under of a more terrible Punishment.

While I was in this Confusion of Spirit, thinking of nothing but Racks and Tortures, the Noise of the Rabble, who flock'd about us, had alarm'd the People that were at their Devotions in the Church, who came running out to enquire the Cause of such a Tumult: Among the rest a Friar, eminent for his Learning and Virtue, and who had a particular Esteem and Friendship for me, perceiving the Matter, came up close to me, and taking me by the Hand, spoke aloud these Words: *Sirs, forbear to injure a Stranger in the Court of the Mother of God. I know this Man very well, and will be responsible for him; he is a Catholick-Clerk and Servant of the Living God.* The Rabble gave a great Shout at the End of this Harangue; and had not my *Sicilian* Master made a narrow Escape, they would have endangered to tear him in Pieces. I know not what became of him afterwards, but I attended the Friar into the Temple, where we staid during the Celebration of their Mass; and then he conducted me through the inner Parts of the Temple, by private Ways into the Lodgings of the Priests; whence we issued out by a Postern, and, taking Boat, we crossed the River *Seine* into the Fields. The Friar congratulated my Escape from the Hands of the Multitude, and I returned him a thousand Thanks, for lifting me out of the Mire.

Thou seest, dear Friend, that the *Arabian* Proverb speaks not in vain, when it says, *That the Habitation of Danger is on the Borders of Security: And, That a Man never runs greater Hazards, than when he least fears them.*

He that turns the Scales of Life and Death, Good and Evil, grant that some happy Emergency may always arise, to divert the Perils which thou shalt incur in this uncertain Life.

Paris, 7th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

L E T T E R X I X .

To the Kaimacham.

THIS Court is now in Mourning for the Death of the Chief Mufti, or Pope. And indeed there seems to me more than mere Ceremony in it, he having all along favoured the *French* Interest. He had almost passed the twenty second Year of his Pontificate; which few of the Popes have done since *St. Peter*, a Disciple of their Messias, from whom they pretend to derive their Succession. Their Histories say, that this *Peter* was the Mufti of *Rome* five and twenty Years, and that since him not one, whether he was elected Young or Old, has enjoyed the Sovereignty so long. Those that have approached nearest to it, were *Adrian I.* *Sylvester I.* and this *Urban VIII.* who is now dead. It is reported, that, at their Coronation, the Master of the Ceremonies, kneeling down, burns Flax before him that is elected, and, with a loud Voice, repeats these Words thrice: *O Holy Father! think not you are to live here as long as did St. Peter; but let this Flame put you in Mind of the Vanity of the World, and how swiftly the Glory of it passes away.*

Cardinal *Pamphilio* succeeds him in the *Roman Chair*, and has given himself the Name of *Innocent X.* it being the Custom always at their Promotion, to assume the Name of some Holy Man (a strange Piece of Hypocrisy, as if that was sufficient to atone for their own wicked Lives :) But none of them has presumed to take the Name of *Peter* out of Respect to the First Vicar of *Jesus*. This *Pamphilio* is above threescore and twelve Years of Age, by whose Exaltation the Family of the *Barberinis*, to whom he was a professed Enemy, begin to fall into Disgrace. Cardinal *Antonio*, one of that Family, is taxed with embezzling the Treasures of the Church committed to his Trust.

He flies to *France* for Succour; and though he had no great Reason to expect Cardinal *Mazarini's* Friendship,

having formerly opposed his Interest at the *Roman* Court, in the Time of the late Pope *Urban*; yet this Cardinal, by an Excess of Generosity, has espoused his Cause, and engaged his Master the King of *France* in his Quarrel,

What will be the Issue of this Contention, Time will evince. But Men begin to talk already, That the King of *France* will carry a War into *Italy*, which will shake the Walls of *Rome* itself.

Thus there is no Stability in Human Affairs; but Time and Providence perpetually start new Events.

God grant that thou mayest live to see the *Ottoman* Crescent on the Top of *St. Peter's* Church in *Rome*.

Paris, 6th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XX,

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

THE great Preparations, which Sultan *Ibrahim* is making by Land and Sea, afford a Subject of Discourse to all *Christendom*; but administers a special Occasion of Jealousie to the Republick of *Venice*.

They look on his declared Intentions to invade *Malta* only as a Cover or Cloak to his real Designs upon themselves; being confirmed in their Suspicion, by the Complaints which the Sultan made to *Soranzo*, their Resident at the *Porte*, when he delivered himself with an Air, that expressed far deeper Resentments than his Words.

Nor can the artificial Strains of Courtesie, which are used towards the Resident, blind or cancel the apparent Affront and Contempt which he received from the *Kaimachan*, who refused to give him Audience after some Hours Attendance, though at the same Time Prince *Ragotski's* Envoy was admitted at the first Word.

These Considerations, with others of the like Nature, have sufficiently alarmed the *Venetians*; so that they are making

making all the seasonable Preparations that are requisite, to oppose the Torrent of the *Ottoman* Fury and Rage, which they apprehend is to be poured on them. This they perform with all imaginable Diligence and Secrecy, being neither willing to give a just Ground of Jealousie to the Sultan, nor yet to be surprized unprovided.

There have lately been extraordinary Consultations in the Senate about these Affairs, some disapproving these warlike Preparations, others promoting them: One Party judging that a Peace ought rather to be purchased with a Tender of Gold: A contrary Side pleading that such a Purchase would be both dishonourable and disadvantageous, since, upon every new Disgust, the *Ottomans* would commence, or at least threaten a War, on purpose to erect a continual Mart for Peace, the Sale thereof being like to prove so profitable to them. Among the rest of the Senators, *Signior Grimaldi* made an Oration, of which I have obtained an authentick Copy. And it speaks thus:

THIS Glorious Republick, which has flourished for so many Ages, ought not, in my Opinion, to become the Merchandize of upstart Shepherds. It is needless to recount our Original, or wipe off the ancient Dust of our Primitive Records, that we may be able to tell the World, we are the Relicks of Troy. It is bootless to put you in Mind, how this most serene and flourishing State laid her first Foundations in the Sea, and built her Nest in the Floods: That the Nereids fled to her Shadow, and the rest of the Sea-Gods, even Neptune himself, courted her Alliance and Protection. Suffice it to say, that this Victorious State, thus founded and built, has spread her Conquests through Istria, Dalmatia and Epirus; has annexed under her Government Corfu, Cephallenia, Zant and Crete, with many other Islands of the Adriatick and Mediterranean Seas; and that this Virgin Commonwealth has preserved herself undeflowered these twelve hundred Years; in all which Time she never submitted to the lustful Tyranny of any Foreign Conqueror. And must she now become a common Prostitute to Infidels; be

bought and sold at any Rate, and pay the Price of her own Slavery? Has this most August Senate, by a long Series of successful Wars, been exalted to the Height of Sovereign Power, and is she now to be braved into a base and mercenary Peace, the gilded Mask of abject Slavery? We that have stemmed the Torrent of Ottoman Invasions, and resisted the Puissance of all Asia, must we now pull down our own Banks, and tamely let the proud insulting Enemy in, paving his Way with Gold? Rouse up, my Lords, the ancient Genius of this mighty State, awaken the old Venetian Valour; and, unless you resolve always to bear the Ottoman Yoke, now shake it off, and make a War your Choice, rather than your last Remedy.

The Eyes of all the Western Nations are fixed on this August Assembly. The Fate of Christendom is now in the Scales; it is in your Power alone to turn the doubtful Balance; it is from your unshaken Valour, the Christian World expects a Benefit, which shall be recorded on the Pillars of Eternity. Suffer not yourselves, Most Excellent Lords, to be cajoled by the specious Pretences of the Ottoman Fox, but confide in your own Illustrious Arms, and the Justice of your Cause, which will not fail to attract the Favours of Divine Providence. Let not those Laurels, which have been all along sprinkled with the Noble Blood of your renowned Ancestors, be tamely taken from your Heads, and trampled under the Feet of Infidels. Whom do you fear? A Man supinely lulled in wanton Pleasures; drowned in the soft Delights of his Seraglio; a fitter Champion for the Fields of Venus, than for the bloody Toils of Mars, the harsh Fatigues of War? But what do you dread? The Bug-bear Title of Grand Signior? It is in our Power to check his boasted Grandeur, and make him sensible, The State of Venice has a Sword can match the Turkish Scymitar.

Do but resolve, the Work is half done. I feel already in my Mind blissful Presages of a lasting Peace, the Effect of a Just and Seasonable War, which is much to be preferred to the precarious Truce (for it deserves no better Title) which they design to cheat us with, in Contemplation of our Gold; a Truce, which they will break

at

at Pleasure, to start new Grounds of Composition. Thus could we drain the Indies dry, we must refund our Treasure into the Ottoman Coffers, and all too little to satiate their greedy Avarice, and tyrannous Demands. Thus would the most Serene Republick of Venice be postponed to the Divan of Algiers, who have already shaken off the Turkish Yoke, retaining indeed the servile Name of Subjects, but refusing the Tribute they were wont to pay. Let us not suffer that barbarous little State, thus nobly to assert their Liberty, whilst we resign our Necks to the Yoke. Our Fleets are numerous, our Soldiers disciplined, our Seamen bold and expert, our Treasury full of the Nerves of War. Let us be in a Readiness, and, if Sultan Ibrahim dares be the first Aggressor, then beat Drum, sound Trumpet, and every Man to his Post.

This huffing Harangue of Signior Grimaldi, though it met with some Abettors in the Senate, yet the Counsel of the graver and wiser Heads prevailed; which was to send Orders to the *Venetian* Resident at *Constantinople*, to sound the Inclinations of the Sultan; and, if possible, to make a pecuniary Accommodation.

This Intelligence I received from a Jew, living at *Venice*; one whom I confide in, and who gives me a constant and faithful Account of all the important Occurrences of that State. He is familiar with *Girelamo Pusserla*, and *Bernardino Lupulo*, two of the Senators who voted for Peace; by which Means he can easily feel the Pulse of the *Venetian* State, nothing of Moment being concealed from him by these *Clarissimos*.

The late Action of *Giacomo de Riva*, Sporaveditor of *Tino* against the Ships of *Tripoli* and *Tunis*, is interpreted to be done altogether in his own Defence. I doubt not, but it will be otherwise represented at the *Porte*; but I wish some Mens groundless Discontents, and the private Interests of others, be not improved to the Notion of publick Injuries; by the Artifice of such as wish not well to the *Ottoman* Empire.

I discharge my Duty in sending thee the best Intelligence I can in this Juncture.

God, the Supreme Monarch of the Universe, dispose these Overtures, and all other human Events, to the Exaltation of the *Ottoman* Empire, and the Propagation of the true Faith.

Paris, 13th of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

L E T T E R X X I.

To Mirza Muhammed Effendi, *Vicar to the*
Musti.

THE *Jews* have a Proverb, *That he who breeds not up his Son to some Trade, makes him a Thief.* And the *Arabians* say, *That an idle Person is the Devil's Play Fellow.* Therefore our holy and wise Lawgiver has commanded all true Believers, to exercise themselves every Day in some manual Occupation. Neither is the Sultan on his Throne any more exempted from Obedience to this universal Precept, than he who cleans the Streets. The Soul of Man is active as Fire; or, to take our Comparison as the *Hebrews* do, from another Element, it can no more cease from being busy, than Water can withhold itself from running out of every Hole of a Sieve. Men will be always exerting their Faculties one Way or other, and there is no Medium between Good and Evil. Whosoever is not employed in One, must necessarily fall into the other. These are the Points to which all the Lines of human Actions tend, the Centers where all our Affairs meet. But, though there be no such Thing as a Mediocrity between the two Extremes, and every Man is within the Circumference either of Virtue or Vice: Yet there are certain Steps and Degrees in each; specific Differences also, which take their Rise and Proportions from Nature, Morality and Religion. Thus, human Providence teaches us, of two Evils to chuse the least; while the divine Oracle instructs us, not to stand upon

upon Niceties and Punctilios with Virtue, but to push forward till we arrive at an heroick Generosity.

As for me, who serve the *Grand Signior* in this Station, I am forced to compound with the Law, and capitulate with the severer Precepts of the Alcoran. I tell many a Lye, that I may do the more effectual Service to Truth. I am compelled to deny my Religion, that I may prepare a Way for others to propagate it. By oblique and remote Fetches of Policy, I accomplish the direct Intentions of Justice, while I commit little Vices among the Infidels to introduce great Virtues. Thus, making good the Counsel of the *Persian* Philosopher, *That it is necessary for him who would reach his Journey's End, sometimes to go round about.* And thou knowest what Encouragement has been given me; being assured by the Sovereign Prelate of our holy Law, that while I keep in the Orb of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, I am out of the Devil's Circle.

If thou wouldest know how I busy my self at my Hours of Leisure, I make Watches; not knowing how better to spend my vacant Time, than in framing an Instrument whereby I may perceive how Time passes away. This little Engine points out each Minute, and measures exactly the Succession of Hours; it keeps Pace with Years, yet out-runs not Months. It is the Journal of the Sun, a faithful Record of his daily Travel through the Heavens. In a Word, it is the Secretary of Time; and a compendious History of the First-born Issue of Eternity.

Eliachim the Jew takes some off my Hands; and the rest I present to the *Grandeess*, or any Body whom I would oblige. I have sent some by the way of *Vienno* to the most venerable *Musta*, and to thy self, as also to others of my Friends at the *Sublime Porte*. They are all sealed up, with Directions to those for whom they are designed. I wish that this mean Testimony of my Duty and Affection may be accepted; and that my Superiors would from hence conclude; that I am no bad Husband of my Time.

The unchangeable Essence, who moves all Things, yet is moved at None; who sets all the Springs and Wheels
of

of Nature a-going, yet remains himself in eternal Rest; beholding all Things past, present, and to come; with one undivided Glance; grant that I may be approved of Heaven, while I obey the Mufti, and his Vicar on Earth.

If thou favourest the Cause of the Merchant who brings thee this Letter, thou shalt do well. He will inform thee of his Affairs. God encrease thy Felicity.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXII.

To Hali Omri, Bassa.

THOU that art exalted from a Page, to one of the highest Dignities in the Empire, and possessest an eminent Share of the Sultans Favour, wilt not be displeased if *Mahmut*, whom thou hast formerly honoured with thy Friendship, puts thee in Mind of some Qualifications that are requisite in a Favourite. I know thy Abilities are great, yet he that walks on Pinnacles will not refuse the Assistance of any kind Hand that offers it, nor tax a Man with Presumption, for endeavouring to preserve him from a Fall.

It will not be sufficient, that thou art very zealous to serve the Sultan, to aggrandize his Honour, and prop the imperial Dignity: Nor that thou art extremely accurate in managing the Affairs committed to thy Charge: That thou art assiduous and extraordinary careful; not addicted to Recreations and Pleasure: That thou art rigorously just, deaf to Flattery, and inexorable to Bribes; but in all Things solicitous for thy Sovereign's Interest and Greatness, without any other Byass, save that of untainted Loyalty. (All these, I must confess, are great Virtues in a Statesman and a Favourite; yet they may become Vices, by their Excess as well as their Defect, and he that steers not his Course in the Golden Mean, may soon precipitate himself into Ruin.) But it is also necessary for thee to have an Eye to the Satisfaction of the Subject, as well as of the Prince's Prerogative. It will

will not be safe to immolate the People's Interests and Liberties, to the Humours and Caprices of their Sovereign. Neither will he thank or reward thee, for such a dangerous Piece of Zeal. Nay, should he himself command thee to do any Thing which would intrench on their Rights and Privileges, thou oughtest rather to shew thy Fidelity, in humbly remonstrating to him the ill Consequences of such a Proceeding, than by a blind Obedience to betray both him and thy self to the publick Odium. On thee to be sure it will fasten, however thy Master may escape; and thou must fall a Victim to appease the incensed Multitude, and save him harmless.

This was the Case of the Duke *d'Olivarez*, the late Minister and Favourite of the King of *Spain*. He was endued with all the fore-mentioned Virtues requisite in a Statesman; but his immense Zeal to advance the King's Prerogative betrayed him to such Measures of Oppression and Tyranny, as were the Occasion of his Ruin.

The *Spaniards* claim certain Franchises and Immunities, which when granted them, they pay a voluntary Homage to the *Castilian* Crown. *D'Olivarez* sought to bereave them of these their native Customs and Liberties, which by Degrees gave so general a Disgust to that apprehensive Nation, that they broke out into an open Rebellion. Hence sprung the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Roussillon*; and, the total Defection of *Portugal*. He thought by Rigour to drive these People to Extremes, making them to fall into Treason, and then, taking Advantage of their Crimes, to make his Master more absolute. But these indirect Courses never prospered; and we now see the Duke of *Braganza* by this Means established in the Throne of *Portugal*, that Kingdom quite rent from *Spain*, and the other Provinces in the Hands of the *French*.

The *Spanish* Grandees, sensible of the Male Administration of the Favourite Duke, grew disgusted, withdrew from the Court, and from their Charges, leaving the King almost destitute of Attendants at home, or Officers abroad; yet none durst discover the Grounds of their

their Discontent, till the Constable of *Castile* broke the Ice, on the following Occasion. This Constable is one of the Prime Nobility of *Spain*, deducing his Pedigree from a Race of Kings. Him had *Olivarez* made his mortal Enemy, by proposing a Match between a Son of his, and the Constable's Daughter. This Son, whether natural or only adopted, is not certainly known, but he had lived an obscure and debauched Life, not so much as taken notice of, unless for his dissolute Manners and enormous Crimes, which had once exposed him to the Sentence of Death, had he not met with better Fortune than he deserved. All the Nobles were highly disgusted, when they saw this Prodigal owned by *Olivarez* for his natural Son and Heir, invested with the highest Dignities of the Kingdom, and made Master of prodigious Riches; especially since he was no Ways worthy of such Preferment, retaining still his former Vices, and giving every where Proofs of an abject and base Genius. To see such an one made President of the *Indies*, and at the height of Honour, in a fair Way to succeed the Duke in his Ministry, irritated the whole Court, and drove the Constable of *Castile* to Impatience. He utterly refuses the Match, disdaining that his Daughter should be linked to such an Upstart, he remonstrates to the King the exorbitant Ambition of *Olivarez*. In fine, being seconded by other Lords of the Court, and by Letters from the *German* Emperor, he so far prevailed on the King, that his Eyes began to be opened, and he now clearly saw, that all the Disorders of the Government owed their Origin to the ill Conduct of *Olivarez*. Wherefore taking the Advice of his faithful Counsellors, he banished him the Court, deprived him of all Authority, confined him first to a Place not far from *Madrid*, and afterwards to *Thoro*, a City in old *Castile*.

Thus fell that great Minister, through his own Ambition to rise. Seeking by unwarrantable Methods to secure his Master's Favour, he incurred the Height of his Displeasure, and brought upon his own Head an irrecoverable Disgrace and Ruin.

I send thee this Example, as a Testimony of my Friendship and Fidelity; and that thou mayest inform the Divan of the true Grounds of this Man's Misfortune. The King

King has now taken the Reins of Government into his own Hands, though it is thought, too late.

I wish thee an Encrease of Virtue and Happines, and that thy Moderation may keep thee steadfast in the Sultan's Favour.

Paris, 4th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is, thou knowest, a considerable Time since I was Love-smitten with the beautiful *Doria*, who was fair as an Angel, and discreet above any Mortal Creature. It is hard to say whether the Beauty of her Mind or that of her Body struck deepest Impressions on my Soul. How long were the Nights and how short my Slumbers, and what a general Distraction of Thoughts was I in? I could not abide my Chamber, and when I went out, no other Place could please me. I knew not what I said or thought; whether I dreamed or was really awake, stood or sat, went backwards or forwards, all Postures and Places being alike, seeing none of them could afford me the Relief I sought after.

I imagined no less, but that I must thus languish on; yet I find, that Time and Absence have, at length, made Way for Reason. Marvel not, dear *Oglou*, I have suffered these Transports. Our Passions are not in our Power, we cannot love and hate when and whom we please. There is a Conformity of Blood, wherein the Stars, they say, work Wonders. It is true, no Man can love and be wise at the same Time; but prithee tell me, didst thou ever know any wise Man, who was not one Time or other in Love? Remember thine own Passion for the same Object, which will make thee the easier to excuse mine. I will tell thee a Story, which I have somewhere read; which, if it does not palliate, yet will not aggravate my Weakness.

A cer-

A certain Country-man, having lost his Ass, came to the Muezin, or Cryer, desiring him to give Notice at the Door of one of their Mosques: Which he did for three several Festivals. But no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner urged the Muezin to continue his former Proclamations, with the Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The Muezin being an Arch-Wag and tired with the Fellow's Importunity, one Day when the Ceremonies of their superstitious Worship was ended, and People flocked amain out of the Mosque, he made this following Proclamation: *If there be any Man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly profess, he never was in Love, he shall have a fat Pig*

An ungainly loobily Fellow, who was leaning listning on his Staff, bawled out. *That he could safely take his Oath, he was the Person who had never been in Love.* Whereupon the Muezin taking him by the Sleeve, presents him to the Country-man, saying, *here Friend, I have found your Ass, the Pig is mine.*

Rejoice with me for the Recovery of my Liberty, and believe an experienced Man, when he tells thee, that a Man's Love to his Friend, though it be not so violent and strong as that to his Mistress, yet is more solid and lasting.

Paris, 12th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXIV.

To the invincible Vizir Azem at the Port.

SINCE thou, who art the Centre and Source of all Dignity, hast drawn back one Ray of Honour into thy self, whose Emanation before made some of thy Slaves illustrious, with the Title and Power of Captain Bassa: Since thou thy self, I say, who art always Generalissimo by Land, vouchsafest also at this Juncture to become Bassa of the Sea; I wish that both Elements may prove propitious to thee, and Fate crown thy Arms with the Height

Height of Success. May the King of the Waters proclaim a *Nef-aum* where-ever thou sailest, and may the Winds pay Homage to the Banner of the *Ottoman* Empire. In a Word may yielding Waves and timely Gales convey thee safe and prosperous to *Venice*, and may Fortune always attend that Courage, which never forsook thee when thy Master's Honour lay at Stake.

The Empire of the *Osmons* is highly obliged to Providence, for such a valiant and experienced Leader of their Armies. There is need of the Resolution of *Alexander the Great* to encounter with all the formidable Difficulties and Hazards of this War. Thou art not marching against the soft and effeminate *Persians*, Men drowned in the luxurious Debaucheries of *Asia*, and enervated by continual Voluptuousness: But thou must combat with the fierce *Racians*, hardy *Servians*, the valiant Inhabitants of *Dalmatia* and *Istria*, Men inured to Toils and Fatigues, and steeled in Blood and Slaughter. I tell thee, there is no State in the World, that takes more Care to breed her Subjects up in all the Discipline of War, then this Republick. Thou hast heard of the famous Arsenal of *Venice*; wilt thou believe what *Adonai* the Jew has told me, concerning that Nursery of War? He is newly come from thence, and says, That this Arsenal alone is half a League in Circuit; that there is but one Gate and Channel into it, by which their Vessels pass in and out: That in this Place, as in a Seminary, are bred up an infinite Number of Slaves, who are a little Common-wealth by themselves. Some of these are employed all the Year round, in making Gallies, Galleasses, Pinnaces, Brigantines, and other Shipping, with all Materials belonging to them, as Masts, Oars, &c. Others make Bullets, Chains, Anchors, Cannon, and all kinds of Artillery. A third Sort are busied in making Ropes, Sails, Shrouds. and such like Naval Implements.

He says moreover, that in this Magazine are contained 40000 Pistols; 200000 Daggers; 60000 Partizans; Javelins 100000; Cross-Bows 30000; Long-Bows 50000; with 500000 Swords, Musquets 200000; 1000 Cannon; as many Sakers; 500 Culverins. All these are preserved as a Treasury of War, besides infinite Quantities

tities of all Manner of Weapons and Ammunitions, which are daily carried from hence to furnish their Ships by Sea, and their Armies and Ports by Land. Thou wilt conclude from hence, that this is a wise and Martial Nation, and that the Conquest of *Venice* will cost much Sweat and Blood.

Wilt thou hear what this *Jew* says of their publick Buildings, which are all made of the best Marble? He counts sixty six Parish-Churches; fifty two Monasteries; twenty-six Nunneries, eighteen Chapels; seventeen Hospitals; and six Schools. He numbers fifty six Courts of Justice; ten Gates of Brasse, four hundred and fifty Stone Bridges; eighty thousand Boats; which cannot be served with leis than double the Number of Watermen. The Inhabitants of this City are computed to be 800000. By all this, thou mayest comprehend the Greatness and Wealth of this Republick, and that is no inglorious Enterprize to carry on a War against it.

These Infidels give publick Toleration to Harlots, which is practised not only in this City, but all over *Italy*, and brings a vast Revenue into the Treasury. The Whores Pence of *Venice* is said to amount yearly to 100000 Zechins.

The Multitude of *Jews* also does mightily enrich that City, who have no less than nine Synagogues there. They are Masters of fine Wealth, and engross the greatest Part of the *Levantine* Traffick, whereby *Venice* is become superlatively wealthy, and has acquired the Epithet of *Rich*. This is grown a Fashion in *Italy*; That every City has its peculiar Title, as *Rome* the *Holy*, *Padua* the *Learner*, *Milan* the *Great*, *Naples* the *Proud*, and *Venice* the *Rich*.

One Thing extremely pleases me, and had it not shew of Idolatry, I could not but applaud it, as an Argument of the Generosity of this State. *Adonai* tells me That there are no less than 165 Marble, and 23 Brazen Statues, erected by the Order and at the Charges of this Republick, in Honour of the like Number of valiant Soldiers, who have merited well of the Publick. This is an efficacious Encouragement to others, a Spur to Virtue, the Cherisher of martial Ardour: And *Venice* here seems to imitate the Gratitude of ancient *Rome*, which

never

never spared any Cost to honour her Heroes, and render their Memory immortal.

God grant thee Victory over these Infidels, that at thy Return, laden with the *Venetian* Spoils, thou mayest rejoice in the Royal Caresses and Favour of our glorious Sultan, and that not only *Constantinople*, but all the *Ottoman* Empire, may celebrate Triumphs for the Success of thy Arms.

Paris, 21st of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXV.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT appears by thy melancholy Letter thou hast not forgot the Loss thou formerly sustainedst by Fire, but still continuest to disturb thy self with dismal Apprehensions of spending thy Days in ignominious Poverty. I am afraid thou didst set thy Heart too much on thy Wealth, which makes thee so uneasie under thy Misfortune. Perhaps thy Money was thy Master, and God, in removing it from thee, has made thee free, and thereby fitted thee for the Contemplation of the Universe.

Never fear Want; the same Providence, which took Care of thee before thou camest into the World, will never be wanting to thee now thou art in it. It is but a Little that we need, and it will not be long before it will be impossible for us to want any Thing. Poverty never meets the thinking and industrious. And a Man may satisfy Nature, without the least Obligation to Fortune; who, when she seems most angry with us, scarce ever denies us Necessaries. The Belly indeed is a troublesome Creditor, yet it is quieted with a little. *Seneca* tells us, That *Epicurus* confined himself to a narrower Allowance than that of the severest Prisons, to the most innoxious Offender; and found himself at ease too in a strict Diet, than any Man in the worst Condition needs to fear.

fear. But the Misery of it is, we are governed in all Things by Opinion, and every thing is to us as we think it to be.

The same great Man tells us of one *Apicius*, who poisoned himself, for fear of starving, when he had two hundred and fifty Piasters in his Coffers. And another more modern Philosopher relates, That a rich Man, an Acquaintance of his, falling Mad, snatcht up a Straw, and complained he must perish with Hunger, for he saw there was no Grain in the empty Husks.

It is said of the Emperor *Galba*, That he was wont to weep, when he saw his Table better covered than ordinary. And I have read of a certain *Christian* Musti, who was so wretchedly covetous, that he would steal privately into the great Mosque of *Rome*, and put out the Lamps there to save Charges.

But methinks, I hear thee murmuring me an Answer, that this was never thy Humour; and these Citations make little Impression on a Man, that has had his House and Goods burnt, and narrowly escaped in his own Person.

Shall I tell thee then, what happened lately in these Parts, which will, perhaps, make thee more contented and thankful for thy Life, seeing what was these poor Peoples Lot, might have been thine?

Certain considerable Merchants coming to this Town and lodging at an Inn, not far from my Quarters, the House being full of Guests, they were forced to be content with an upper Room; where, entertaining one another with pleasant Discourse, to pass away the Time till Supper, on a sudden the Kitchen was all in a Flame, unfortunately encreased with combustible Matter lying near the Chimney. Some say there was a great Quantity of Oil and Gun-powder (an odd Store-house to lay such Commodities in.) However, the Fire appeared so suddenly and violently, that in a Moment all the Floor under them was seized with it.

These Gentlemen, who were two Stories high, in a Chamber towards the Street, as soon as they heard the Cry of Fire, began to make towards their Trunks and

Port

Portmanteaus, which were locked up in a large Coffer, the Key of which hung at the Hostess's Girdle. They were for going down to fetch it, but the Fire had in a Manner consumed all beneath them. Whilst they were busied in trying to break open the Coffer, and to take out every Man his own, their Chamber became instantly so full of Smoak, as was like to choak them. They could neither save themselves by going up or down, the House being all over in a Flame. Moreover, their Neighbours seeing their own Houses in Danger, were so concerned for themselves, that they had no time to pity others. So that few People attempted to succour these poor Gentlemen, who, on their Side, endeavoured with great Pieces of Wood, to force a Passage; but the Walls and Windows were too Strong to give Way to their Efforts, being secured with thick Iron Bars, fastened to the Stones. In this lamentable Condition, having this inexorable Flame before their Eyes, which had already seized on the Chamber, tearing the Hair of their Heads, and stamping on the Ground, they sent forth such dreadful Shrieks, as moved all that heard them to extream Compassion.

They threw their Gold and Silver into the Streets, in vain crying for Help; the Fire being so encreased, that before the People could bring Ladders and other Instruments to break a Way into the Chamber, these poor Wretches miserably perished in the Flames.

Thank God thou hast still thy Life and Senses. Turn these last the right Way, and thou wilt find thou hast lost Nothing.

Paris, 21st of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of
the Ottoman Empire.

THE Spaniards are the proudest People in the World. They strut like Cranes as they go along the Streets, and

and walk by Rules of Geometry. Here are many of them in this City, since the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Roussillon*. The *French* accuse them of Uncomplaisance and ill Manners, in that they will not change their Habit or Gate, in a Country so averse from Formality.

They are extremely addicted to Rhodomontados; as thou wilt easily guess by this which follows: *Lewis XIII.* asking a *Spanish* Officer, who was a Prisoner of War, Why the Kings of *Spain* went not in Person to the Wars, as the Kings of *France*: He answered, *If the King, my Master, should lead his own Army into the Field, the whole Earth would tremble under him.*

Another being asked; Why the *Spanish* King in his Style boasted, *That the Sun was his Helmet*, replied, *Because that Luminary never sets on all my Master's Territories.* But the *Frenchman* wittily retorted; *he will neither set nor rise on any of your Master's Dominions ere long, if the Great Lewis goes on with his Conquests.*

Indeed, to pass from Jest to Earnest, this Victorious King continually pares away some Part or other of the *Spanish* Monarchy. I have acquainted the Ministers of the *Divan* with the most important Passages of this War, except the taking of *Graveling*, which I did not then think so considerable a Place, as I am since informed it is. It is a Sea Town, lying on the Northern Shore of *France*, and commanding the Narrow Seas, between the *Continent* and *England*. Some say, that it is one of the strongest Towns in *Europe*. The *French* King, by the Conquest of this Place, is in a Condition to give the Law by Sea to all the Northern Nations.

The Great God, who protects the *Ottoman* Empire, set Limits to the Conquests of this *Christian* King, and so continue the Wars of these Infidel Princes, that neither any One of them may be in a Condition, nor all of them together be agreed to make Head against the Arms of our Invincible Sultan.

Paris, 12th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

To Dicheu Hussein Bassa.

THOU hast already in the *Diwan* heard of the present Convulsions of the *English* State. I communicated to the *Vizir Azem* what Intelligences I had received of the Troubles of that Kingdom. Besides, the Imperial City is full of Strangers of all Nations, who maintain Correspondences with their several respective Countries: Whence it comes to pass, That whatsoever is done in the most remote Corners of the Earth is soon known to the Ministers of the Sublime *Porte*, which is the Sanctuary of the whole World. But I shall gratify thee, in unveiling the Interior of those Events, which have made such a Noise. Thou art naturally curious in thy Researches; and I shall present thee with some additional Remarks, which I have made on the *English* Affairs, since I wrote to the Supreme Minister on that Subject.

I acquainted him, that the late Cardinal *Ricblieu* had a hand in embroiling that Island, as he had in exciting the Tumults of *Catalonia*, and promoting the Revolution of *Portugal*. The Part which he acted was by Proxy. He had his Agents there, to blow up into a Flame the Sparks which lay smothering in the Breasts of that discontented People. Those of the *Latin* Church reflect it as a Judgment on the *English* Nation, that they have never been free from Conspiracies, Seditions and Rebelions, since the Time they shook off their Obedience to the *Roman Musti*; which was in the Days of King *Henry VIII*. As if that Revolt in Point of Religion had been the Source of all the following Tumults and Disorders in the State. It is certain, Religion has great Influence on Mens Morals, and where a Liberty of Innovating is once allowed, it makes continued Progressions. Some *French* Antiquaries say, That the *English* embraced the *Roman* Communion for the Space of seven hundred Years; and that, during so long a Time, they never had any Civil Wars, but such as were made on the

Account

Account of Succession to the Crown. But that after they had changed their Faith, they were always restless, still hatching some Alteration in the Government. I know not how far these Observations are justifiable, Men being generally partial to their own Cause: But the present Stirs in that Island seem to owe their Increase, if not their Birth, to the Latitude which the Subjects take in Matters of Conscience; whilst every Man carves out to himself such a Religion as best pleases him; without being accountable to the State, or paying any Tribute, as is the Practice of the *Ottoman* Empire: Hence it is few Mens Ambition to conform to the Religion of the Prince; but every Sect endeavours to persuade both Prince and People to subscribe to their Sentiments; and the most potent Party threatens all the rest with the ill Consequences of War, in Case their Tenets be not established. Among all the Religions which divide the Inhabitants of that Island, there is none for which they have so general an Aversion, as that which they call the *Roman Catholick*, though it were once the Established Religion of the Country. This is now become the publick Eye-sore; and the rest of the Sects, though they are at immortal Difference with each other, yet all join Heart and Hand to oppose this Common Bug-bear. The *French* say, That the Protestants are like the *English* Mastiffs, two of which I remember were presented to Sultan *A-murath*, by the *French* Ambassador, with this Character of them, *That though when they quarrelled they would fight with each other to Death, yet should a Bear be let loose upon them, in the midst and Heat of their Fury, they would soon become Friends, and turn the Battle upon their Savage Enemy.* Such, they say, is the Humour of the *English* Sectaries; and the Factionous have improved it so far, as to fasten the Odium of the Vulgar on the King himself, by suggesting, That he designs to introduce the *Roman* Religion into that Country; whereas, according to the Relation of Travellers and knowing Men, he is a zealous Protestant. This is the Pretence of taking up Arms against him: An Artifice, by which Rebellion is generally ushered in; whilst the Defence of Religion is made a Cloak for Sacrilege and Treason.

The Infidels have found out a Way to divide a Man from himself, by Metaphysical Niceties, a Science wherein the True Believers are happily ignorant. They are actually in Arms against their Sovereign, yet they declare they fight for him: Maintaining their Rebellion by this Sophistry, That they fight against his Natural Person, to defend his Political; as if they could separate one from the other. Some thinking Men say, it is well if they do not divorce his Soul from his Body by the Help of these juggling Distinctions.

His Viceroy in *Ireland* has already lost his Head, for no other Crime, but his Loyalty to his Master; who is blamed for giving Consent to the Execution of so faithful a Minister. Yet the Curious pretend to trace the Footsteps of Justice in this Man's Destiny, since he fell a sacrifice to the same Democrattick Principles, whereof he had formerly been a zealous Patron, having been observed to be once a great Opposer of the Royal Prerogative. If this be true, it seems as if *Nemesis* her self had brought him to his Punishment.

Thou wilt wonder at the Presumption of these People, in divesting the King of the Military Power by Sea and Land, and assuming it themselves. Especially when thou considerest, that this is the Essential Prerogative of Sovereignty, without which it is but an empty Title.

Our invincible Sultans are possessed of such an uncontrollable Authority as cannot be transferred to any Subject, or to all the Subjects of so vast an Empire put together; but is only communicated at the Imperial Pleasure, as Rays from the Sun, whose Emanations, though they are immense and infinite; yet do they not in the least diminish or weaken that immortal Fountain of Light. But the *English* have not that Veneration for their Prince, as is found in the *Mussulmans*: They esteem him but the Trustee of the Common-wealth, the Creature of the Populace, having imbibed the Principles of *Aristotle*, *Cato*, and other Democrattick Philosophers; who teach, that the Sovereign Power is Originally in the People, and but transmitted from them to the Prince, by way of Deputation and Credence. My Letter to the Prime *Vizir* will inform thee what the *English* Parliament is. At this Time,

as I am informed, it consists for the most Part of Men of this Stamp; yet they do not openly profess these Antimonarchick Tenets; but, under the Masks of Loyalty, amuse the credulous Multitude with specious Pretences, of making the King the most Glorious Monarch, and his Subjects the Happiest People in the World. But it is thought he will rather confide in his Arms, the Justice of his Cause, and the Protection of God, than suffer himself to be any longer cajoled by their false Rhetorick.

He has given them Battle once, wherein, they say, the Victory was in an even Ballance, and neither Side could claim it,

The Rebels have put to Death the *English* Musti, whom they call the Archbishop. They struck off his Head with an Axe, in the open Street, on the 10th Day of the first Moon of the Year 1643.

Before I conclude this Letter, I shall relate to thee a Passage which happened in this King's Infancy, worthy of Remark: In former Ages, there were a Sort of Philosophers or Prophets in *England*, whom they called Druids and Bards. These instructed the People in the Belief of a God, the Immortality of the Soul, and other Principles of Natural Religion. They foretold Things to come; and had acquired so great a Reputation, that the Kings of that Country would undertake no Affair of Moment, until they had first consulted these Oracles. It is said, there are yet living some of that Prophetick Race in the Mountains of *Scotland*. One of which, a Man of great Sanctity and Wisdom, being a hundred and twenty Years old, came to visit this King's Father; at which Time he saw this King, being then an Infant in his Nurse's Arms, whilst his Elder Brother and Heir of the Crown stood by. The Old Man, after his Compliments to the Father, takes the Infant Prince in his Arms, and bestows his Benediction on it in these Terms, *Hail, Royal Babe, Heir of two Crowns; thou shalt reign a long Time happily; but, in the End, a Flower-de-Luce shall be thy Bane.* The Nobles that were present, thinking that the Extremity of Age, had bereaved him of his Reason, were ready to thrust him away; offering to take the Child from him, and telling him, *That he mistook; for this was not the Heir,*

Hair of the Crown, but his Brother who stood by. But he, with a composed Look and an assured Carriage, made answer, *That what he spoke was Truth*; adding withal, *That the Elder Brother should die before his Father; and that this should live to inherit the Kingdoms of Scotland and England.* The Event has made good some Part of his Prophecy; for his Elder Brother died at twelve Years of Age, and he at this Day possesses these two Kingdoms; but how the Flower-de-Luce shall be his Bane, Time must evince. It is thought, that by it is meant the *French King*; because that is the Arms of the Royal Blood of *France*. It is hard to determine of future Events, yet there are some, who observing the Influence which this Court has had on the *English* Commotions, and how far Cardinal *Richlieu* had engaged King *Lewis XIII.* in Revenging the Affronts, which were given to his Sister the Queen of *England*, by that inhospitable Nation, make no Difficulty of interpreting this Prophecy; but conclude, That the unfortunate King of *England* will at length fall a Victim to the *French* Resentments, though his own Subjects be instrumental to his Ruin.

I will continue my Intelligence of the *English* Affairs as I receive them. In the mean while, I pray the Great God to protect the *Mussulman* Empire from Sedition and Treason, and keep the Subjects of Sultan *Ibrahim* in their due Obedience.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Bajazet Ali Hogia, Preacher to the Seraglio.

HERE are to be met with in these *Western* Parts infinite Numbers of People, who not only despise and vilify our Law, but their own, and openly scoff at all Religions in the World. These are known by the Name of Libertines or Atheists, which is to say, People that profess themselves Enemies to the Belief of a God. A lewd and unthinking Herd of Animals, who dare not

be alone, lest they should come to the Remembrance of themselves and be wiser.

These People are, in some Sort, like *Ninus*, that great *Affyrian* Monarch, who vaunted, he never saw the Stars, nor desired it; worshipped neither Son nor Moon, never spoke to his People, nor took any Account of them, but was valiant in Eating and Drinking.

He was said to have this Inscription on his Tomb.

I WAS FORMERLY *NINUS*, THE GREAT LORD OF THE WORLD, AND LIVED AS THOU DOST, BUT AM NOW NOTHING BUT DUST. ALL THE MEAT I HAVE EATEN, ALL THE HANDSOME WOMEN I HAVE ENJOYED, ALL THE WORSHIP THAT WAS PAYED ME, AND ALL THE RICHES I WAS POSSESSED OF, HAVE FAILED ME; AND WHEN I SET FORWARD FROM THIS WORLD INTO THE INVISIBLE STATE, I HAD NEITHER GOLD, NOR HORSE, NOR CHARIOT. I AM NOW, I SAY, BUT THE DUST THOU TREADEST ON.

Such another was *Sardanapalus*, one of the Successors of *Ninus* in that Monarchy, and in the Corruption of his Manners. An effeminate Prince, a Slave to his Lusts, and not worthy of an Imperial Crown. It was not to his Virtue or Courage that *Nineveh* was obliged, for sustaining a Siege of eight and twenty Moons, but to the impregnable Strength of her own Walls. For, so soon as he was told, that the *Oracle* was fulfilled, and that the River *Euphrates* was joined in League with his Enemies. and had, by an unusual Flood, broke down a considerable Part of the Walls in which he trusted; all his Bravery vanished; he shewed he was a Coward, and killed himself for fear of Death. Yet such was the sordid Impotence of his Spirit, that even in this Way he durst not die alone, but taking his Concubines and nearest Attendants, with all his Gold and Jewels, he forced them to accompany him into the Hollow of a Funeral Pile, which he fired with his own Hands, and burnt his Servants with himself. I do not esteem it an Effect of Courage, to make Death a Sanctuary from the inevitable Miseries of a hated Life. But, to be either willing to die, in the Height of Human

man Enjoyments, or to be resolved to live and out-brave these very Calamities, which would tempt any Man to die, is the peculiar Mark of an Heroick Resolution.

However, thus died *Sardanapalus*, having desired that a Monument might be erected to his Memory, with this Inscription;

SARDANAPALUS LIVED MUCH IN A LITTLE TIME, HAVING ALWAYS GRATIFIED HIS SENSES; HE BUILT TWO CITIES, *ANCHIALA* AND *TARSUS*, IN ONE DAY; PERFORMED THE TASK OF MANY YEARS, IN FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS, ADVISES THEE, READER, TO IMITATE HIS EXAMPLE; EAT, DRINK, AND ENJOY THY SELF; FOR AFTER DEATH, THERE IS NEITHER PLEASURE NOR PAIN.

These were but Pygmies in Atheism, in Comparison of others. *Dionysius*, the *Sicilian* Monarch, was a Giant in Infidelity. He not only committed Sacrilege, but made it his Pastime. He drolled upon the Gods, while he robbed their Temples; into which he never entered without a Jest, nor departed from their Altars without a Satyr. He put a Woollen Garment on the Image of *Jupiter Olympius*, instead of the Golden Robe with which King *Hiero* had cloathed it; and excused the Sacrilege, by saying, Exchange was no Robbery, and, That he consulted the Ease and Health of the God, both Summer and Winter. He played the Barber to the Statue of *Æsculapius*, and shaved off his Golden Beard; saying, That since *Apollo* his Father was beardless, it was but good Manners for the Son to be so too. When he came into a rich Temple in *Syracusa*, and saw in the Hands of *Mars* a Sword, whose Hilt was thick set with Diamonds, Emeralds, and Rubies, he made a mock Obeysance, and took the Sword from the extended Arm of the Image, saying, The God of War presented him with that Sword, as an Earnest of his future Victories, and he should be very ungrateful and impious, not to except the Gift of the Deity. It was a nasty Affront which *Nero* put upon the *Syrian* Goddess, when he caused his Excrements to be thrown in her Face.

These were Royal Atheists, and no Body durst controul their impious Pranks. The Libertines now-a-days are more modest and politick. They dare not violate Temples, nor prophane the Altars of the *Christians* openly, but secretly they undermine all Religion, and dispute People out of their Faith.

Some of these Atheists maintain the World to be eternal. Others hold, that it came by a fortuitous Concourse of Atoms; which, after an eternal Dance in an infinite Space, at last jumbled together into that exquisite Order we now behold and contemplate. They profess themselves Disciples of *Epicurus*, yet wilfully corrupt the Doctrines of that virtuous Philosopher, who though he taught, that the Supreme Felicity of Man consisted in Pleasure, yet never meant that of the Body, but the purer Joys and Tranquillity of the Mind, arising from a Life led according to Reason: Whereas these modern *Epicureans* place their highest Contentment in the Satisfaction of their sensual Appetites. A jolly Crew, who number their Days by Debaucheries, and reckon that Hour misspent, wherein they have not drawn some Line of Voluptuousness. And, as if they had consecrated themselves to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, Women and Wine divide the most important Actions of their whole Lives.

They are professed Enemies to the Doctrine of the Resurrection, of good and evil Spirits, of the Day of Judgment, of Heaven and Hell. They esteem Religion only as an Invention of Politicians to reduce the World under some Form of Government; and spare not to call *Moses* and *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, Impostors, as well as *Mahomet* our holy Law-giver. They laugh at Miracles, and ridicule Prophecies; and you had as good talk to them of a Man in the Moon, as of an Apparition from the Dead.

These Sort of Libertines are not only to be found in the Court of *France*, but in general all over *Europe*. The Contagion is epidemick, the Infection has spread itself through Clergy and Laity, Nobles and Vulgar; insomuch as he passes for a Man of no Wit, who has not a Spice of Atheism.

This will not seem strange when thou shalt know, that even among their Muftis themselves there have been some

some *Lucians*, who esteemed Religion but an old Wife's Tale, and used the most important Articles of their Faith, but as Instruments of Ambition and Avarice, to aggrandize themselves and fill their Coffers. *Leo X.* a famous *Roman* Pontiff, will be recorded to all Posterity, for that Sarcastism of his on *Jesus*, the *Messias* of the *Christians*; How much are we enriched, by this Fable of Christ? Indeed, if we reflect on the Maxims and Practices of that Court, it will not be hard to conclude, That Gold is the Great God of the *Romans*, and the ultimate Object of their Adoration, since that alone can open or shut Heaven and Hell; no Piety or Virtue, no Prayers or Tears, Alms or Penances being available, unless made so by the meritorious Adjunct of this powerful Metal. Neither need the most enormous Sinners despair of Pardon, if they have but *Plato* for their Proctor, and Gold for their Apology; there being certain Rates set upon all Sins, which if paid, those of the deepest Dye are as readily absolved, as the smallest Peccadillos.

This Spiritual Merchandise of Souls in the Supreme Court of *Christendom* has in no small Degree contributed to the Atheism of the Age; while Religion is thereby rendered cheap and vile, a mere Artifice of Government, a Stratagem of the Priesthood, to keep Fools in Awe and Subjection. And therefore such as have a better Opinion of themselves, and would be thought Men of Sense, take Occasion to carp at the very fundamental Principles of all Religion, and to dispute against the Being of a God. Rather than tamely couch under the Luggage of manifest Impositions; they, like wild Colts, throw off the Yoke even of natural Religion and common Morality: And because they have too much Sense too be abused with Religious Umbrages, and too little Faith to swallow all the Pious Frauds of the Church for undoubted Oracles of Heaven, they will have no Faith at all, nor give any Credit to the Dictates of correct Reason; but, turning Scepticks in all Things, are steadfast to Nothing but the Satisfaction of their Lusts; looking upon it as ill Husbandry of the present Time, to squander away the least Moment on the Thoughts of a future Life.

But thou, Venerable *Hogia*, who hast been present at the Mysteries of the holy Sepulchre, and kissed the Floor of

Abraham's Oratory, art happy in the Possession of a blameless Faith. Thou hast renounced the vain Pleasures of Sense; and thy Life is one continued Series of Abstinence, Prayer, Fasting, Alms, and other good Works. Having being blessed with frequent Visions of *Paradise*, and Anticipations of the immortal State, pray, that *Mahmut* may preserve the Faith of a *Mussulman*, and the Integrity of a Loyal Slave to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXIX.

To *Egry Boinou, a white Eunuch.*

I Cannot forget the Time, since thou and I sat together in the *Chiosc* at *Scutari*, and entertained each other with the Stories of the ancient *Greek* Poets. The Prospect, which that Gallery afforded, renewed our Memory of several Nations Strife about the Birth-place of *Homer*; and from thence gave us Occasion to discourse and make Comparisons between Him and *Hesiod*, *Orpheus*, and the rest of the celebrated Poets, Philosophers, and Sages of the *East*. I remember we passed by Degrees from one Subject to another, till at length we fell upon the Translation of their Heroes, and the Genealogy of their Gods. Thou wilt say I have a good Memory, should I now rehearse the Series of our Conversation on this Point. But I will not be so troublesome for the Sake of Applause. Though I often think over thy Sentiments with infinite Delight, yet I will not repeat them here, lest I tempt thee, throw away my Letter before thou hast half read it. Only give me leave to put thee in Mind, how thou didst then vindicate the Infant World, for placing those excellent Souls in Heaven, who had been illustrious Benefactors to Mankind on Earth; and that, though After-Ages fell into the Crime of Idolatry, by giving divine Honours to the first Inventers of Arts and Sciences; and by sacrificing to the Manes of departed Heroes, yet it was thy Opinion, that those who first consecrated them to Immortality, and a Fame that should know no End, did but perform the Rights of Gratitude, execute the Dictates of innocent Nature, without

without ever dreaming of the Religious Ceremonies which their deluded Posterity superinduced.

To do thee Justice, this was a noble Thought, full of Humanity, and exactly squaring with unbyassed Reason; and I must confess, I owe the frequent Cure of my Melancholy to the Force of this generous Sentiment.

The *Christians*, especially here in the *West*, outgo the *Jews* in the superstitious Narrowness of their Principles; and as the latter confined Salvation to the Lineage of *Jacob*, so the former restrain it to the *Latin Church*. I have often conversed with some of their learned Dervises on the Theme of the *Pagans* Salvation, but can by no Arguments beat them off from their inveterate Prejudice. They will not allow so much as one of the Heathens to be saved, and but a hundred and forty four thousand of the *Jews*, accounting twelve thousand of every Tribe. This is the severe Arithmetick of the *Western* Religion, whose Professors thereby render themselves greater Infidels than those they damn. It is to be hoped, there is a larger Calculus with God for the Number of the Blessed, or else one would think Hell would be too populous, and the Devil would be forced to make frequent Decimations, and send Colonies abroad, to make Room for the ever fresh Glut of his new Guests.

For my Part, who was educated in the impartial Rudiments of Truth, in the serene Principles of the *Mahometan* Faith, I believe that there are some saved of all Religions; and that at the Day of Judgment there shall be erected a Fourth Banner for such to resort to, who never heard of *Moses*, *Jesus*, or *Mahomet*. Assuredly, there is no Malice in the Omnipotent, and he will not damn Men for their involuntary Ignorance of his Revealed Laws, provided they live up to the genuine Dictates of Nature and Reason, which are the truest Standards of Virtue and positive Religion.

The *Christians* have a Heaven for their Saints, and a Hell for Sinners; in this they agree with the *Mussulmans*. They have a Limbo for Infants that die unbaptized, and another for the virtuous *Israelites*, who lived before the *Messias*. Their Charity had been compleat, had they provided a third for just and virtuous Men of all Religions;

whom it is too hard to damn on the Score of what they know not, so long as they unblameably practise whatsoever Good they know. The Chapter of Prisons in the *Alcoran* seems to contain a more equal Distribution of Justice, when it assigns a Middle-Place between Paradise and Hell, to those who have led an indifferent Life, equally chequered with Virtue and Vice. They there shall behold the Joys of the Blessed, and the Torments of the Damned; yet shall neither taste of the one, nor seek the other; but pass their Time in a tedious Neutrality between the Height of Bliss, and the Depth of Misery.

But what *Mussulman* will question the Salvation of the *Gentiles*, when the Book of Glory itself tells us, That *Alexander the Great* was an holy Prophet; and yet we know he neither was of the Seed of *Abraham*, nor was he so much as circumcised.

My Converse with the learned *Dervises* in this City has taught me some of their School-Distinctions; among which they use a pretty one in the Damnation of unbaptized Infants; teaching, that such are damned to the Pain of Loss, but not to the Pain of Sense. I am apt to think this Distinction may very well be adapted to the Case of many Men, who, as their Virtues are not of that heroick Stamp, as to carry them directly to Paradise; so neither are their Vices of so black a Tincture, as to sink them immediately to Hell. I believe there are proportionate Rewards and Punishments for all Sorts and Degrees of Virtue and Vice; and that the Souls of the departed are marshall'd and disposed in Receptacles agreeable to their proper Rank and Quality. And if I can but get to *Virgil's* pleasant Greens and shady Woods, the fortunate Mansions of innocent and just Men, I will not envy the Heroes, nor desire to be cannonized among the Gods. *Elysium* and *Paradise* are much one to me: I seek not the Name, but the Nature of Bliss. Provided I may but gain a Place of Rest and Refreshment, and be admitted into agreeable Company, I will not complain, nor disturb the Peace of the Blessed, with an ambitious Quest of the highest Dignities in Heaven; as if a Man could not be happy, unless he be made a Vizir of the Bench above.

Let

Let thou and I, dear *Egry*, live in such an exact Conformity of Manners here, that, when we go hence, we may by the Divine *Numen*, be both disposed in the same Apartment and Society, carry our Friendship along with us to that other World; and let us make a Covenant, That whosoever dies first, shall soon appear to the Survivor, and give him a true Account of his State, if it be in the Power of the Dead to perform such Bargains.

In the mean Time I counsel thee to make much of this present Life; not by sordid Voluptuousness and Vice, from which I know thy natural Aversion; but by borrowing from each Element an Occasion of improving thy Science and Virtue: This is the Way to be raised above the Elements, in which at present thou art a Sojourner; and to attain thy Native Skies, and Kindred Stars, where the renowned Poets, Philosophers, Lawgivers, and other virtuous Men are gone before us, expect our Coming, and are ready to welcome us to the Rights of their happy Society. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXX.

To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer.

IT is apparent that the States of the World Are void of Compassion, and that they are altogether actuated by a Principle of Interest.

Monſieur la Tuillerie, Ambaſſador from *France* to the King of *Denmark*, arrived at that Court with ſpecious Pretexes of Mediation, promiſing to do his utmoſt to accommodate the Differences between the two Crowns of *Denmark* and *Swedeland*, with all poſſible Advantages to the former. But, when the Buſineſs came to the Trial, when he ſaw King *Chriſtian* advancing into the Field againſt *Guſtavus*, with an Army of near twenty thouſand Men, which in all likelihood would have given the *Swedes* occaſion to repent their raſh and unjuſt Incurſions; he charmed the good natured old King with ſuch fair Promiſes, and ſubtil Inſinuations, that he cauſed him to retreat at the Moment of giving Battel. In

In the same Manner dealt *Galasso* with the King, who did but make a Show with his Forces, without doing any effectual Service. For, when he might have compelled the *Swedish* General either to fight or retire, he suffered him freely to pass through *Holstein*, and return into *Germany*.

The Curious and Inquisitive lay the Blame of this Treachery on Cardinal *Mazarini*, whose Pistoles, they say, had corrupted *Galasso*, and made him run counter to his Master's Instructions.

But, in my Opinion, this is an unjust Censure of the Cardinal, who was afterwards known to be instrumental in spurring on the *Hollanders* to compose these Quarrels: Which at last was accomplished by the dextrous Mediation of this great Minister.

I wish the Differences between our glorious Sultan and the *Venetians* were as well adjusted with Honour to the *Ottoman* Empire.

Paris, 1st of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of
State.

THE Wars of *Germany* and *Swedeland* are the principal Subject of Discourse all over *Europe*; especially in this Court, which has a great Interest in the good Success of the *Swedish* Arms, the House of *Austria* being the most formidable Enemy *France* has in the World.

General *Torsten*son marches about like another *Scanderbeg*, victorious wherever he strikes. It was to his own Ruin, that *Galasso* suffered him to pass quietly through *Holstein*; when, in Conjunction with the *Danish* Army, he was in a Condition to give him Battle, or compel him to retire.

No sooner was *Galasso* separated from the *Danes*, and encamped near *Magdeburgh*, but *Torsten*son began to observe his Motions and lay down not far from him, between whom there passed many Skirmishes, which very
much

much lessened the *German Army*. Besides, they were extremely incommoded for want of provisions; so that, at his Return to *Bohemia*, he could present the Emperor but with a few of his Men, and give but a shallow Account of the Loss of the Rest.

In the mean time, *Coningsmark* and *Papenbeim*, two other *Swedish* Commanders, are not idle, having taken *Staden* and *Boxteharwdt*, with most of the other important Places in the Archbishoprick of *Bremen*.

Thus the *German Affairs* decline apace; and the *Swedes*, who not long ago were obscure and scarce regarded, begin to make a considerable Figure in the World.

I shall send thee a constant Account of what is most remarkable. God augment thy Felicity.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXII.

To Berber Mustapha Aga.

THE bloody Battle of *Jankow* has unperched the Imperial Eagle, which can no longer endure the Smoke of *Swedish* Gunpowder.

The *German Court* is remov'd in a great Fright to *Prague* in *Bohemia*, there to curse the Avarice of the Soldiers, whose greedy Desire of the *Swedish* Prey betrayed the *German Army* to the Swords of their Conquerors.

This Battle was fought on the sixth Day of the third Moon of this present Year. *Goetz*, one of the *Imperial* Generals, was killed in the first Onset; which so inflamed *Baron John de Werdt*, that with four thousand Men he brake into the Left Wing of the *Swedes*, putting them into an irrecoverable Disorder. The *Germans*, seeing their Enemies retreat in much Confusion, fell to plundering the Baggage. General *Torsten*son, turning their Covetousness to his Advantage, lets them alone till they were all entangled and loaden with Booty; then suddenly falls upon them, and turned the Fortune of the Day to his own Side.

There were above three thousand of the *Imperialists* killed upon the Spot, and four thousand taken Prisoners; among

among which were the Generals *Hatsfeldt*, *Mercy*, *Brug*, *Zaradeskie*, and seven other principal Commanders.

By this fatal Stroke, the *Suedes* have opened to themselves a Passage into *Moravia*, *Austria*, and *Hungary*. So that in Time they may extend their Conquests even to the Confines of the *Ottoman* Empire.

I pray the Great God to continue the Wars between these Infidel Nations; that so, not attending to the general Interest of *Christendom*, but weakening each other, they may at length become a Prey to the True Believers.

Paris, 1st of the 3d Moon
of the Year 1645.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Osman Adrooneth, an *Astrologer* at Scio.

I Know not whether it be an Effect of the Stars, or the Sport of Spirits that has happened here lately; whether it proceeds from Heaven or Hell; Nature or Magick Art, Chance or Destiny; the Marks it has left behind it are very terrible, and the Astonishment is not yet off from the People's Hearts.

Three Days ago I was riding from *Paris* to *St. Germain en Lay*, where the Court resides. When I was got about half Way on the Road, there arose a sudden Blast of Wind, which, rushing vehemently among the Trees, made an uncouth Noise, and struck me with some Surprise and Horror: But my Amazement was soon encreased, when I perceived the Hedges and Trees that grew along the Road Side, torn up and carried away by an invisible Hand. I was afraid my Horse and I should have been taken up for Company, for this Whirlwind passed very near us, twisting in all that was in its Way; and, swiftly moving in a circular Figure, it grew to such a Bigness, by the continual Addition of Trees, Hedges, Stones, Earth, &c. that it seemed like a flying Wood.

I tell thee, though I was not without some Apprehension of Danger, yet hitherto this was the pleasantest and most diverting Spectacle that ever I saw in my Life. Trees are a very grateful Object on the Earth, but they are

are much more so in the Air; and, especially at that Height and Distance, they affect the Eye with unspeakable Delight. I was ravished to see a moving Forest, almost as high as the Clouds. The pendulous Gardens of *Babylon* would have appeared but a Trifle, in Comparison of this noble Scene.

I follow'd it with my Eye as far as I could; till at length my Sight was intercepted by a thick Shower of Rain, which drove me into a House for Shelter. Where, before I came away, I was informed, that what I esteemed to delightful proved very tragical to the neighbouring Villages. Falling down from that Height I left it at, and scattering its former Load, it fell violently into the Groves and Orchards, tearing up some Thousands of Trees by the Roots, and carrying them away like Chaff in the Air, throwing down many Hundreds of Houses, removing others from the Foundations, and doing the poor Husbandmen such irreparable Damages, as the like has not been known in the Memory of Man.

Common Humanity taught me to pity these Infidels; and the natural Principle of Self-Preservation made me bless myself, that I had escaped so imminent a Danger. But tell me, thou who art conversant in the Secrets of Nature, who knowest the Influences of the Stars, and the hidden Force of the Elements, What is the Cause of these wild Fits and Convulsions of the Air? The Superstitious here say, the Devils are let loose at such a Time from their Infernal Prisons, to keep a Carnival, and play their wanton Pranks in open Light, there being no Holidays in Hell. Others believe Magicians are at Work; and, by the Force of Spells, raise Hurricanes and Storms. But the Learned say, That these are only the Effects of Nature, proceeding from Meteors and Exhalations in the Air. I, for my Part, never puzzle myself with a vain Search after that which cannot be demonstrated. If these Hurricanes be natural, then it is certain Nature does not discover her Power at all Times, nor in the constant Series of her Works; but has her Reserves and Times of State, wherein she displays herself with greater Pageantry, to create Respect: Since the unthinking Part of Mankind is sooner taken with such unusual Events

as make a Noise, than with the ancient standing Miracles of the Creation, the silent and regular Motions, exquisite Order, and never-ceasing Activity of the Sun, Moon, and Stars. Thus, we are never sensible of the Heat that is within us, or the Circulation of our Blood, because we are always habituated to feel it from our Embryo.

I tell the, Sage *Osman*, if I have any Dread upon me, it is of Earthquakes; because they take from us all sure Footing. From Thunder, Lightning, and all the Storms in open Air, *Tiberius's* Remedy may secure us: Nay, the very Beasts will be our Guides to some safe Den or Cave; but from an Earthquake there is no Retreat; that undermines and blows us up without any Warning, neither have we Time or Means to escape. This makes me always think I walk upon a Cobweb; so thin and brittle is this outside Crust of Earth we tread on.

He that founded the Earth, and has admirably kneaded this Globe together with Water, grant us a Refuge in Time of Danger, and an eternal Sanctuary in *Paradise*.

Paris, 1st of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Need not apologize for my long Silence. *Eliachim* assures me, he has acquainted *Nathan Ben Saddy* with the Occasion of it, by whom the News of my Imprisonment might be transmitted to the Sublime *Porte*. When I was first seized upon, I had not the Liberty to send for *Eliachim*, or see any Body that I desired to speak with. But that honest Jew soon heard the News, and writ to *Vienna*, to prevent any Dispatches that might come from thence, or from *Constantinople*. He has now fully convinced me of his Fidelity, which I so long suspected; and I dare trust him henceforward with the most important Concerns of my Commission. His Sagacity and Conduct

in this Occurrence, is worthy of Acknowledgment and Reward; having dexterously blinded Cardinal *Mazarini*, who is an *Argus*; baffled his severest Scrutinies, and been highly instrumental in procuring me the Liberty I now again enjoy.

The *Arabian* Proverb says, *The Camel that travels often to Mecca, will return lame at last.* I had for a long Time essayed to penetrate into the Drifts of this Cardinal, as well as those of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, yet found nothing but Riddles. One might as soon trace *Arethusa* in her Wanderings under Ground, or pursue a Man in the intricate Mazes of *Dædalus*, as discover the Intrigues of this State-Serpent. His Designs are a perfect Labyrinth. However, walking one Day in one of their Churches, I cast my Eye on a Stone in the Pavement, just before the Image of the *Virgin Mary*, which by the perpetual kneeling of many thousand Votaries, was worn away half a Cubit. The Sight of this made me conclude, That there is no Difficulty so great, which by assiduous Industry, and constant Resolution, may not be overcome. Cheared with this Thought, I determined with my self never to faint, or give over my most strenuous Endeavours, to unlock the Cabinet of this Great Minister, wherein I knew all the Secrets of *Europe* were laid up. I left no Stone unturned, to compass my Design, I haunted the Court daily, and followed the Cardinal like his Shadow. I insinuated with his Followers and Creatures, flattered the Soft and Ambitious, presented Gifts to the Covetous; was Merry and Frank with some, Reserved and Grave with others: In fine, I so aimed to comport my self with every one, that I might win All. At length, knowing that there was a private Agent from Prince *Ragotski* come to this Court, my Zeal for the *Grand Signior* suggested to me, That if I could wind my self into this Man's Acquaintance, I should be able to unravel some great Secret, and do an acceptable Service to the *Ottoman* Empire.

Opportunities are seldom wanting to the Watchful and Diligent. I had Acquaintance enough at the Court. And appearing often in the Retinue of *Mazarini*; and the Cardinal sometimes singling me out, and discoursing with me, in the Presence of the *Transylvanian*, this Stranger took

took more than ordinary Notice of me : Which gave me occasion to address my self to him, in Hopes to accomplish my Purpose. But Fate had otherwise decreed. The Agent remembred my Face, and told me in the *Sclavonian* Tongue, that he had seen me in the *Grand Signior's* Seraglio. It is not hard for thee, Illustrious *Kaimacham*, to conceive the Disorder I was in at this Challenge. But refusing Courage, I replied, that it was possible he might have seen me there ; for I had formerly served a *German* Ambassador at the *Ottoman* Court, in Quality of Secretary. He seemed satisfied with my Answer, dissembling his farther Thoughts : But, as I afterwards perceived, I owe my Confinement to this fatal Interview. No Doubt, but he remarked the particular Station I was in at the Seraglio, when he came thither to negotiate for Prince *Ragotski*, in Sultan *Amurath's* Time. For, before I went to Bed that Night, I was sent for to Cardinal *Mazarini*, and strictly examined about my Country, my Religion, my Business at *Paris*, and other Matters ; and was sent away Prisoner to the *Bastile* (which was formerly a Citadel, erected to awe this Town, but not being found serviceable in that kind, is since made a Prison.) That which most puzzles me is, That I was not confronted Face to Face with this *Transylvanian*. My Confinement was very close, being denyed the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, and the Access of any of my Friends. Indeed, I knew not what use to make of those Materials, nor durst I write to any Body, lest I should have brought them into the same Snare, and done my self a greater Disservice. All my Comfort was, That I had left no Writings in my Lodgings, which could discover the Affairs of my Commission. It is true, when I was searched, they found the *Alcoran* in my Pocket, which gave a mighty Jealousy to the Cardinal ; but I excused it by saying, I kept that Book, that I might not forget my *Arabick* ; in which the Cardinal knew I was well skilled, having formerly seen a Translation, which I made out of that Language for Cardinal *Richlieu*. Besides they found in my Chamber *Plutarch's* Lives, the Annals of *Tacitus* ; *Livy's* Roman History ; a Philosophical Treatise of *Averroes*, and a small Tract of St. *Augustine*, one of the *Christian* Fathers : Which made it appear, as rea-
sonable

sonable to conclude me a *Pagan* or a *Christian*, for having their Books by me, as a *Turk* for having the *Alcoran*.

I still persisted, in asserting my self to be *Titus* of *Moldavia*, and that I was a *Christian* (Heaven forgive the Perjury!) I had a Friar sent to me, who exhorted me to a Confession of my Sins, thinking this way to pump the mighty Secret from me. But this turned to my Advantage; for, calling to Mind a learned and ingenious Friar, with whom I had conversed, and contracted some Friendship, I signified my Resolution to confess my self to him. This is a Privilege could not be denied me, it being lawful for every Man to choose his own Confessor. The Friar was sent for: And, this being the only Time I was like to speak to any of my Friends without Witnesses, I improved the Advantage; and to make my Confession seem the more sincere, I accused myself of what I never was guilty of, telling him with a well countenanced Sorrow, That the true Reason of abandoning *Moldavia* was because I had murdered a near Kinsman there. My Confession ended, and Absolution granted, the Friar embraced me, and told me, that he would do me all the Service he could, in order to my Release. I expressed my Gratitude in the best Terms I could, and begged of him to visit me often, since he was the only Person would be allowed to do me that kind Office. I will not detain thee longer, Sage Bassa, in Expectation of the Issue.

This honest Friar was as good as his Word. He was admitted to see me almost daily without Suspicion. I trusted him with *Eliachim's* Acquaintance; which rendered him very serviceable; for he often brought me Money from the *Jew*, when he knew not how otherwise to convey it to me. In a Word, between them both, they so wrought upon the Cardinal, that after Six Moons Imprisonment I was released, and am now in more Credit than before.

The Great God grant, that the Malice of the Infidels may always turn to the Advantage of the True Believers; and that from their Jealousies Occasions may arise to promote the Interest of the *Ottoman* Empire.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

L E T T E R

LETTER XXXV.

To the Venerable Musti.

AT length I am releas'd from a tedious Imprisonment, the Occasion of which the *Kaimacham* will acquaint thee with. Had this happened in *Spain*, my Usage had been much worse. And for this Reason, I esteem *France* the noblest and freest Kingdom within the Pale of the *Latin Church*; that it never would submit to the Tyranny of the *Inquisition*: Which is a kind of Ecclesiastical *Divvan*, or High Court of Judicature, where Crimes against the Church and State are tried. It was first erected at the Instance of one *Dominick*, who, for this meritorious Project, was afterwards canonized a Saint. The original Design of it was, to extirpate the *Moors* and *Jews* out of *Spain* and *Portugal*. But now it is made a Trap for all Strangers, and especially those they call *Hereticks*. Who-soever falls into it, is commonly fleeced of his Estate, and not seldom choused out of his Life. For the first Thing the Holy Fathers *Inquisitors* do, is to make a zealous and devout Inspection into the Possessions of the Prisoner. If they find him Rich, that is sufficient to make him Criminal; and the good Fathers will take a pious Care to dispose of his Wealth. They have their Spies in all Companies, who inform them of Mens Words and Actions. These Hounds are always upon the Scent; and will smell a Heretick out if he breaths within the Purlieu of their Hunt. A Man dares not say his Soul is his own in these Countries; nor claim the Privilege to exercise his Reason, The Inhabitants live in a most abject Slavery to the Priesthood, and Travellers must drag the Chain, bridle their Tongues, and curb their Actions for their own Security. But in *France* the *Inquisition* is abhorred, and an immortal Aversion conceived against the Tyranny, and cruel Practices of the Spaniards. The People are of more generous Tempers, the Laws not so rigorous, and yet they come far short of the Justice of the *Ottoman Empire*. Though my confinement was tedious, yet it was tolerable; and if I could not be happy in a Prison, so neither was I properly miserable.

When

When Evil surprises us, we commonly affright our selves, by beholding it in its gross Bulk; our scattered Spirits are astonished at an infinite Bugbear. Whereas, if we take a more particular Survey of the dreadful Object, anatomize and view it Piece by Piece; we find, that the greatest Part of what so dismayed us had no other Existence than in our own Imagination. Thus when I was first seized by Cardinal *Mazarini's* Order, I presaged to my self no less than insufferable Tortures, an ignominious Death, and (which affected me with the most sensible Grief) the Discovery of my Commission, and the Affairs of the Sublime *Porte*. When I first entered the Prison, I bid adieu to all Joy and Comfort in this Life, and thought of Nothing but preparing my self for that Other World, where I hoped to be renewed again to immense Pleasures, the Delights of *Paradise*, as a Reward of my Sufferings for that Law, which was brought down from Heaven by the Angel *Gabriel*.

These were my first Thoughts in Prison; but when Sleep had composed my Spirits, and Time had rendered me more familiar with the Place of my Restraint, I began to think it was not impossible to live, and even to regain my Liberty. However, I resolved to alleviate the Grief of my Restraint, by contracting my Desires within a narrower Compass, and circumscribing my Wishes within those Walls which confined my Body. I framed to my self Felicities out of the Contemplation of my Misery, and by considering what I enjoyed, I pacified my Discontent for what I wanted. I was not so close shut, but that I could at Pleasure let in fresh Air, and take a Prospect of the City and adjacent Fields at my Window. This made me relish my Prison with some Degree of Content. The Want which most afflicted me was, that of Fountain Water; which I durst not so much as ask for, in such Quantities as are requisite to the Cleanness of a *Musfulman*, lest I should have confirmed them in the Suspicion, which was the Occasion of my Imprisonment. For, I was sure, my actions would be narrowly observed.

The same Caution made me not refuse to eat of Swine's Flesh, and drink freely of Wine, when once invited to the Governor's Table. It is true, I had great Scruples and

and Fears upon me. But I comforted my self with those Passages in the *Alcoran*, which seem to indulge us this Liberty in Case of Necessity, by assuring us, That God is the Merciful of the Merciful, and that he requires not unreasonable Performances of his Creatures. Otherwise, I should have thought every Morsel I swallowed of that execrable Meat would have choaked me, and every Draught of Wine have been my Poison. Tell me, Great Oracle of Truth, whether in this I have not sinned? I think my self not Innocent, till thou hast pronounced me so. However, this Frankness in Eating and Drinking with the *Christians*, without the least Reserve or Niceness, contributed something to their better Opinion of me. Men are generally so wedded to their own Customs, that he looks like a Monster, who thwarts them, and does not comply with the present Mode. And the *French* have a Proverb, *That when a Man is at Rome, he must do like the Romans.*

I believe I was invited to this Collation in order to a Discovery; and had I refused to eat and drink what was before me, it had, no doubt, been a convincing Argument to these Infidels, that I was a *Mussulman*.

If I have sinned in this Point, I humbly crave thy Absolution and Prayers; but, if I have done well, inform me, that so I may have Peace of Conscience.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mehmet an Eunuch Page in the Seraglio.

THOU hast long ago heard of my Imprisonment at *Paris*, let not the News of my Release be unwelcome to thee. If thou didst then sympathize with my Sufferings, now take a share in my Joy. I believe thou hast Friendship enough to do both; and, I am willing thou shouldest divide the One with me as well as the Other. I will

I will not therefore make thee melancholy with a Rehearſal of my Fears and Apprehenſions, my Wants and Diſcontents, with other doleful Circumſtances of a Priſon. I am now at Liberty, let Sadneſs vaniſh. Yet I have not ſo forgot my late Grief, as to be now exceſſive in my Joy; ſince I am liable to the ſame or a worſe Diſaſter again. It is never good to be ſecure, while we are ignorant what is the next Potion that Fate is tempering for us. Moderation keeps a Man upon his Guard; and if any Stroke of Miſfortune be aimed at him, he is aware of the Blow, and ſo can either dextrouſly ward it off, or at leaſt take honourable Quarter: Whereas he that ſuffers himſelf to be diſſolved, and his Mind unbent with Proſperity, is taken Captive by Evil, without being able to make any eaſy Conditions for himſelf. I love to have my Eyes open, and to look round the whole Horizon of Contingencies: I watch for the very Poſſibilities of Miſfortune, that ſo I may not be caught napping by a Calamity, but be always in a State to fence, or make Compoſition.

I will now tell thee with more Freedom than I did the *Muſti*, what happened to me during my Imprisonment. The Governor of the Citadel, where I was confined, invited me one Day to a Banquet. I need not give thee an Inventory of the various Diſhes, with which his Table was furniſhed: Our Entertainment was generous, he regaled me beyond the Expectation of a Priſoner; and had there not been a Deſign in it, I ſhould have admired the Bounty of this Infidel. But his Treat was a Snare, and contrived for a Teſt of my Religion, Whether I was a Diſciple of *Mahomet* or *Jeſus*? Thou knoweſt the *Chriſtians* eat Swine's Fleſh, and drink Wine, which the *Muſſulmans* have in Abomination. We had Plenty of both at this Feaſt, and I durſt not be squeamiſh at either. I tell thee though I eat of the one with little Pleaſure, yet I drank of the other without any Diſguſt. Theſe *Nazarenes* imitate the ancient *Græcians* at their Banquets, in drinking of Healths to ſuch as they moſt eſteem. The Governor plied me with Glaſſes, and I quaffed liberally. Policy and Self-Preſervation taught me to begin the Debauch; and the Charms of that tempting Liquor would not ſuffer me to ſhrink to the End. The Wines of *France* are very delicate,
and

and we had choice of the best. The Pleasure I enjoyed at this Banquet had almost reconciled me to the Disciples of *Hali*; and I could have wished, our Prophet had been in a better Humour, when he forbid us the Juice of the Grape. He promises us Rivers of Wine in *Paradise*, and, while I was in my Cups, I thought he might connive at us, for taking a Glas or two sometimes on Earth. If thou hast not yet tasted this enchanting Liqueur, I wish thee to abstain as long as thou livest; for otherwise thou wilt find it very difficult to overcome the Desires of it, or to live without it. For my part, I greedily longed for it before ever I tasted it, because it was forbid: And now I have often had my fill of it, my Appetite is increased. The more I drink, the greater is my Thirst after it, which is never like to be quenched, till I shall drink at the Original Fountains of Wine in *Paradise*.

I do not think it so great a Sin, as our Doctors would make us believe; since the Divine Law-giver prescribes Abstinence from Wine, rather as a Counsel, than a Command. If thou art of another Opinion, I censure thee not. The late Sultan *Amurath* was of my Mind; and many Grandees at the *Porte* count it no Heresy. All the Danger lies in the Excess. I am no Advocate for Drunkards.

Let these Things be spoken like Words in a Dream, which cannot be remembered again. Thou hast Prudence enough to take Care, that this Letter fall not into the Hands of such as shall dispose of it in the Wall of the *Haxoda*. It is evident that I love thee, in that I thus frankly disclose such Passages, as I would not have others be privy to.

After all, I declare I should esteem my self much more happy, might I exchange *Paris* for *Constantinople*, and the most delicious Wines of *Europe* for the wholesome Sherbets of *Asia*.

May Heaven fulfil my Desire, to see thee once again, with the Rest of my Friends at the Seraglio. Continue thy Affection to *Mahmut*, who loves his Friends without Hypocrisy.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1645.
According to the Christian Style.



The End of the Second Volume.

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